Word...Life

O.C.

[Verse 1]
Let the chyme be a party of mine
Let the rhyme enter twine like a vine
Work your mentally found intellect
I raise eyes like the sight of a tec
Lets take a trip inside of my thoughts
Will I persevere on the mic like sports?
Take me in stride, O.C.'s worth listening
Watch the tricks of a hoe who is a fixin
Tender eyes, they only leadin' to a hard-on
Touchin' tongue stick, two to be a part on
I max relax smooth it out like a sax
One of my goals is to make fat stacks
Then I, flip the money to astound this your business
This year beat, you see, I already quist it
I gave it a test for the rhyme lynguistics
Honey want to kiss, gotta remove the lipstick
I dig lips with, mad jewel juices
Soft and lickable, nah, rough and ruthless
Because of many people I think denied
Gas in my tank takin' me for a ride
But I'm alright now, smooth as the turn pipe
Cause a mind, spot, organize and search life
Meditate, daily I do, so why sort
Things I consider in my mind is deep thought

[Chorus]
Word...Life
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[Verse 2]
By the way, do me a favor
Give it a chance, if a nigga has flavor
Years surpass now trained and it's over
I'm bein' intoxicated, now I'm kinda sober
Persons serve for purpose like workers
If this clowns is makin' Hip Hop a circus

Me and my architect, mark my sweat
Bring up the engine, better yet a Corvette
Thoughts I search 'em like a sub's emergin'
Some subjects never been touched like a virgin
Urgin' MC's, do way of my 'raft
I'm destroyin' all things to go through my path
It doesn't matter the sex type
O to see now, niggaz gettin' done by the ? in freestyle
Rhythms are constantly switchin' and changin'
Name is O.C., I wrote and arranged this
Fluctuation I add it like seized it
Before it was missed
Now more than a breeze and
Poetically astoundin', round and soundin'
My brain was paused to a beat, boomin' and bouncin'
Edo waves kickin' with the kicks asided
You must go inside and exhail, divide it

[Chorus](2x)

[Verse 3]
Crushin' competition, dustin' oppostions
Down the toilet on a flushing composition
Describes a week, and for I can speak
Myself against the man, with the true mystique I got
So many ways to flip phrases, flip thoughts
Passin' licks over the head of my foes
Fits I'm givin' 'em it's a living
If I don't want to take a ride with ya
Then I can't be driven
Bound for town with a raw sound
Seemin' to be lackin' lust in front, my line of MC's
Skits get done by the misfit
Doin' gimmicky shit, followin' the leader from a trend hit
O.C. got it goin' so like a sweater
Better believe it, that I get it busy to the letter
Pure and thick, that's so premature ejaculated
And if you had a girl you wouldn't be masturbatin'
Masceradin' your personafication as a lyrical law
When you just not fascinatin'
Nigga, you need to stop flexin' stop vexin' what you not
And sure 'bout what you got

[Chorus](repeated 'til fade)

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