

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?"}