

It's Only Right

O.C.

One, two, yeah and you don't stop
One, two, huh and you don't stop
One, two, yeah and you don't stop
One, two, huh and you don't stopOne, two, yeah and you don't stop
One, two, huh and you don't stop
One, two, yeah and you don't stop
One, two, huh and you don't stopAhh, check it outStyle like somethin' the microphone fiend would spark
Sort of reminiscing, of how it used to go down in the parks
Equipment ropped off, you can hear the vagas echo for miles and breath
Bass pounds the asphaltThunder vibration shake like a tremble from a earthquake and
O.C. a classic in the making, mental make thoughts
My physical form words
Hot in my mouth like a joust, no doubtSome a phenomenon, mic technician, electrician
Spit the mic down the middle like an El Producto
And throughout the resin, then asapoltin' this shit
Gift to gather a rhyme, make rap a stared sonThe way I do this, switch up the fluid
So smooth you wanna persue it
I'm raw like underground sewage you
This shit for insight?Well I'm back, never was gone
What I right, be tighter than pin stripes
Born by mob boss, my flause in affect on the mic
Keep it tight, with out a fight is raw, it's only rightI know it's hot, we hot too
You ready to throw down, we ready to have a party
So if ya ready to have a party, make some noiseAny mic I hold it in the grip of my palm
I wave it over the crowd
Dictatin' shit like Genghis Khan
Nonchalantly deliver the flow like drug traffic schoolin'Bringin' samatics to this rap shit
Bonafied, mic set you can't see me on it
Master the art, so now I just flaunt it
Born to live, a life and die until thenI'mma keep on writin' the slick rhymes with the pen
Take the cherry from a tree, like a virgin havin' innocence
Bust my nuts, bringin' rhymes to live like Genesis
But critical renaissance in death there's a flautlessTearin' shit up when it comes to me pickin' up a cordless
One of New York's finest, on this trip I co-incide with B Minus
Bringin' out the best in me, we formulatin' like a recipe
What I implore, will show nuff disto my presence
Then I'm divine like the seven
Keepin' it tight 'cuz what safice is raw nigga, it's only rightOne, two, yeah and you don't stop
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One, two, huh and you don't stopMicrophone's I melt down, slap crowns, push 'em out of bounds
Crush ya crowd, as I lay my third verse down
Because, this is what I want, to gain control of that position
It's only right, that I follow through competitionBe warning me, homicide rhymes or mad rounds
To get flass or pencil hurt, battin' me down
Contents flex text expert, since my born date
5/13/71 like a stick bin, injectionInside ya blood stream, digest what I manifest
O.C., you best by me, others are mediocre like
I slam the earth like a meteor right
'Cuz I'mma take mine, leavin' you face down in the puddleBlow up like a shuttle, when I give you my rebuttle
Frame of mind, across state lines
Await the taste, me like fine wines from Avidian
For those who wanna select cyphers to cyphers stashStraight up, I don't rhyme for niggas
I prove myself, stylin' for years on the mic
On another level of being
What's the B Minus? It's only rightOne, two, yeah and you don't stop
One, two, huh and you don't stop
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