

Ayman**"1/2 Good 1/2 Sinner *"**

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* hidden CD track

Yeah
Wildlife, nigga
Fuck y'all want?
No kids in our muthafuckin clan
It's all grown men
Violations ain't happenin
(Word to Miz)

[VERSE 1: O.C.]

Yo, somebody call the cops on this nigga here
Seldom seen but often heard, mum's the word
On the streets they call me Mush as I push up slick
Ride shine with Armor All, chicks all on my dick
Cause I'm so nonchalant about the way I move
I got the aerodynamics of a Benz of a Rolls
Brooknam representer
Intelligent hood, wise but half good, half sinner
Raised around wolves, keen eye for schemin
And to plottin mufuckas, I ain't down for the ball
Toss up the challenge, fuck the profilin
I'm the type to to take it there, buckshots and start
wildin
Broads, I get busy especially when I'm twizzy
Hoes outta pocket, I slave em like Kizzy
I'm OC, baby, what the fuck y'all thought?
I drive a whip with the respect and still ride a iron horse

[CHORUS]

Aiyo, how can I express
How I feel, it's so hard to explain
In the right words what I feel
So I cuss
To express what I feel
Deep inside
Between good and evil it's a fight

[VERSE 2: O.C.]

Yo, I whirlwind through cities, feelin all titties
In the gogo spots, drinkin about a buck fifty

Out comes the sinner, shortie lookin like a winner
I'm diggin deep inside my bag of tricks to get up in her
Smoke Fidel Cubans, ideas fumin
If she could read my mind know I'm all about screwin
Fuck all the drama, fuck the one-liner
Go get your friends and let's freak it like Madonna
Undress your (?), let's get it on
(?), pop in a porn
Buttnaked with my socks on, 'bout to lock horns
...like a Tupac song
Gettin it on from dust to dawn, night to morn
Why settle for corn when you can have filet mignon
It's only right that I address this case, in fact
At this very moment I'm gettin my dick sucked and I rap

[CHORUS]

I feel wicked sometimes, please Lord give me strength
Half my soul is good, the other half is sin
I repent at your feet cause my spirit is weak
So now I lay me down to sleep

[VERSE 3: O.C.]

Yo, I pray to G-o-d cause it seem to be wise
And balance out like a Gemini, ain't I fly?
OC, Mush, y'all, nigga, why ask why?
I'm like the mystery of death, son, we all gotta die
But before I go I'ma set my mark
It's Wildlife, me and boys build and destroy
Make do with all the time that I got on my hands
Pop Dom Perrignon, spend some grands
Live life with my niggas instead of pullin triggers
Unless I gotta do it I'ma stand and deliver
Exceed the limit, breastfeed the timid
Life's a game of scrimmage, gotta be in it to win it
Survival of the fittest, straight from the briddicks
Old school like British, those who shitted
Let me just say for those doubtin the kiddid
Fuck the non-believers and fuck all the critics

[CHORUS]

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