

No Main Topic

O.C.

[Intro]

[1:] Yo O pick up the phone indeed!

[2:] Yo yo whattup E whattup?

[1:] Yo what's goin on kid?

[2:] Chillin man, sort of

[1:] Yo you heard the O.C. shit?

[2:] Yeah yeah that shit is flavored dude

[1:] Yo

[2:] Yo talk to you later man

[O.C.]

Uhh I never ran from my men unless glocks get cocked in my face

I dash before the { *gun shot* }

Diss the sister cause you didn't like ya mister

Bust ya ego on down like a blister

The party was packed in fact black niggaz were packed and stacked

Inside of the waist like flap jacks

First of all what you call huh for?

Who's hardcore, I guess grit ya teeth and lock ya jaw

Best all is filled with crooks and criminals

Ill type of characters givin 'em ill subliminals

I astound you from a round that I wrote long time ago

Down this place I figure who would go, the body so cold

Talk about the mind more powerful than anything known to mankind

My flare ass has begun stand clear of the runway

The only way I see it killin me is with gunplay

Yeah many ways off O beatin styles in the raw

Flip the word around now raw spells war

Never could I kill a man to fill a void of prosperous life

He gets burnt like fosfores

To beat the face from the slap of my base aiyo real peace

You're the lamb I took fish from

You underestimate the quest of faith

Destined for a date with O.C. the great

Ha! you are benevolent it's over occur

In-emelent gettin a woman that suck-seeded my feel of medicine

Fuck the ones who adjourned my con syllable I can see

I cop the ogee beats dark style bullets

The world is already full of nonsense

So I contribute to ya conscience

It's O raise up the kicks I'm back into this

Make em feel as though the slappin of a fist

Flip verses, skip curses, dodge hershes
Collect fat purses, stay serviced, above the day
Planet earth for granted a thousand emcees of my sex in inside 'tanic
I'm stickin to my connaince never rap nonsense
The metafore entitled in my table of contents
Life, do such thing as mod it
Out of achievers some still can't wait rock bottom
Talkin, shh, and swalk it for nothing
Walkin up the goddamn tree O slice cold duff
Alas ain't nothing mash it's just fast so what's the object?
It's like No Main Topic

[Outro: Prince Po(etry)]
No doubt baby pop we do it like this uhh none stop
One time, we gotta rock, O.C. for the '94 flavor
We do it like this, sendin your whole carreer to a great
One time for ya mind we goin back to the lyrics with no tricks
It's no spirits with no gimmicks
We do it just like this one time
Uhh the vest is in the vest we do it like this
Prince Po catch wreck one time
With no main topic!
[O.C.:] I break it down like that

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