

## Story

O.C.

Timmy wanted a name, tryin' to gain fame like a skeezer  
Robbed the spot and stole ice from the freezer  
He's a fool, cause he went in without a mask on  
Now he's on the run so he dipped to Nebraska  
Hasn't crossed his mind, his girl named Olivia  
She'll talk the fall for the jump from Bolivia  
Asides that, he fat, livin' on his own-ah  
Diminished the friendship style, now a loner  
Relaxed while his family is gagged and tied up in New York  
Askin' them, to confess his whereabouts  
No one fesses up so the Colombian scores a blister  
Shovin' up a broomstick to his sister

[Chorus]

Believe it or not  
Believe it or not  
Believe it or not  
Believe it or not, believe it or not

Everyone screams like hell souls are damned  
Mommy gives up cries like bleacher's bed fans  
The experience was 'aw shit' like movie flicks  
But the men inside they treat, the women like tricks  
One beats his meat, the other Colombian he pounds mommy down  
The longer Timmy stays out of town  
You get tortured, all of your babies and on no slackin' for  
The nigga disses so he insists return  
He knows little of the pain that the family endure  
Still he deal his disease for sure  
He had a cure far worse like candy kids steal from a store  
Livin' off his heist like a crack whore

[Chorus: x2]

Check it out  
Enough of the games one said, butt open high  
Started with ma, gave her a Colombian necktie  
Doin' the daughter far worse, I tell  
Pullin' her skin back slow, peels off her toenails  
Raw skin exposed plus Gus that wasn't all  
They drenched her feet, with a whole lot of alcohol  
The babies were baked, like cakes in the oven  
No remorse was governed, in their hearts was stone cold nothin'  
He lacked love for his fam, obvious ain't it  
He traded blood for money, just readin'  
picked up a local newspaper and paid it, family slain drug related  
He stood stiffer than a patient bein' sedated  
Face still blew upon on it like wind  
Instead of you they took it out, on your last line of kin  
And now a sour taste devour your breath, what's left  
is a thief that had his family tortured to death

[Chorus: x2]

Story, it's a story  
Story, it's a story  
Story, yo! It's a story