

# Oh No

## Lionel Richie/Commodores

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

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