

O.G.

Tech N9ne

(Verse 1)

Raised in the middle of the land full of bar-b-que stands and the brothers throw hands

Everybody grittin gettin grands

Kansas City were the pretty women make you say DWAM!

Kicks it like a donkey cause we famous

Wicked women want me cause I came up

This is were the homies trip and say what

Yo we from the "Show-Me" get my money, p-p-pay up

Got on my 501's and my gritter posture

I fit her proper, if she papered I'm in her choppers

Lettin her know this ninna dinner cost her

And I'm finna squash her

So animal like someone better get her doctor

This boy is born and raised in KC, M.I.Z.Z.O.U.

But once in a while I hit the L.K. (Lawrence, KS) for ladies

Cause they straight be, in KU

Then back to Kansas City were it's Gates all on they plate

We think about it and we crave it when we vacate

I represent the MO and all the way to K-State

Call me Tech N9ne but teachers and students call me A. Yates(Hook)

I'm hella fine like the food at Ollie Gate's

Strawberry, baked bean, mixed plate

So everybody just bounce, rock, skate

Can't wait O.G. Ollie Gates

O.G. Like Ollie Gates

O.G. Like Ollie Gates

O.G. Ollie Gates

O.G. Baby(Verse 2)

This is Kansas City

We be scoutin pretty young things yo we got her soused and

Like dun deal I'm a pop her blouse and

Get her hot and ready listenin to Roger Troutman

Rest in peace baby, seven this beats crazy

Teach babys we used to listen to this atleast 80

We Kansas City steppin

No question we reppin 56 and 57

We know that if he jeffin then he's shady

KCK's Gates got the chicken wings

This will bring traffic when the people really want the crispy things

So you better be listenin cause the don is sniffin green
This is the mission get ya when you hittin your nicotine
They got your money man and you know that they ain't
Somethin delicious yea you know the tray say Gates
That's the place were they come and getcha if the pay late
But I stay great cause everyones bangin the A. Yates(Hook)

I'm hella fine like the food at Ollie Gate's

Strawberry, baked bean, mixed plate

So everybody just bounce, rock, skate

Can't wait O.G. Ollie Gates

O.G. Like Ollie Gates

O.G. Like Ollie Gates

O.G. Ollie Gates

O.G. Baby(Verse 3)

North-side where is you, EY

South-side where is you, EY

East-side where is you, EY

West-side what it do, EY.. Tech N9ne

Ain't nobody's sauce like this

Ain't no other bar-b-que boss like this

The Fiorella's might cost quite a bit

Ya we do it but the fire ain't brought like this

O.G. told me go see

If the other city's Q is G.O.O.D.

But he knew that I would find out slowly

Just like my KC bar-b-que they cannot hold me, A. Yates(Hook)

I'm hella fine like the food at Ollie Gate's

Strawberry, baked bean, mixed plate

So everybody just bounce, rock, skate

Can't wait

Now everybody say

Lalalalalalalalalala, lalalalalalalalalala

Now everybody say

Lalalalalalalalalala, lalalalalalalalalala

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