

Psycho Les f/ Sick Jacken , Sonny Sandoval

"Oh My Oh My *"

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* pre-censored before release {*Female singing to beat*} [Verse 1: Sick Jacken] My city has 'em in the same since crack flooded Street tsunami a-blow Casualties from cooked coke Lowriders became riders and dropped the low Formed armies on the block cause they smoke or slang dope We learned to cope with no hope in my hood Got burnt by havin' dreams to live life good Bein' in one eighths, pawn over real estate The battle for Pico Union keeps elevatin' the murder rate Damagin' vertebrae, leavin' bodies with no motion We're in a matrix, but bullets don't come in slow motion We sell needles and [{*fuck*}] with no Trojans That's why my cities full of disease and distortion They tryin' to change it With the Staples Centers cleaner But that ain't gonna stop fiends from comin' to re-up Get your ass out my hood if you find you can't handle this I'm from the lost city of God Los Angeles (Angeles...) Chorus: [Female] Oh my, oh my I'm gettin' high Oh my, oh my [Psycho] For my peoples on the east to the westside (Westside...) [Female] Oh my, oh my I'm gettin' high Oh my, oh my [Psycho] For my peoples on the streets Worldwide [Verse 2: Psycho Les] N.Y. City Where everything looks gritty For this, really shitty And we grind to the nitty gritty Big Willie en mi boca, keep it lit, filly Always on a move, it's hard for you to get, with me Walk with me, I'm a tell you 'bout the dark side Where you could die or survive it through the dark time Drive through the wrong hood and get your fuckin' car shot And pregnant [{*mothers drive*}] and drink Can't this all fly You're in the ghetto now, ain't nothin' sweeter here to hear And foreigners take scars back to southerneers New York, big city of fiends Scams and schemes, let me take you to Queens And show you how the big bosses live You gonna notice the difference as soon as we cross the bridge I keep buddha in the air, and a cold one in the freezer Immigrants come here, lookin' for visa Like that {*Female singing to beat*} [Verse 3: Sonny Sandoval] They say the ghetto in the streets, that's where legends are made If that's the case, I'm goin' down in the hood of fame From Cedro, the rock town, to (???), the home Ask anybody in the

south, forget about it, I'm known Sick Jack's in the zone
Set the levels and tones Of mic checka one-two Hit the
beat and I'm gone I twist you Six hundred and nineteen
degrees On sixteen bars with The Nuts, S.D.'s In your
mouth Look how I flip it, get funky You watch me stick it
to this track Like a heron junkie San Dego, so love or
leave, I must confess Like seven Hail Marys in a
bulletproof vest Never pullin' a led You can't defend it
to the death And Killer Cali's doing things you only get
from the west In the best way I know, I keep it grimey
and gritty From New York To L.A. To America's finest
city Repeat Chorus [Female] Oh my, oh my I'm gettin'
high Oh my, oh my [Psycho] For my peoples on the east
to the westside (Westside...) [Female] Oh my, oh my
I'm gettin' high Oh my, oh my I'm gettin' high {*Female
singing to beat*} [Sample] "I regret to say the game is
over, my dear fellow (Fellow...)"

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