

# The Chosen One

O.C.

Yeah

Mmmm

Echoes in the halls yes, when I arrive on the set - what?  
Blessin all that came to see me rock my cut  
Such a man like me receivin attention must be chosen  
like a bangin body chickenhead, posin for a flick  
Flashbulbs poppin in the air  
Floatin the stage, I'm movin like a black Fred Astaire - smooth  
The momentum of the bass and treble, levels on point  
Bonus to ride, the microphone  
it's O.C. slash, Mush shine communicatin for the masses  
Puttin my finger against NASA  
When I die, bronze my mic, preserve it for newcomers  
to visit my gravesite like a shrine  
Rappers'll line up faithfully, just to get  
a handful of dirt from the plot occupied by

Chorus:

The Chosen One, beyond the Moet and the Cristal  
The Son of a King and a Queen, I'm a gifted child  
All bow to me like the image of God, Supreme Being  
Get you to the eyes worth seeing  
Influenced; but not by the ancient ruins of rap  
A large percent of y'all fell into a trap  
Trendsetter share with y'all a veteran's nightmare  
Not for you to follow it but try and stand clear, bust it  
Bein intelligent, means you a sucka  
Bein wild as hell, means you a smart motherfucker WRONG  
Analyze songs nowadays  
Most rappers gunsprayed or hustled from night to day - fiction  
I deciphered lots of rhymes, only to find  
false info, just to see what it meant to Oh  
Not for-real; no skill MC's  
Mostly all under twenty, and I find it funny  
That's why the seed was born to lead assume  
positions like Noah, all aboard the arc with

Chorus: repeat 2X

I'm comin from an Egyptian Mola story, rarely told  
Back in the mix of things to break the mold  
Good as gold mind ya leave negative thoughts behind ya  
Type of how I'm livin be more potency than ganja  
Oh Period; when you see my face I'm serious  
Move with the mystique of a cheetah, mysterious  
Dominate jungles when I walk the floor rumbles  
The baddest motherfuckers - I make their attitudes humble  
My aura shine bright like sunlight, in Farenheight temperature  
Stylee's, you file these  
Most is type of scriptures, follow me is for reference  
Other MC's make no kind of sense  
Oh freeze foes and bleed souls and leave those stunned  
Descended on the planet, you're in confusion  
Pick ten, subtract five then, subtract four  
Watch the Sun leave a shadow on the man that's raw  
I be

Chorus: repeat 2X

The Chosen One