

## O-Type

### "Simma Down"

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c'mon everybody let's all get down, all get down, all  
get down

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what you know about a hot beat, discreet, club treat  
make the girls start to move their feet and their booties  
we hot to death like beyonce, when we come to town  
better watch your fiance, touche

OBP is legendary

we always be closing like we was glen gary, ross  
still pay the cost to be the boss

chalk up a "W" cause we never take a loss, man  
me and jess like menage a trois on the microphone  
always sweatin' it never leave it alone

the top notch blowin up near you at a hotspot  
check 1-2 and you don't stop

i'm hot enough to give a transvestite a boner  
and when i'm on the mic steal a show like winona  
i'll beat you down like a guest on springer

so you'd better hold you bets, man  
we some dead ringers

come one come all to my players ball  
and dance to some shit you can't get at the mall  
F.T. father time with another dope rhyme  
just give me a sec if i haven't blown your mind

to the ladies at the club tryin' to show some love  
put your hands in the air ... simmer down now  
to the fellas at the show sittin' in the front row  
yellin "ho" ... simmer down now

if you're feeling allright ... simmer down

if it's getting to hype ... simmer down

all my people in the place on a paper chase

let me see your face ... simmer down now

what you know about my right hand, my main man  
put 'em both together that's my right hand man  
where my east side girls, lower ponce chicks  
3 from 9, baby that's six

if 6 was a dime i'd want twen twen twen

one dj and 10 to get in  
i wanna put on my kick step out fo' sho'  
i wanna tap belladonna on the bedroom floor  
side to side, back and forth  
i come hard with the flow like my name was peter north  
highly explosive forever (forever ever?)  
yo i never say never  
we too clever  
we're like 3 times dope  
we're 4 the kids  
5 for a smoke  
nickelbag, we sick we bad  
white girls always sayin' "jess you're rad"  
i give 'em a card and i say "call the celly"  
you know i go deep like jim or jill kelly  
janet jackson, janet jackme  
i put my honda civic in the VIP  
then i skip the line, get kicked out and try another time  
see dres, no static at all  
i'm down at the Q that's the way that we ball  
i'm not lil flip i'm more like big gipp  
reppin' ATL everytime i dip  
i sip cold brew, i don't smoke the dank  
i make a vivid deposit in brianna banks  
i play no weak shit, anytime i spin  
i'm like vince voyeur, that's my cocateau twin

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MCs wanna try and be like me  
F.T. from the crew called OBP  
you see but you still like heavy d  
you blind baby to the F A C T  
here i am  
so please try and use your senses  
FT coming through breaking walls and fences  
and barriers OBP will carry ya  
put us on the radio and cause hysteria  
in your area  
FT still the same man  
talk a big game putting groups to shame man

peace to all graf writers, all nighters  
concerts, pushing up lighters

i say it twice when i think that it's nice, i'm like  
simeon rice  
simeon rice  
i bust beats like b-boys bust windmills  
and we the type of people who gon' flow 'til your skin  
chills  
it instills  
positive vibes and love maybe  
and you know it ain't nothing but a party baby  
first to arrive last to leave  
and i never go home without a trick up my sleeve  
true DJs they don't yell over tracks  
and true emcees they step up and spit facts  
act 1 scene 2 verse 3 my name  
houserocker johnson what's the reason i came...

man, we're coming off the bench, having a big game  
'cause most MCs in this game are so lame  
peace to def squad gangstarr and the dilated  
jurassic lootpack the licks you can't hate it  
we underground like adam west in the batcave  
told britney spears that she can be my slave  
'cause i like a loose booty and i got a little richard  
that tastes tutti frutti  
to the ladies at the club tryin' to show some love  
put your hands in the air ... simmer down now  
to the fellas at the show sittin' in the front row  
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