Oh No

The Moondogs

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)

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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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