Can You Dig It

(E Dub) It's Erick Sermon, no need for those to guess yall I confess, ya'll, when I spit the yiggy yes yall I gotcha, when that groove hit, no stoppin ya Tear the club up like Three 6 Mafia I'm real, react when it's time to peel Step, if you want it, come get it, come wid it, what the deal? Yo dog, I roll tight in my stinkin Lincoln With black frame, grey interior with the wood grain And two stash boxes, for the funds and guns I don't own an UZI, but my 9 weights a ton $% \left({{\left[{{{\left[{{{\left[{{{c}} \right]}} \right]_{{\rm{T}}}}}} \right]_{{\rm{T}}}}} \right)$ Kid, we be the mos' deffest, no squad can catch us We takin the, drastic measures to fulfill the pleasures (Funk Doc) When I turn one hundred and eight, with wrinkles in my face My name will still be in debates about who was great I make you tie your lace two times when I create Cause when I begin to get slick, I sweat Quaker State We three the hard way, tight like little Jamal's face You offers, I walk through your church without no parlay Or permits, fuck your white picket fence I'm from the hood, keepin it tinsel, 17 inch I'm strictly convinced, yall puss Flippin crack, save that I kepp my money stacked, ghetto diplomat style Order it now, no refunds I'm like a clib with jums I move crack fiends with different vowels Even technicians can't repair the mic I spit on I'm too underground to dance with that shiny shit on , naah, call National Guards and trucks And their weapons better be big as fuck!

Ay yo, the three of us together is incredible Like a miracle, finally I get to move it up a few decimals Unquestionable, Unconscionable to the mental Not that happy dappy shit that you're use to I got the skunky funky illest funk flow For the glamorous, scandalous world of radio And pimpin ain't dead, ya'll niggas just scared To smack a ho, and make that tramp get up out there Oh yeah, I heard your new shit is GARBAGE Bastard, lookin like you just stepped out of a casket I get stupid, dumb, illiterate when I'm killin it Real legitamate, bitches gettin intimate In nineteen hundred and ninety eight We gonna set a whole lotta different shit straight You suckas, no good, insecure back barnyard sewer rat eatin motherfuckers!

Def Squad