# Oh Boy

## Jackson and His Computer Band

Just blaze, oh, baby, oh, baby, uh, Killa
All the girls see the boy, look at his kicks, boy
Look at his car, boy, all I say is, "Oh boy"
Look, mami, I'm no good, I'm so hood
Clap at your soldiers, sober, then leave after it's over
Killa, I'm not your companion or your man standin'
Hit me when you wanna get rammed in, I'll be scramblin'
With lot's of mobsters shop for lobsters
Cops an' robbers, listen, every block is blocka
But she like the way I diddy bop, you peeped that
Mink on Maury kicks, plus Chanel ski hat
She want the boy, so I give her the boy
Now she screamin' out, "Boy, boy, boy"
Now she playin' with herself, Cam dig it out, lift her up
Ma, it's just a fuck, girl, get it out, pick on up
They want the boy, Montana with guns, with bandannas
Listen to my homeboy Santana
Y'all niggas can't fuck with the boy, I'm tellin' ya, boy
Put a shell in ya, boy, now he bleedin', oh boy
Get him, call his boy, he weezin', he need his boy
He screamin', "Boy, boy, boy, boy"
Damn shut up, boy, he's snitchin', oh boy
This niggas bitchin', boy, he's twistin', oh boy
If Feds was listenin', boy, damn, whoa, whoa
I'm in trouble, need bail money, shit
Where the fuck is my boy? I got trust for my boy
That's why I fuck with my boy, that's my nigga, oh boy
He gon' come get his boy, he got love for his boy
That's my boy, boy, boy, boy
When he got caught with the boy, we went to court for the boy
Just me an' my boy an' we sayin', "Oh boy"
Be on the block with my boy with the Roc fella boy
When the cops come squalin'

Yeah, this is for the sports cars, Benitas, Jimmy's
PJ's, old school, [Incomprehensible] at the sports bar
Eight or nine on a boy, holla at your boy
Killa, holla
Listen it's the D.I.P, boy, plus the R.O.C, boy

You'll be D.O.A, boy, your moms will say, "Oh boy"
Shit, ain't no stoppin' 'em guns, we got alot of 'em
Matter 'fact guroos start poppin' 'em
Then slap up his boy, clap up his boy
Wrap up his boy, get them gats, oh boy
Diplomats are them, boy, for the girls an' the boy
Say, "Boy, boy, boy, boy"
Now when they see Cam an' his boy they say, "Damn, oh boy"
Santana's that boy, that squeeze hammers, oh boy
Canons an' bandannas glammers, we don't brandish
Blam at your man's canvas then scram with your man's leaded
An' I'm back with my boy
Until that man is vanished away in the Grand Canyon
These kids are grand standin', niggas demand ransome
Over them grands scramblin', boy, boy, boy, boy
Well, fuck it, Van Dam 'em, Cam a blam blam 'em
Call up his boy, I'm down south tannin'
Mami, I got the remedy, Tommy's I bet the enemy
[Incomprehensible], but now my body your feelin' like fanicky
Killa an' Coppa, we chill in Morocco for reela
We got what you chill it though an' fill with them holla's, huh
It's the boy, I said it's the boy
I'm the boy, boy, boy, boy, Killa
Boy, oh boy, boy, oh boy
Boy, boy, boy
Boy, boy, boy, boy

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