Oh No

Friska Viljor

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 pace Oh 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 nose Say 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 bookings When 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 it But 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 all East 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 mine

Oh 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 nose Very 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 pagers I'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 ya Pharoahe 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 here MC'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 town Sky'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 goes Oh 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 nose Oh no, niggas ain't scared to hustle

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