

# All in the mind

EPMD

Oh.. yeahhuhh!  
Def squad

It's all in the mind.. (pump pump, lickin shots!) \*7x\*  
(pump pump, lickin shots)

Aiyyo it's the master rap maniac, comin fat like dat  
That's my habitat, with the funk track  
From the boondocks, when I rocks my styles out the docks  
Who who? I hear someone knockin at my door  
It must be soup, a black human bein  
I think it's about time for y'all to see him

Sometimes I get blindsided with the flow, I never know  
They yell hoe, assumin the motions of a cool flow  
Notions of a cool, it's the s, ohhhhhh  
Never come test, noooooooo, cause even the best'll have to  
Go out with the rest, nestea and a bag of sess for me  
Ackninckulous, I kill the weeds in my chest

Back on the rebound, it's the magnificent funkallah  
Old schooler, more sole/soul than dr. scholl-ah  
Freakin wicked so it sticks in your dome  
On the chrome microphone so I take it home  
Don't neglect, just respect, the mic check  
Don't forget, I still snap necks and come correct  
I leave the microphone burnin (burnin)  
Green eyed bandit, my ? full name is erick sermon

Erick sermon, sermon with the preaching  
I'm fuckin up people's heads without speaking, without speaking  
Clearly, loudly, niggaz crowd around the speaker  
To hear me freak the, note like tamika  
But sweeter, sixty phoneta, sneaker if you  
Peep the, jams and you reap the fields  
With the roots and uh, my name is soup, and uh  
I flow like orange juice or tropicana, and uh

Breaker breaker, shh, I hear some static  
Stop and get my automatic, the rusty one from the attic  
And shoot, or be killed, and if I ill I might cause  
A bloodspill so I have to chill and get  
Totally disgusting on the microphone  
Whyyyyyyyyyy, because it's onnnnn (it's on, it's on)  
It's on (it's on, it's on, it's on, it's on!!)

The industry is a trick, and everyone is on the dick  
A cheap trick, just like ? like ?  
I peep it, everyone, wants me to sound like  
A ? , I'm dyin, before I get up from behind  
It's crushin up the rush of the rhyme in my mind  
Drink and trust - blind, think and trust - my, nine  
Because, nine lives nine triggers  
Fine rhymes equal the nine figures  
Yeah the cold cash, I hold a bold stash  
Yeah pockets next to my nineteen year old ass  
Yeah, God bless the child with his own

God bless the roots and outsiders who zone  
Motherfuckers caps, get bucked in the dome  
Lick a shot, in his mad packed crazy chrome

Like that, but it's all words  
Words can kill more pens, than guns, and friends  
And foes, God knows, I chose the pros  
That rose, still froze-n, chose-n, you  
S-o-u and the p, e, r-i-c-k  
Erick sermon, kickin a rhyme this way  
Yeah! it's all in, your mind  
It's all in, my mind  
It's all in, my mind..