

O.g.

Tech N9ne

Raised in the middle of the land  
Full of barbeque stands and the brothers throw hands  
Everybody grittin' gettin' grands  
Kansas City where the pretty women make you say, "DWAAM!"  
Kicks it like a donkey cause we famous  
Wicked women want me cause I came up  
This is were the homies trip and say what  
Yo we from the show me get my money put a pay up  
Got on my Five-0 Ones and my gritter posture  
I fit her proper, if she papered I'm in her choppers  
Lettin' her know this nina dinner cost her  
And I'm famous squash her so animal like someone better get her doctor  
This boy's born and raised in KC, M.I.Z.Z.O.U!  
But once in a while I hit the L.K. for ladies  
Cause they straight be, in K.U!  
Then back to Kansas City where it's Gates all on they plate  
We think about it and we crave it when we vacate  
I represent the MO and all the way to K state  
Call me Tech N9ne but teachers and students call me A. Yates

I'm hella fine like the food at Ollie Gates  
Strawberry baked bean mixed plate  
So everybody just bounce rock skate  
Can't wait, O.G!  
Ollie Gates (O.G.)  
Like Ollie Gates (O.G.)  
Like Ollie Gates (O.G.)  
Ollie Gates (O.G, Baby!

(This is Kansas City)  
We be scoutin', pretty young things yo we got ourselves in  
Like Don Dilla I'm a pop her blouse and  
Get her hot and ready listenin' to Roger Troutman  
Rest In Peace baby, Seven this beat's crazy  
Teach babies we used to listen to this at least 80  
We Kansas City steppin' no question  
We reppin' 56 and 57 we know that if he jeffin' then he's shady  
K.C.K.'s Gates got the chicken wings  
This'll bring, traffic where the people really put the clip in things  
So you better be listening cause the don is sniffin' green  
This is the mission get ya when you hittin' your nicotine  
They got your money man, and you know that they ate  
Something delicious yeah you know the tray say Gates  
That's in the place were they come and getcha if the pay late  
But I stay great because everyone's bangin' the A. Yates

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Ollie Gates (O.G.)  
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North side where is you? (EY!)  
South side where is you? (EY!)

East side where is you? (EY!)  
West side, what it do? (EY!)

Ain't nobody's sauce like this  
Ain't no other barbeque boss like this  
Them Fiorellas might cost quite a bit  
Yeah we do it but the fire ain't brought like this  
O.G. told me go see  
If the other citys Q is G.O.O.D  
But he knew that I would find out slowly  
Just like my KC barbeque they cannot hold me, A. Yates

I'm hella fine like the food at Ollie Gates  
Strawberry baked bean mixed plate  
So everybody just bounce rock skate  
Can't wait  
Now everbody say  
Lalalalalalalalalalala  
Lalalalalalalalalalala  
Now everybody say  
Lalalalalalalalalalala  
Lalalalalalalalalalala