

My World

O.C.

Uhh
Yeah, why'know
Shit is wild, heheh
Can't complain though, I'm alive
Healthy and all that, knahmsayin?
Just tryin to do my thang
Praise to all
Bust it, that nigga Slick Rick said
I waited long time sweatin it
I got jerked but now I'm gettin it
Hazy like asthma bizarre disaster
Stress almost held me down from bein a master
The faster, preacher, poet, a teacher
"It's been so long" like Monifah
Believe that, I'm needed, in rappin, I breathe this
Some pick up a microphone and can't even achieve this
Oscar award winning your shit I'm bored with it
Stop copy-cattin son (why?) cause your dog did it
Get your own lingo, make up your own jingle
Ten years later you be bitin my single
Primo, take it Downtown, Swing it
Intervenin on the board, sensimil steamin, yeah
Catch the vibe like a tribal dance
In the clubs on the low with the be -boy stance
Money rubbin with a shorty got bumped by a chump
Tell him, 'Step off, I'm doin the Hump'
Yeah
I say it's my world, and I won't stop
and if you stand in my way you bound to get dropped
Some wish that I was gone cause they know I'ma win
In a minute I 'll be makin six G's times ten
I'm the computer, printin out data take notes
then analyze the information and press send
Freaky like porno, Ron Jeremy saw no
obstacle or pussy to stop him from bonin a hoe
Me and the mic double trouble
Chicks look at us like twins, all lovable and huggable
Prognosis, on the, mic I choke out
Had the same effects from coughin blowin smoke out
Architect, rap technician, man listen
It's no doubt you gonna pump this in your system
My skills ill, and all of that above
Confidence, I'm not worried bout a street buzz
I'm O.C., who you? I never heard of ya
Get out my face 'fore I turn into a motherfuckin murderer
I want the green like indo, a mansion, a car
A wife who's never been a bimbo
Too much to ask well to me that's simple
want to retire on a yacht called the S. S. Minnow
I say it's my world, and I won't stop
And if you stand in my way, you bound to get dropped
(repeat 4X)
Top choice, this here nigga got poise
Ain't a man alive who could stop my noise
I snatch a star from the sky, spark up your lye
You stand astounded wonderin how I did it
Now you're star struck, like I truck gold

Treatin me like a nigga havin a million records sold
Now a starchild, phenmonen like the X-Files
Rappers know I'm comin so they go in exile
Czar in this rap shit, comin on your mattress
Microphone fiend I make beats do backflips
Fear me like genocide, serious
How I do it through your stereo, mysterious
O.C. do demolition, nil competition
Like robot Kong on a destroy mission
A matter of life and death you try to fight for breath
I snatch your heart from a slice through your chest
Who the best, from New York to Bogota
Who got face thinkin they scare me with a scar, shit
What I be bringin is a terrible sight
A performance never again performed on the mic
I say it's my world, and I won't stop
And if you stand in my way, you bound to get dropped
(repeat 4X)
Say it's my world...
It's my world...