

Oh No (John B Smooth Mix)

Mos Def

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 Pharoahe
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 laid down and played my game
My own two raise my flame
'Cause dick ridin' ain't my thing
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 their whole grill is crooked
Mad cause I'm getting caked out from my bookings
When ya'll 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 bubbling then get money now
'Cause in a minute there's gonna be some real trouble coming out
Just a warning, as usual some cats won't heed it
The hard headed always gotta feel it to believe it
It's a shame that jealous gays is too short to see it
But when their 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 evening
You keep on scheming, making me some more reasons
To have the women in your mama's church screamin' "Lord Jesus!"
Harder than ya'll cause I'm smarter than ya'll
I know that deep down it's got to be bothering ya'll
Pay attention, watch fly gon' get larger than ya'll
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 rumbling and bumbling hard

And when we move, we ain't got no discussion at all
East coast on your neck and you ain't shrugging it off
Try to bullyfoot and end up stumbling off
I'm Daddy Brooklyn, y'all niggas are the sons of New York
Getting 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 (they 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 and wackness, foul rats is blazin'
And it amazes me how you claim thug,
But go two ways without Skytell pagers
I'm intellectual, pass more essays
Than motorcade police parades through East L.A.
More beef then deli's
Thus what I vent is just, what you lust to vent is irrel'
Halleluja, Pharoahe marching through ya
Maintain the same frame of mind school ya
Get the picture, sit ya, seat ya, greet ya with scriptures
I'ma quit the 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 dose is just leaving you mentally unfocused here
Emcee's just come on 'round
You're the next contestants on "catch a beat down"
Don't be hesitant sound cracks to sediment
It's evident we're medicine for your whole town
Sky's the limit, game's definite when I'm in it
All window's is tinted, how you seeing me when I'm in it
Rap, we got it on lock man, stop that
Put that mic back down, boy, drop that
Pharoahe's slows blows shows like afros
We hate ya'll though
That's why Nate Dogg goes Oh no
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