

# Win The G

O.C.

[Chorus]

Yo O.C. are you ready to win the G?  
The Gusto is comin home with me  
Yo Bumpy Knucks are you ready to win the G?  
The Gusto is comin home with me  
Yo O.C. are you ready to win the G?  
The Gusto is comin home with me  
Yo Bumpy Knucks are you ready to win the G?  
The Gusto is comin home with me  
Comin home with me (comin home with me) comin home with me  
Rrrrahhhh!

Who got the hardest, MC style, ever created?  
Who got celebrity, status, and is still underrated?  
Who got them two glock nines that be black and nickel plated?  
And I'll blow a nigga's chest out, to keep me motivated  
My periphreal, sees MC's, that ain't nice with these  
So all my new rivalries'll be, MC robberies  
I got these niggaz shook like, Shake-N-Bake, cook like  
I knock your punk ass out, wake you up, and I show you  
What I look like, who's that MC, that thinks that he can fuck with  
F-are-E-D-D-I-E, excuse me, Bumpy Knucks  
I don't give a fuck, if it's friend or foe  
This shit is my job to let you niggaz know so don't take it personal  
When I stick this verse in you, I don't know what you gon' do  
Even if you get your crew I'll walk through the stage  
Like it's Hoe Stroll Avenue, tappin on them pockets  
Puttin tabs on your revenue, now dig this  
It's mad niggaz that be thinkin they nice with they flow  
It's mad niggaz that be frontin like they holdin some dough  
It's mad niggaz that'll challenge me and after the show  
They Don't want to Be Players no mo', like Joe  
Niggaz try and come at me, with contemporary gangsta  
Fusion I'm smashin with the simple shit I'm usin  
Bashin and bruising, who's in charge, BUMPY  
Step up in my face I leave your forehead LUMPY

[Chorus]

I bring the pain like a slice to your vein, fuck your fame  
Platinum and gold plate, don't hold no weight  
I be that, prophetic soul drainer, ain't a motherfucker  
In his right mind steppin in my cipher tryin to take mine  
From West coast to East I'm full-fledged  
Bust the science, niggaz better know the ledge  
O see all, I G off, enemy I spot you  
Two rhymes to my one verse, you go first  
You tasteless face it, I engrave my name in your scalp  
Like Damien, out for world domination  
Don't get me wrong, I don't represent 666 figures  
I'm just out to make figures  
Who holds the threshold, to be the best  
I crunch niggaz with my gold teeth like, vegetables  
Carnivorous deliverance, murder one nemesis  
Like a virgin, I snatch your innocence  
Talkin bank robberies when you rhyme, hold up  
You turn pussy on the mic when I roll up

Coca-Cola, a fission like soda  
While you say butter, I'ma say Mazola  
Money folder hold a grudge cold like a polar bear  
Thug niggaz what? Blowin up spots like a SCUD

Win the G, win the G  
Win the G, RRRRAHHHH!

Who's that New York nigga left, that be nice like B.I.  
G.I., niggaz can't see I, see why?  
You new poppin niggaz, and you crew hoppin niggaz  
Step up in my face, and Bumpy be, 2Pa-cin niggaz  
If this bitch up in yo' heart, I'ma find it  
If you think I'm talkin to you, then just rewind it  
I got six shots behind this, even with a vest on  
Ya yellin, because I aim for the melon  
I'm a felon, and I bet you never, been in a fight  
Kinda like you really, never said shit on this mic  
So if I diss a nigga hustlin that makes me a displayer  
And if you buy my record twice, that makes you a two-payer/toupee-er  
And if your girl like Donna Karan, that makes her a DK-er  
And cause I hate your punk ass, that don't make you no playa  
Without this record business shit you niggaz is broke as fuck  
Smokin weed smokin woolies while I smoke your luck  
And while your flow needs, medical aid  
I just appear on niggaz shit, and I still get paid  
Now where's my G nigga?

What niggaz'll think they made of steel and want to play brave?  
Bitch MC's will find theyself in the grave  
I make slaves of niggaz in ways never made  
Voice like an Ox or better yet sharp as a blade  
Intense the moment like sex when I'm bonin  
Iller than Caligula brainwashed the Romans  
I set it, let it be known, better beware, better be careful  
Who dared to oppose my phenomenal flows, how dare you?  
I smite your ass quick fast like Flash runnin past your ass  
Niggaz'll end up with whiplash  
But for the moment, I'm zonin, any opponents  
I'ma cut it short right now, because this rap shit we own it

Come up off that cash nigga