

Ain't No Future. . .2001

Erick Sermon

"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {*repeats throughout*Yeah, peace to MC Breed
Def Squad, 2002, uhAiiyyo 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' frontin Yo, 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 yo' 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>