

# Oh My Lord

Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Why niggaz wanna clock me?  
Like that dance called the Chachi  
Don't they know I break motherfuckers into parts like Rocky  
Part I, part II, part III, niggaz can't fuck with me  
My style's knock-kneed plum crazy  
(What?)

Who's that wild ass motherfucker catchin' wreck  
Stickin' Jamaicans for sound sets outside discoteques  
It's Klep the death specialist, Stallone and Stone shit  
Stayin' high representin for the nine-quint  
Ras bad guy, burns the house down like Left Eye

Why try mimic? MC's get broke like speed limits  
(Uhh)  
Niggaz can't fuck with my metaphors  
Canin MC's like they in Singapore Klep  
Been through more wards than Humphrey Shore  
Put together catchin' leathers

On the regular, got that net, push me round and Dread  
Stressin' a trick hoe, what the Dread won't know won't hurt  
Robbin' his workers for they work, now, whose turf is this?  
It's Klep's, the clothes wreckers'

Life interceptor, pussy collector  
Got your bitch on my dick and I ain't even stressin' her  
Check enough sex in her, my styles are regular  
Junior M.A.F.I.A. clique moves in like the senator

Niggas say, "Oh my Lord"

Throw gats to Guiliani  
Flows tighter than bitches Punani, try me, die G  
Dangerous, since my daddy bust me out  
The tip of his dick, Biggie Smalls with the wickedest shit  
Spit clips, niggaz split like bananas

Flavour like Tropicana, orange, mango, peach  
I strangle each negro for they dough  
Niggaz get to bendin', got two cases, one pendin'  
560 V-12 engine, women spinnin'  
In 9-2-9 Mazda's, Tammy and Natasha

The menage-a-trois around my waist  
Like Ill and Al Skratch smokin' 50 sacks in the back of Ac's  
Windows cracked, so sit back relax  
Yo Vec, crush the hash, the Beretta's in the stash

Niggas say, "Oh my Lord"  
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What you doin' with yourself? Stone heart's the way to wealth  
Indecisive thoughts make sentences get dealt  
Money makes the world go round, robbin' shit

Fuck a job shit, niggaz want cribs, bricks and spliffs  
All-wheel automobiles, traction control

For clay roads, rollin' with dough, kickin' game  
On the cell with bitches on hold, that's how we roll  
(Uhh)  
Rhymes got tight as hell so to the bank I stroll  
(Uhh)  
Money on my mind, open lips from my eyes  
Reveal pupils shaped like dollar signs

The world is mine  
Niggaz frontin', feelin' twelve gauge pellets  
BIG is repellant, to all that, "He say, she say"  
We play, Russian roulette, fuck the threat

Your whole crew's vagina, you and your co-signer  
Nigga, we rollin' in eight and a halves, TV's in the dash  
Three G's in the stash, see we love the cash  
No coke, then get some more

Niggas say, "Oh my Lord"

Niggaz don't know 'bout my game  
They don't know how complex it is  
Baggin' bitches in GS 300 Lexuses  
And the sex is for summer sports

Passports for drug transports to remote resorts  
Bitches with Donna Karan, "Catwoman" suits, matchin' figure boots  
Haircut cute, on tops and garters like prostitutes  
My lyrics explicit  
Got bitches bringin' they own condoms on the first visit

If Biggie bring big bowls of beef  
Backin' bitch niggaz down, burners bring bundles of belief  
Common thief, slash drug chief, syndicated  
Went from 10 K to 24 K and motherfuckers hate it  
J.M. sedated, quarantined  
(Uhh)

B.I.G for President, buckin' shots past the spleen  
9 millimeter dream, Mac 11 nightmares  
Electric chairs, which MC's do you fear?  
Big Poppa, Junior M.A.F.I.A., nuff said  
Niggaz disrespect just are dead