

**Chris Ward f/ Big Pokey****"It's Ok!"**

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(\*talking\*)

Uh uh, yeah-yeah uh yeah-yeah

Uh yeah-yeah, yeah yeah

[Chris Ward]

Ten bricks nigga, in a Benz six nigga

It's your motherfucking nigga, C. Ward

Five years later, and I'm five times greater

It's your motherfucking nigga, C. Ward

What's my motherfucking name, put a bullet in your head

Leave your shirt red, cause pussies get bled

It's the spokesman, from Y.S.P.

I can't lie until I die, it's S.U.C.

I conversate for a thee, do a verse for three

Whenever you fuck with me, it's gon cost you a fee

I rip shows, get rid of those girls you be liking and loving

Cause to me, they just bullshit hoes

Live and direct, from the 7-1-Tre

Where niggaz be holding you down, like everyday

It's the flyest, nigga talking

Someone give me the space, cause I'm the flyest nigga walking

I'm way out, this atmosphere

What is it 0-3 shit, I'll be back next year

With some new sensations, game to give y'all

M.O.B. Style, this is how we live y'all

See it's the, hoe slapper

Pimp, slash flow rapper

Rap rhymes rap flows, rap bricks rap hoes

Pay the price for anyone of the four, and I'll wrap those

Bad hoes I fuck em, after that I duck em

Cigarellos I stuff em, with endo and puff em

Bitches on dick, wanting some'ing for nothing

That might surprise you, but to me it's nothing

I'm irresistible, attitude is despicable

I pop out on your kids, like peek-a-boo

Huh, it's ghetto pimping on a track

Shit I'm like a gat, some every nigga need in his Lac

Chris Wizzard, watch how you pronounce the shit

G's up hoes down, while you motherfuckers bounce to  
this uh  
G's up hoes down, while you motherfuckers bounce to  
this

[Hook]

Before you dog you dying, and busting your eye in  
Take the stand you lying, it's ok  
If you cook it cut it, watch fuck it all your niggaz in  
public  
Them bitches love it, it's ok  
If you hard right now, it's the greatest on the buck  
Looking for some'ing to fuck, it's ok  
If you slide in with her, it's ok  
If you slide in with him, it's ok

[Big Pokey]

I'm the nigga, that you 'spose to know  
Same nigga that's suppose to touch the rock, when it's  
fourth and fo'  
I'm hot, but my freestyle fo' below  
Step on feet, sorry if I broke your toe  
My hoes, call me Mr. finesse  
I'm a throwback nigga, old school just like Mitchell &  
Ness  
And them scared niggaz, check they chins  
Fake left hand shakes, I see through you like a contact  
lens  
Now honor, my words  
M.O.B., money over bullshit right now I got a gun and a  
bird  
Mob niggaz, move in herds  
You need to stop, I cock a five pound glock that can  
move your curb  
Ain't no nigga, like a Mob Style nigga  
Cause a Mob Style nigga, don't quit  
Ain't no bitch, like a Mob Style bitch  
Cause a Mob Style bitch, rock pits  
Does it a day, new Chanelle negaleshe  
Buying for real, bout they bread and don't play  
I'm a bull like I'm born in May, I rush niggaz  
Stay in your place, you bump too much hush nigga  
In a trap, open your eyes and see your face  
I'm here to stay like a test in your skin, you missed a  
space  
These hoes wanna give me they ass, give me your face  
Cannon on my waist, cause these niggaz is hoes  
And you move, I walk in I'm taking the show  
Whip niggaz with this pen, like I'm taking the sco'  
First, I'ma hit em with this  
Lean back go and hit em with Chris, it's like I'm losing

my fits  
M.O.B. you know that we thoed  
We bout to reload, unlock and explode  
Y.S.P. you know it don't stop  
This here for Lil' Pop, we stay on the block nigga

[Hook]

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