## Who Run It?

## O.C.

[O.C.]

Yeah... who run it?
Yeah yeah yeah yeh yep yep!
Who run it? {\*"Phenomenal Moses of rap"\*}
{\*"O.C."\*} {\*"The name alone holds Godly!"\*}
Who run it? {"Phenomenal Moses of rap"}
{"O.C."} Turn the beat up a little more

Who run it? O, fa' sho, pit any rapper against me In they chest I blow a motherfuckin hole Flow sorta like slow draggin the blunt smoke Inhale then blow out O's of nostrils God I mastered the art of this, smashin you novices I tell you what the problem is, Mush equal dominance You gonorrhea, need a shot of penicillin in your rear Niggas ain't, burnin SHIT over here Trust me, you need more than balls to be boss over Toss over your name is mud homes your reign's over Drunk flow at the same time sober A-Side cobra, B-Side squeeze like a boa (pour wine) 'Til my gettin A display run on 'Bout to make Miles drop it or I make history It's this day I take a step up to legendary Never mind the rest, O.C.'s very necessary [Repeat 3X] {"Phenomenal"} poet {"Phenomenal"} teacher {"Phenomenal Moses of rap"} Who run it?

{"Phenomenal Moses of rap"}
{"O.C."} {"The name alone holds Godly!"}

[O.C.] Uhh, yo

You feel it's weak what I say, hey tough titty

Mush must admit he prove a point in a New York minute

Still mentionin my name, still in the trench of the game

Still do a joint venture if they give a offer pay it

Thought orbit like a rocket O sittin in the cockpit

Me plus poetry finesse equal profits

Invadin your metropolis, Doc Octopus with shades

Eight bars times two, who gon' stop this?

My sixth day laid back, at the same time

Address it whether on ProTools or ADAT

Any doubts towards me bet yo' ass I change that
Pen or sword I trace a O on your frame black
ASAP to my benefit I feed off the ridicule
He cop to spit at you, he 'bout to get at you
Tough talk turn tame now duke's political
It's funny how, steel turn the bold to the beautiful
{"Phenomenal Moses of rap"} {"O.C."}
{"Phenomenal Moses of rap"} Who run it?
{"Phenomenal Moses of rap"} {"The name alone holds Godly!"}

## [O.C.]

Yo, all aboard train bout to leave the platform Fans ask for him, many trips overseas just to rap for 'em So many rappers in the battle got they ass torn Very few admit they've partaken in my crash course At last the underground king once more Will induce labor able for a son or daughter born O brought many along this road yellow brick Nowadays generation don't recognize SHIT Third lung carry second wind, no mistake or punch A crack in my voicebox locks on point Think it write it spit it got it with the rhythm in sync Failsafe raps fire when horsetowns I trailblaze Sick with it, lyrics lick with acid Shapely tasteful bad like Angela Bassett Pass that lit, inebriated and hand that Soon available on vinyl, CD and cassette [More ad libbed scratching]

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/