

Creative Control

O.C.

Ahhhhhhhhhhh yeah, c'mon now! [x3]
[repeats in background x2 to fade]

Yo, stop look and heed participate in the reorganizing
of a lyricist, decide the category I fall into
When I'm on the venue, I tend to
serve a delicacy fella peep what's on the menu
The slept on phenomenon, the mic be in my palm and on
Many wanna hold me back, cause I'm comin on strong
subject matters are struck, my imagination
is wonder, that's underestimated by
sons of bitch who have power to sign me but
flaunt it wanted stuff I didn't dig into my findings
so they're univited
Tell me do this, do that, do this do that do this
in order to sell this, you gotta pursue this type of program
I ain't no mascot for no massa
Like Mista Slave Driva some odd years ago and yo
O is not about to be between an imaginary tug-of-war
Feedin me park style with bread like a pigeon
So I say, get your ears ready for creative control
Cause no one's gonna tell me how to sell out my soul hah (c'mon now)
Get your ears ready for creative control
ahh yeah's start again for [x4]
Cause no one's gonna tell me how to sell out my soul, yeah

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