

It's Only Right

O.C.

Chorus 4X

"One, two, yeah and you don't stop"

"One, two, huh and you don't stop"

"Ah check it out"

[O.C.]

Style like somethin the microphone fiend would spark

Sort of reminiscing, of how it used to go down in the parks

Equipment ropped off, you can hear the vagas echo for miles and breath

Bass pounds the asphalt

Thunder vibration shake like a tremble from a earthquake and

O.C. a classic in the making, mental make thoughts

My physical form words

Hot in my mouth like a joust, no doubt

Some a phenomenon, mic technician, electrician

Spit the mic down the middle like an el producto

And throughout the resin, then asapoltin this shit

Gift to gather a rhyme, make rap a staired son

The way I do this, switch up the fluid

So smooth you want to persue it

I'm raw like underground sewage you

This shit for insight? Well I'm back, never was gone

What I right, be tighter than pin stripes

Born by mob boss, my flause in affect on the mic

Keep it tight, with out a fight is raw, it's only right

[sample from live event]

I know it's hot, we hot too

You ready to throw down, we ready to have a party

So if ya ready to have a party, make some noise!

[O.C.]

Any mic I hold it in the grip of my palm

I wave it over the crowd

Dictatin shit like Genghis Khan

Nonchalantly deliver the flow like drug traffic schoolin

Bringin samatics to this rap shit

Bonafied, mic set you can't see me on it

Master the art, so now I just flaunt it

Born to live, a life and die until then

Imma keep on writin the slick rhymes with the pen

Take the cherry from a tree, like a virgin havin innocence

Bust my nuts, bringin rhymes to live like Genesis

But ritical renaissance

In death there's a flautless

Tearin shit up when it comes to me pickin up a cordless

One of New York's finest, on this trip I co-incide with be Minus

Bringin out the best in me, we formulatin like a recipe

What I emlore, will show nuff disto my presence

Then I'm divine like the seven

Keepin it tight 'cause what safice is raw nigga, it's only right

Chorus 4X

[O.C.]

Microphone's I melt down, slap crowns, push em out of bounds

Crush ya crowd, as I lay my third verse down

Because, this is what I want, to gain control of that position

It's only right, that I follow through compition

Be warning me, homicide rhymes or mad rounds

To get flass or pencil hurt, battin me down

Contents flex text expert, since my born date

5/13/71 like a stick bin, injection
Inside ya blood stream, digest what I manifest
O.C., you best by me, others are mediocre like
I slam the earth like a meteor right
'cause I'mma take mine, leavin you face down in the puddle
Blow up like a shuttle, when I give you my rebuttle
Frame of mind, across state lines
Await the taste, me like fine wines from Avidian
For those who want to select cyphers to cyphers stash
Straight up, I don't rhyme for niggas
I prove myself, stylin for years on the mic
On another level of being, what's the be Minus? It's only right
Chorus 4X