

Ultimate Force f/ Gizmo, Saladeem, Fat Joe, Seville "Oh Shit"

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Oh shit (Oh shit)
Oh shit
Pass the mic to Gizmo

[VERSE 1: Gizmo]

Oh shit, comin straight out the toilet
Take a rapper's rhyme that is fresh, then I spoil it
Tear the mic to shreds, put heads to beds
You wanna battle me? Huh, you're better off dead
Or arrested, these rhymes are manifested
Hip-hop, that's what I'm infected with
Shit motherfucker bum bitch ass nigga snitch
Stitches and stitches and stitches (?) you bitches
I'm from Godsville, I (?) with the Hill
163rd is the worst so you better chill
Rest in Forest projects, give respect
Take you out in a sec, catch wreck
Cause I'm packed with a Tec-
9 mill, yeah, I shoot to kill
So be still cause I'm ill, prepare to write your will
Motherfucker suckers who try to sound legit
Get flushed down the toilet just like a pile of shit

Oh shit (Oh shit)
Oh shit
Pass the mic to Saladeem

[VERSE 2: Saladeem]

The rhyme is hard and I wrote you a part
From the beginnin to the endin I send my regard
To those who wanna dare, tell 'em what I said
Half of y'all will leave, but leave mentally dead
You're no good as a man, you're no good as a fan
And you're definitely no good with the mic in your hand
A true king's power rests behind the dome
But I'ma leave all that king stuff alone
I'm a self-made gettin-paid lover of rap
And I could crush the world in a finger snap
I eat MC's like a canibal, attack 'em like an animal
Take down whole empires like Hannibal
You don't want no beef and that's very understandable

MC's can't stand me, censors wanna ban me
No matter what you say or do, my fans demand me

Damn, Saladeem is wicked

Oh shit (Oh shit)
Oh shit
Pass the mic to Fat Joe

[VERSE 3: Fat Joe]

I'm the Fat Gangsta, the head honcho
My name is Fat Joe, never call me Pancho
Solid as a rock, bigger than a bolder
Y'all just one name that I put in my folder
Labeled a loser, cause I choose to
Beat that ass so bad people call me the bruiser
I'm sharp as barbwire, I wear fresh attire
You get lit up just like a forest fire
So stop sweatin me and jump off my jock
I mean my jimmy, my tip, my dick, my cock
My lines are humorous, so use some laughter
Your rhymes are played out, you old whipper snapper
Call me a thug, the color I'm wearin is black
My rhymes are dope, they stimulate you like crack
Not a myth, not a fifth, see I'll get you open
You be on (?) as if you're smokin

Damn, motherfuckers is gettin wicked on this
That nigga Fat Joe
Word

Oh shit (Oh shit)
Oh shit
Pass the mic to Seville

[VERSE 4: Seville]

Swift dialect, so select this selection
Previous cuts were practice, yeah, this is perfection
Think that my last jam pertained the skill
Well that was simply just a fraction of me, Seville
Doin what I'm doin till it's finally done
Jams are hittin number one, demolish rappers for fun
To engage is execution, so don't engage
Results Daily News front page, MC's been slayed
Pushin piles of power, perfectly I prevail
You got yourself into this, so stop bitin your nails
Heard a previous performance on a practice tape
Said we were wack and you could take us, now you try
to escape
Fleeing is impossible, you try to get away
But if you get past me you'll get smashed by Jay

Jazzy's no joke, justifiably invincible
No jokin no hopin, serious with me, Seville

Here we go
Oh shit (Oh shit)
Oh shit
Pass the mic to Master Rob

[VERSE 5: Master Rob]

Now I'm a poet excellent, here to represent
That rappin is my occupation, in my pockets there's a
mint
Caused by the crowds I draw and the money they
spend
Just to see me rock a show at any extent
Now I will devastate and then I'll terminate
Any rapper that's blind the time will create
And when I go on tour the crowds will endure
The Master Rob craze for that ain't no cure
So now I activate my style at any rate
Then I say this funky dope rhyme that comes out great
Cause I'm a smooth operator, the female devastator
If you think I'm rockin now, just wait until later
Opportunity has come, I'm reachin new heights
I'm the newest superstar with my name up in lights
Cause when I do a show, it's not a crowd, it's a mob
And all the girls are screamin out, "We love you, Master
Rob"

Yo, that shit was crazy dope, knowmsayin?
(Thank you, thank you, thank you)
Dope, knowmsayin?
Yo, what the fuck, am I here by myself?
(Oh shit)
Motherfuckers standin lookin at me...
(Fuck you)
Fuck me? Fuck me, you know what I'm sayin?
Oh shit, youknowmsayin?
You know what I'm talkin about
Smells like pussy to me, knowmsayin?
I don't give a fuck
We ain't worried bout this gettin on the radio,
youknowmsayin?
Like the other...
What's that shit called, freestyle?
We ain't worried bout them shits gettin on the radio
Cause this shit's gon be stupid underground,
knowmsayin?
(Oh shit)
My man Saladeem, peace to my man Seville, peace to
my man Gizmo and peace to my man Fat Joe

Youknowmsayin?
And Diamond D cuttin shit up
And here we go

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