

# Oh My God

Masta Ace

Uhh... Beatnuts! Masta Ace  
Gettin cash to trash the place  
Take a blast, c'mon, uh...  
{ "Oh my God" }

Y'all rap dudes are funny, I don't feud with dummies  
I don't need no problems, I need food and money  
I recall when we used to fool with honeys  
That was cute as bunnies with the smoothest tummies  
Now we like Brinks tryin to move this money  
Run with cast to Ak-man, rude and crummy  
It's the chairman of the board and I'm carryin a sword  
I look heavy in a Chevy and I'm scary in a Ford  
F-150, you should just run swiftly  
Unless you nice, you like it you can just come get me  
Y'all dudes sweet like cakes and pies  
I go together with rap like shakes and fries  
And I hate them guys with hate in their eyes  
Hopin we fall, can't wait to rise  
Yeah, I'm all natural like a case of Snapple  
And don't talk shit cause the Ace'll slap you  
And don't try to run cause I'll chase and catch you  
Put a sharp blade to your face and scratch you (ouch)  
What'chu wan' fuck with a ninja for?  
I'm like a cornered rat with a injured paw  
And I'll bend your jaw and end your tour  
Even if I lose the battle I'ma win the war, yeah

"Oh, my, God!"  
When Beatnuts and Masta Ace both up in the place  
It's like - "Oh, my, God!"  
When you can't find your girl, your girl probably up in our face  
She like - "Oh, my, God!"  
It's mad ways to do it my man, and we doin it hard  
We like - "Oh-oh, oh, oh-oh, oh, oh my, my, my God!"

I don't mix weed with yay'  
Let's take it to the streets nigga lead the way  
I'ma watch you bleed your way into emergency  
You're gonna need surgery  
A facelift, face it, Psych' is whylin  
Like them niggaz on Riker's Island  
Stab you with a spoon in the lunchroom  
Have you hallucinatin {"Oh my God"} like you on mushroom  
Head twitchin, like an epileptic  
You'll get dropped (like what) like elephant shit  
I'm from the home of the Yankees  
You not feelin that then yank these, I'm sittin on twankies  
You goin nowhere fast like a treadmill  
Don't make me have to roll up to your crib and +Meet Your Parents+  
like Ben Still' - you'll get killed  
for tryin to be a funny ass (like who) like Ben Hill (ha ha)  
I don't, wanna have to run up in your label  
And put a hole in ya head like a bagel (blaow!)  
From here to Milwaukee  
I do it for the kids like Bill Cosby (hey hey hey!)

It's Big Ju the family favorite  
You should just place the name on your forehead and staple it  
I'm here y'all, I finally made it  
Then I can be really cool to talk to when I'm medicated  
One of the game's most underrated  
I'm makin a hit, then everybody wanna recreate it  
Every due that come through I paid it  
So now if you bite this, I'm leavin you decapitated  
Came to show you niggaz I got soul  
Me and the music man together bust out of control  
It's a feelin that's hard to hold  
Look, even if you pregnant it makes you wanna work that pole  
Now tell me y'all, what's really good?  
Cause everything I'm hearin on the radio is hillbilly hood  
It's evident that I clearly should  
put a fuckin foot up your ass to make the shit understood

{"What's the matter trailer, can't you take a little heat?"}