Okay, Okay

Juelz Santana

I make music I consider a challenge
Like this here, reminds me of Gilligan's Island
And that reminds of Harlem, where my niggaz is whylin'
The only borough that was built on an island, woah
You fucks probably ain't know, if they cut off the bridges
We'd be stuck, forced to live on the island
But we gangstas, riders, 9/11 survivors
Niggaz still want beef than holla
You think you 'bout it, get your piece and holla
Squeze the piece when I think it's problems, do you follow?
A young, no plane lessons
Cocaine lessons, just a plot of towers
Before they crashed and divided the towers
I'm hurtin', working hard to reprovide the towers, like
Bring 'em back up, lift 'em back up
Niggaz back up or lift us back up
Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Y'all can't fuck with me, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Y'all can't fuck with me, okay
Now let me hear you say, okay
It's Santana the great again, tie him up
Bandana his face again
I tried to tell 'em it's no escaping the basics
And no escaping the hatred and no escaping the matrix man
Only Neo is me, no Cleo can see my future
If she did I'd shoot her
They tried to say the mission was impossible
I came through, crew did it, got it poppin' too
Two bitches on my side both prostitutes
Gray smoke, mobster's suit, yeah, they get it poppin' too
I get my ace holes chopped in two, dimes, quarters, rocks in two
The fiends cop it too
Yeah, look at 'em rockin' two, rockin' boat, rock n' jock
Stop and plot, hot a B L D A T

Fucka, this nigga gotta stop, out of sight, out of mind
He gotta go, he out of line
Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Y'all can't fuck with me, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Y'all can't fuck with me, okay

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