

# Sayin' Somethin'

Edo G.

Yeah yeah, Ed O.G.  
Two-thousand, Primo  
Yeah, niggaz claim they runnin this house  
they just runnin they mouth  
You ain't sayin nuttin

[Verse One]

Yo..

If the opportunity was to present itself  
I might just have to go and reinvent myself  
Hook up a chick and advance, don't stick whenever the chance  
Sometimes I hit, most the time my dick in my pants  
It's on dogs, put your life on pause/paws  
Get heads wrapped up in bras and drawers, fightin a lost cause  
We break laws, give gauze when we break jaws  
Findin flaws in stars and keep the even with the odds  
In head-nods, from Spanish red-head broads  
And stay Trump tight, with the cards  
Went from a meter to a yard, livin my life scarred  
Cause every minority grow up hard  
Blow up hard, illin get you banned and barred  
Soon as you start sleepin catchin you off guard  
The very thing, is a 'Bury thing  
Either everything is workin, or you workin for everything

[Chorus: DJ Premier scratches]

"Boston niggaz don't play..".. live and direct son"  
"The crew is sayin somethin..".. you know the deal"

[Verse Two]

Will them dogs that smoke blunts witchu, throw a punch witchu  
or hold it down when you down and the mutts hitchu?  
We all got tools -- I hate tellin good people bad news  
Everybody livin by they own rules  
Niggaz make me so sick I get nauseous  
When I'm in the streets I always remain cautious  
You can get rolled up, like a ounce in some Garcias  
Compare my accomplishments, to my losses  
Everybody want to wonder what the winner does

On my worst day now, it was better than it was  
Cause money kept, is twice as good as money burned  
And money won, is twice as sweet as money earned  
Will there ever come a time, when the cryin ends?  
Cause death is just a moment when the dyin ends  
The very thing, is a 'Bury thing  
Either everything is workin, or you workin for everything

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Alcohol and weed is my vices  
to see my daughter smile is priceless  
I leave the nicest lifeless  
Return like Christ in a crisis  
Take this +American Pie+, and distribute out slices  
Like enterprisers, who take it to the wire  
And shine so bright, niggas need a sun visor  
MC's search the seven seas and wind up fishin  
There's little to no competition  
when I appear like an abberition  
Your repitition, kept you in the same tradition, same position  
Same ol' rapper, same ol' mission, the game won't listen  
We got two thousand new ways, to shine and glisten  
Ed O.G. is to rap, what Pedro is to pitchin  
Nowadays if you dissin, you could wind up missin  
But if you ain't under God, you goin under hard  
And we gon' be the main event and y'all are undercard  
The very thing, is a 'Bury thing  
Either everything is workin, or you workin for everything

[Chorus]

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