

Marcus Orelas**"We On"**

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[Verse 1: Marcus Orelas]

Marcus Orelas, come with me or get left.
Why like me? Yo girl been stressed
Past dresses motivated bars I bench-pressed
Dropping science till the bell rang
Shoes had holes so I felt the pain
Got played, so I don't play.
Pockets got fat so she knows my name (ooo weee)
Do they hit my line, coming quick and I love it
J.J. mixed so I spit sick throw up your spine
Give me a millisecond or a kiloton; I'll R.I.P. this at
instance
I moonwalk on sentences till I free birds with sentences
in a few days
Been a minute and a long way, reminiscing on my old
ways
And I love the way she move that thang but hey
Hands on her hips she licks those lips when she
sees me flow
She don't know yearned for hype they said no, so I
became my own
Now what I need is TLC or P&P till I TNT, get high and
won't come down
Cause they know the sound when I come around
From that rebel of the underground
Wassup

[Hook: BJ the Chicago Kid]

You must be a fool to think that I ain't on
And if you think I ain't on
Nigga you must not be on
Cause We On (x9)

[Verse 2: Marcus Orelas]

Everybody knows that we on
It took long getting the buzz strong
Had to strive for it; go and get it
Didn't sleep much cause I couldn't miss it

Now I'm sending missiles headed from my mental
To people's minds on missed missions
Pay attention, when you pay admissions
I used to write, stuck in detention
So move to the beat when the DJ is spinning (uh)
I see no competition (uh), in another dimension
It's been this way since I've known microphone
I wasn't known, pre gold chains and nice phones.
Watching talespin to make ya head spin, songs write
themselves
Stay up, when stress prevails and you feel hell
Have no fear, what do you fear? (Failure probably)
Don't quit; show everybody why you're!
More sick than everybody; watch me. Take a picture,
then copy.
I stay on track when I rhyme on tracks; turning curbs 45
degrees.
They laughed but it's all good to me cause!
Phony's fall out like bad weaves, straightaway
I'm on tracked beats
This fame hit me like a ton of bricks
So you know I move quick, before she turn me on
Cause she knows that we on.
Yeuh

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Marcus Orelia]

Some swear I wear emotions, put it all on my sleeve
Police slap handcuffs, I hit back with these beats.
Sleep; repeat, writing for Katie, Keisha and
Brenda's.
Stats and politicians see our chances slim.
No slimmer than an art career path.
For the love you slim fast
Don't talk to me when I'm in the zone
Snapping to infiltrate every home.
Stop on commercial, incase u missed it.
I'm strapped to the nose of a rocket bout to take
the breaks off.
I've waited on this for so long.

[Hook: BJ the Chicago Kid]

You must be a fool to think I ain't on
And if you think I ain't on
Nigga you must not be on
Cause We On (x9)

