

Yo it's the Ox in the flesh, of course I'm fresh  
Yes, I'm livin for the funk like I was Lord Finesse  
Last night I screamed till I lost my voice I guess  
Had a few things left to get up off of my chest  
Like I'm, facing the fact that I'm not, what my mom wanted  
Only gold plaque that I got, had the Qu'Ran on it  
I flipped your eviction notice over, wrote a song on it  
Like to hear it, here it go, light your spirit, clear your soul  
If I would've known that tonight was Ladie's Night  
I would've stopped and swabbed my balls with the baby whipe  
In the van, Hold your sorry little life in my hand  
Watch me toss it in the sky and swing right for the stands  
Battling me is like trying to ride your bike in the sand  
I'ma eat one more helping, then I'm, whipping my hands  
And you frustrated rappers, must hate the fact  
That I walk in first class, have so much ladies gaspin for breath  
Tryin to catch me, with the ass and the chest  
I ain't tryin to be rude lady, I'm just passin a test  
Got enough hustle and stress, with one woman cashing my cheques  
I'll take the compliment and pass on the sex

We like

Brother Brother Brother, how ya making 'em get down  
Come, straight to your town, vibrating the ground  
Keep the people out there scared, of making a sound  
Thats our policy, we step out there on Star Quality  
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