For real, for real Yo, this is based on a true story, from a Man that lost land

I'm goin' all out, I love trout Black is what I be about 95-south all the way up, I tear mics up Peep the conduct, wherever lightning struck Tear the jail up, truck with the mind food Truck with jewels, forget Babylon rules I'm crusin' with the angels Goin' through Parkhill, let the Gods build and all of that Graduation hats, bigger stacks Ya'll hardly ever seen besides cream I got the vaccine for ya'll uncle Tom rappers I told y'll before to be easy, Devils attackin' is practice Provocative songs, yeah It's Donna, don't even panic Hold ya'll like the Atlantic Pillage at your service Clubs start to get nervous Loose lips, it's like emptyin' clips Packed with the info, join the revolution Slang prostitution, even if you boostin' Play it like you still chill, homicide hill from the other side My Mother sighed, strugglin, poor and tired A Baby that never cried, a family that never died I see everything from the outside.

O.T.F. and The Pillage, we all comin' through Watch your back nigga, and your girl watch it too 'Cause we conduct big business, raw is how we give this Live this, that's how we conduct big business O.T.F. and The Pillage, hide your shine nigga When we come through, might have to jump on you 'Cause we conduct big business, raw is how we live this Give this, that's how we conduct big business.

I ride shotgun in Cappa's Black ML Four-Twenty Benz Jeep with big boy heat, a Thirty-Thirty Shotgun, pull it out and show you what a thug about

Ya'll niggas is pussy, that's why ya'll get atein' out
Niggas hate me now 'cause I be so jig my A.K.A. oughta be Shawn Carter
My heart bigger than my ego, eho
I put my heart on the line and hit both free throws
Yeah, build with a parole hole
Guzzle the old Gold with no bag, on the bliddock
Holdin' the gliddock, you can't fuck with this shit ock
Locks it down like JT from the mothafuckin' liddot
S is for my Sons, H I'm not havin' it 'cause I'm not the one
A is for the ammo that I keep for my gidd-uns
Be ??? is for the blood, bandanas, and the bidd-uns
See is for the crips, comrads, and the Kenyon
We a-alike, be -alike, so we see alike
I roll with niggas that stay in jail like Iron Mike
I get hype, and keep it gully, interrupt commercial shit.

O.T.F. and The Pillage, we all comin' through

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God, keep shinin' your light, I got a calling Felt like the Angels were fallin' But with this God given mic I restored the faith My love for the prophets keeps me safe See, I don't have to worry 'cause I know God is great If it wasn't for the Father it wouldn't be a Bill Gates No Bill Clinton, no United States Peep it, explore my mind like a secret If the music ain't good, ya'll won't leak it So I give thanks and praise to the almighty The spirit in the music hit ya'll lightly Motown Hip-Hop, don't try to fight me I call on the arch angel, cast out the hate All-time Cappacino the great A role model like Treach and Pepa Double L, Will Smith and Jada Pinkett The way I think it, my songs speak to you You better stay focused and the beast won't eat you.

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