

Ohh Noo (feat. Jarren Benton & Tech N9ne)

Chris Webby

Yeah I got em saying
Ohh noo, ohh noo, ohh noo, ohh noo

Yeah nigga, oh no, gin and four loko
Who you getting crazy with, ese? You know Iâ€™m loco
Headbutting hoes like Iâ€™m ocho (cinco)
I be in the valley with the stoners and the cholos
Niggas stacking more dough, you know how that shit go
You should get a pen, write it down and take a photo
My cologne say Versace, my dick say blow me
My drawers say polo, yeah bitch polo!
Need a white girl with an ass like Cocoâ€™s
Hit that pussy right, girl I bought you some Menoloâ€™s
That was Adderall, shit, I used to pop NoDoz
Used to have one bitch, now I got four hoes
Hi my name is Jarren, I am not normal
Aaron Schwartz in [?] that pussy, hit it like Arnold
Mr. Drummond, Willis, Kimberly, looks like a porno
Skeeted in her face, I treat that bitch just like a urinal
Webby tell these hating niggas slit they wrist
Every track we on we take a shit on it
Ladies show your tits, meet a nigga back stage
Where youâ€™ll see me pull my dick out and lick on it
Me and Webby hurting
And we murdering any motherfucker that's looking at us sideways
Cut the body five ways
We skin em and drop em off on the highway
These pussy ass niggas so irate, we got em screamingâ€

I was sent to demolish and decapitate whoever thinking they killing
Doin' the hottest we activate and murder many men that make hits say god is a rapper, wait
Better bow before Nina, donâ€™t even try to spit at the great
Sick, then Iâ€™ma get pissed, their finna get wack and fake
Bitch, get on my dick quick, give it a lick it, acclimate
Get what youâ€™re giving, give her the gift and go gravitate
Acting a ape, I ate up a animal I aggravate
Whole lotta people getting a whiff of the Niner
They loving a nigga cause Iâ€™m a hell of a rhymer
Women are looking finer, I never decline her

She wanna climb my timer, stick it and I slime her
I get the pudding, never gotta wine and dine her
When a busta run up with a broken heart he get a shiner
When it comes to murking on music Iâ€™m a deadly designer
Iâ€™m drinking my Hennessy mixture out of a Steiner!
If he tripping I'ma buck or Iâ€™ma cut a nigga up with a machete
Cause Iâ€™m running with a gang thatâ€™ll bring that flame
With a thang and itâ€™s heavy
You donâ€™t wanna fuck with a Tech N9ne
Or my nigga, JB or Chris Webby
Havin everybody sayin â€œoh noâ€•, bustin up the window of a 6 Chevy

We donâ€™t fight fair, we right here
We the reason youâ€™ve been waking up with nightmares
Got em running, got em running
From the second they see us coming, I got em sayingâ€¦

Hold up
On your mark, ready, set, go
Look at Web flow
I be jabbing with the right and then I hit em with a left blow
Knock em back in time like they chilling with Bill and Ted, yo
To a land before time, T-Rex ho
So many bars you would think Iâ€™m living on Death Row
Webby just a motherfucking dog, whereâ€™s Petco?
Follow a plate of kibbles n bits with an egg roll
Genius in the laboratory cooking blue meth, yo
Call me Heisenberg, cause when I rhyme with words
These motherfuckers are behind the curve
I drive and swerve, turn and I ride the curb
And hit every pedestrian that doesnâ€™t find the nerveâ€¦
...to get out of the way, â€œJarren did you see that shit?â€•
Yeah maybe you should drive, cause the weed I hit
Got me feeling so loca, la vida, bitch
Why you even pass me that shit?
But fuck it man I am an animal, but you never seen my species
A brand new breed they discovered in CT
Homegrown bitch, yelling â€œfeed me, feed me!â€•
And every listener is pressing repeat
Bitch I got a sick mind, stomach bug in the brain
Insane, you gotta keep me handcuffed with a chain
But Iâ€™ll still break out like Burt Wonderstone
So anytime you see me coming, yo, I got em yelling out..

Strange Music, Funk Volume, Homegrown

Juggernauts of this independent hip-hop shit, man
Bitch!

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