Ain't No Future. . .2001

Erick Sermon

"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {*repeats throughout*Yeah, peace to MC Breed Def Squad, 2002, uhAiyyo this sound hard, somethin funky people gon' dance to Give the record a second, and a chance to Hittin people like a scene of amazement Floored by Erick Sermon arrangement Frontin I can never do (uh-huh) So now I'm lookin dead at you, so what you gonna do? You checkin out the sounds of a scholar You say, "Hi E - tell 'em HOLLA, HOLLA!" I'm the E Double, and I proclaim my name Straight up big game, peep all gangs I'm like a rhino, stomp through the roughest pack They figure I'm a trigga happy nigga so they step back E, the microphonest Who last the longest and who the strongest? It's not a game, it's plain to see (ha) Check out the sounds of E, and the Squad of D "To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {*repeats 5X*Y'knahmsayin? Ain't no future in yo' frontinI never got caught with a kilo If you ever do, it would never be with me yo I ain't the one to be servin up a ki' yo I sell work, but it's more like sellin beats yo Yo - I never have to worry about me gettin jumped If I ever do, R-E-D, pop the trunk Me and my crew, got somethin for all y'all (uhh) When I'm on the mic, don't play at all I clock mad G's a week, boomin at my peak Everytime the E's asked to program a beat I put it down like this for everybody Then throw a Def Squad cool out party Takin over, barkin like a doggie named Rover (Woof!) I'm pickin suckers like a four-leaf clover They bitin lyrics on the mic cause they cobras Are they sayin E.D.'s? Cause ain't no future in yo' frontin "To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {*repeats 5X*Ain't no future in yo' frontinYo, I'm the E, D-O-U-B-L-to the E and Down with my homey Keith, and the R-E-D and Niggaz talk shit cause we still be disagreein I don't give a FUCK cause I'm from N.Y.C. In the city, where pretty ones low If you ever shoot through my city NOW YOU KNOW We get biz, and we got pride

If you don't feel this, then nigga break wide Cats be lookin, for the M-O-N-E-Y Livin illegal, is the way, so they die Cause I ain't got time, to see if things work out Things get hard I'm robbin no doubt That be the way, E.D. can not be different Never change the ways of the world of the government If I was the President, I'd stay fat Leave it up to me, I'd paint the White House black Ain't no future in yo' frontin"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {*repeats 5X*Ain't no future in yo' frontinYo, I got dough in my pocket, not from rollin If I was a fiend then my gold would be stolen Put my name E, on everything I own My Excursion truck, outlined in chrome Shined up good, ride through your neighborhood StarTec phone, fat rims, and the Kenwood Music kicked around and, can I have a drop? Just because I'm ridin people think I'm sellin rocks Ain't no future in yo' frontin"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {*repeats 5X*Ain't no future in yo' frontin!Yo, I'm cool to the rules of the world Livin life raw, cause I never liked the law Wear top ten on my ass my own jeans Sell the game, tit for tat to the fiends Make much dough but never break a sweat Time to move out? My niggaz sayin BET You got my back and I got yours What time is it? Tear down the doors "To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {*repeats $3X^*$ Ain't no future in yo' frontin "To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {*repeats 2X* Ain't no future in vo' frontin "To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {*repeats $2X^*$ Ain't no future in yo' frontin "To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {*repeats 2X*Uhh, yo, combustible, uhh Uhh, yeah, huh, Def Squad Huh, PPP yeah uhh Funky Noble y'all, huh uh, Phillie addict uh Keith Murray word up uh-huh Uh-huh, yeah, Daytona y'all Uhh, uhh, Khari uh-uh Sy Scott, uh, what? How we do what? Uh, all day baby Def Squad, uh, uh peace to MC Breed Uh-huh, yo, uh-huh, yeah yeah Check it out y'all, uh

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