

# Oh No (feat. Nate Dogg & Pharoahe Monch)

## Mos Def

Yeah, one for the treble, two for the bass  
Welcome to the great incredible paper chase  
Keep your boots laced if you want to keep pace Oh no, niggas ain't scared to hustle  
It's been seven days, the same clothes  
Ask them originals 'cause they know  
Mos Def, Nate Dogg and Pharaoh  
Step away from the mic, they too cold  
The funk might fracture your nose Say my name, say my name  
Observe how I stake my claim, I independently lay it down  
And played my game, my own two raise my flame  
'Cause dick ridin' ain't my thang  
I earned what they said I wouldn't  
I got it the way they said I couldn't  
But now I'm gettin' it and they whole grill is crooked  
Mad 'cause I'm gettin' caked out from my bookings When y'all was askin' permission, I just  
stepped up and took it  
What? The kid's better buy my rookie card now  
'Cause after this year, the price ain't comin' down  
And if you got a joint bubblin' then get money now 'Cause in a minute, there's gonna be some  
real trouble comin' out  
Just a warnin', as usual some cats won't heed it  
The hard headed always gotta feel it to believe it  
It's a shame that jealous gaze is too short to see it But when they face hit the cement, they nod in  
agreement  
We could play nice and decent or dirty like the 7-1 Precinct  
Call it a day or make it a long evenin'  
You keep on schemin', man, give me some more reason  
To have the women in your mama's church screamin', "Lord Jesus"  
Harder than y'all 'cause, I'm smarter than y'all  
I know that deep down, it's got to be bothering y'all  
Pay attention, watch fly gon' get larger than y'all  
Put your pride on the rocks, make you swallow it all The mathematic problem for y'all, it just  
get harder to solve  
Every day that the saga evolve  
The do or die, stay rumblin' and bumblin' hard  
And when we move, we ain't got no discussion at all East coast on your neck and you ain't  
shruggin' it off  
Try to bullyfoot and end up stumblin' off  
I'm Daddy Brooklyn, y'all niggaz are the sons of New York  
Gettin' spanked when there's too much trouble to talk  
Respect mine Oh no, look at who they let in the back door  
From Long Beach to Brooklyn they know

We rock from the East to West coast  
 Queens salute to Pharaoh  
 (You know)  
 Step away from the mic they too cold  
 The funk might fracture your nose Very contagious, raps should be trapped in cages  
 Through stages of wackness, Pharaoh's raps are blazin'  
 And it amazes me how you claim thug  
 But go two-ways without Sky Tel pagers I'm intellectual, pass more essays  
 Than motorcade police parades through East LA  
 More beef then deli's, thus, what I vent is just  
 What you lust to vent is irrele'Huh, Hallelujah, Pharaoh Monch'll do ya  
 Maintain the same frame of mind, screw ya  
 Get the picture, sit ya, seat ya, preacher with scriptures  
 I'm equipped to rip ya, reach ya Pharoahe and Mos is verbal osmosis  
 Coast to coast, we boast to be the most explosive here  
 Ferocious, the lyrical prognosis  
 The dosage is leavin' you mentally unfocused here MC's, just come on 'round  
 You're the next contestants on 'Catch-A-Beat-Down'  
 Don't be hesitant, sound cracks the sediment  
 It's evident we medicine for your whole town Sky's the limit, game's infinite when I'm in it  
 All windows is tinted, how you seein' me when I'm in it?  
 Rap, we got it on lock, man, stop that  
 Put that mic back down, boy, drop that  
 Pharaoh's flows, blows shows like Afros  
 We hate y'all though, that's why Nate Dogg goes Oh no, niggas ain't scared to hustle  
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