## Oh No (feat. Pharoahe Monch & Nate Dogg)

## **Mos Def**

Yeah, one for the treble, two for the bass

Welcome to the great incredible paper chase

Keep your boots laced if you want to keep paceOh no, niggas ain't scared to hustle

It's been seven days, the same clothes

Ask them originals 'cause they know

Mos Def, Nate Dogg and Pharaoh

Step away from the mic, they too cold

The funk might fracture your noseSay my name, say my name

Observe how I stake my claim, I independently lay it down

And played my game, my own two raise my flame

'Cause dick ridin' ain't my thang

I earned what they said I wouldn't

I got it the way they said I couldn't

But now I'm gettin' it and they whole grill is crooked

Mad 'cause I'm gettin' caked out from my bookingsWhen y'all was askin' permission, I just stepped up and took it

What? The kid's better buy my rookie card now

'Cause after this year, the price ain't comin' down

And if you got a joint bubblin' then get money now'Cause in a minute, there's gonna be some real trouble comin' out

Just a warnin', as usual some cats won't heed it

The hard headed always gotta feel it to believe it

It's a shame that jealous gaze is too short to see itBut when they face hit the cement, they nod in agreement

We could play nice and decent or dirty like the 7-1 Precinct

Call it a day or make it a long evenin'

You keep on schemin', man, give me some more reason

To have the women in your mama's church screamin', "Lord Jesus"

Harder than y'all 'cause, I'm smarter than y'all

I know that deep down, it's got to be bothering y'all

Pay attention, watch fly gon' get larger than y'all

Put your pride on the rocks, make you swallow it all The mathematic problem for y'all, it just get harder to solve

Every day that the saga evolve

The do or die, stay rumblin' and bumblin' hard

And when we move, we ain't got no discussion at allEast coast on your neck and you ain't shruggin' it off

Try to bullyfoot and end up stumblin' off

I'm Daddy Brooklyn, y'all niggaz are the sons of New York

Gettin' spanked when there's too much trouble to talk

Respect mineOh no, look at who they let in the back door

From Long Beach to Brooklyn they know

## We rock from the East to West coast Queens salute to Pharaoh (You know)

Step away from the mic they too cold

The funk might fracture your noseVery contagious, raps should be trapped in cages

Through stages of wackness, Pharaoh's raps are blazin'

And it amazes me how you claim thug

But go two-ways without Sky Tel pagersI'm intellectual, pass more essays

Than motorcade police parades through East LA

More beef then deli's, thus, what I vent is just

What you lust to vent is irrele'Huh, Hallelujah, Pharaoh Monch'll do ya

Maintain the same frame of mind, screw ya

Get the picture, sit ya, seat ya, preacher with scriptures

I'm equipped to rip ya, reach yaPharoahe and Mos is verbal osmosis

Coast to coast, we boast to be the most explosive here

Ferocious, the lyrical prognosis

The dosage is leavin' you mentally unfocused hereMC's, just come on 'round

You're the next contestants on 'Catch-A-Beat-Down'

Don't be hesitant, sound cracks the sediment

It's evident we medicine for your whole townSky's the limit, game's infinite when I'm in it

All windows is tinted, how you seein' me when I'm in it?

Rap, we got it on lock, man, stop that

Put that mic back down, boy, drop that

Pharaoh's flows, blows shows like Afros

We hate y'all though, that's why Nate Dogg goesOh no, niggas ain't scared to hustle

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From Long Beach to Brooklyn they know

We rock from the East to West coast

Queens salute to Pharaoh

(You know)

Step away from the mic, they too cold

The funk might fracture your nose

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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