

# OMG (feat. Pusha-T)

## VIC MENSA

Pharrell]  
Pullin up with the coupe  
(Oh my goodness)  
Must've done something with the roof  
(Oh my goodness)  
You sitting looking stupid on the stoop  
(Oh my goodness)  
I would take notes if I were you  
(Oh my goodness)  
This was designed with the stars, the square and the cross  
So we know true north  
(Oh my goodness)  
Smilin', with 50 karats in my jaw  
(Oh my goodness)  
Fuck the law  
It's a shame nigga, rhyme  
Nigga, love crime  
It's a shame they let us jump out of Bentleys with dirty Vans  
Hit the stage for 15 minutes, get 30 bands  
Swiss bank counting clean money with dirty hands  
With some hood niggas that's ready to bang with the Klan  
Since I came in this shit, made my name a name brand  
French kissing bitches in Paris, clubbing like a caveman  
We threw up the pyramids, now they say we Illuminati  
Fox fur Cavalli, fuck Bill O'Reilly  
No blood diamonds, I rock gold like a king  
Jewelry so cold, made 'em blow the nose off the Sphinx  
Fuck you think? I'ma be some type of role model?  
I go full throttle desperado, that's the motto  
Vic in Chicago, it's Hugh Heff at the grotto  
Brazilian model, she mean mugging like Frida Kahlo  
Drinking a horchata with an Alicia Machado  
Bitch, I'm the ticket, you just hit the lotto  
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 It's a shame nigga, rhyme  
 Nigga, love crime Young Vic, the diamond's finest  
 I shine like Puff signed Shyne  
 Except I signed to the Roc 'cause I'm timeless  
 Top off the Masi, my behavior is mindless  
 Old kids, nigga, we major, you minors  
 Fresh out the cell to the booth, drop the Dylan Roof  
 I'm still in the hood, tell Zimmerman "Shoot"  
 Hold my nuts with an OJ glove, fuck the judge  
 You rappers is false flagging, you a fashion blood  
 What's brackin' cuz? What you know about gangbanging?  
 What's VLONE thug? Why Bari leave your head rangin'?  
 Free Vic Mensa Amistad chain swanging  
 This that crack music, nigga, you can blame Reagan  
 I'm Balmaing without paying, y'all playing  
 We higher than a bitch, my bitch Himalayan  
 Suicide Gallardo, that's the sacrificial lamb  
 I'm killa season Cam  
 No lives matter, blam Pullin up with the coupe  
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 Nigga, love crime Every other night, I'm outside with the nine  
 You ain't got chips, fuck the world  
 You got chips, you could fuck the next man's girl  
 Sounds harsh but they been ripped apart my world  
 The weight kiss told us should never be misquoted (no)  
 Them guns that you wave on the camera? We been toting (yeah)  
 Selling love potion my whole rap career  
 So your streams and downloads could never match the kid's  
 We could go foreign for foreign until it's boring  
 My sheep will keep jumping the fence until you're snoring  
 Street poetry, I'm on Wale Folarin

'Til the world is mine like Illmatic and Lauryn  
Written on the globe  
Face to a table full of blow  
Fresh powder skiing in the snow  
Type of rappers we know  
Got the right numbers on a kilo  
Burn the carter down like I'm Nino Pullin up with the coupe  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>