

Ayman

"It's Only Right"

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Chorus 4X

"One, two, yeah and you don't stop"

"One, two, huh and you don't stop"

"Ah check it out"

[O.C.]

Style like somethin the microphone fiend would spark
Sort of reminiscing, of how it used to go down in the
parks

Equipment ropped off, you can hear the vagas echo for
miles and breath

Bass pounds the asphalt

Thunder vibration shake like a tremble from a
earthquake and

O.C. a classic in the making, mental make thoughts

My physical form words

Hot in my mouth like a joust, no doubt

Some a phenomenon, mic technician, electrician

Spit the mic down the middle like an el producto

And throughout the resin, then asapoltin this shit

Gift to gather a rhyme, make rap a staired son

The way I do this, switch up the fluid

So smooth you wanna persue it

I'm raw like underground sewage you

This shit for insight? Well I'm back, never was gone

What I right, be tighter than pin stripes

Born by mob boss, my flause in affect on the mic

Keep it tight, with out a fight is raw, it's only right

[sample from live event]

I know it's hot, we hot too

You ready to throw down, we ready to have a party

So if ya ready to have a party, make some noise!

[O.C.]

Any mic I hold it in the grip of my palm

I wave it over the crowd

Dictatin shit like Genghis Khan

Nonchalantly deliver the flow like drug traffic schoolin

Bringin samatics to this rap shit

Bonafied, mic set you can't see me on it
Master the art, so now I just flaunt it
Born to live, a life and die until then
Imma keep on writin the slick rhymes with the pen
Take the cherry from a tree, like a virgin havin
innocence
Bust my nuts, bringin rhymes to live like Genesis
But ritical renaissance
In death there's a flautless
Tearin shit up when it comes to me pickin up a cordless
One of New York's finest, on this trip I co-incide with B
Minus
Bringin out the best in me, we formulatin like a recipe
What I emlore, will show nuff disto my presence
Then I'm divine like the seven
Keepin it tight cuz what safice is raw nigga, it's only
right

Chorus 4X

[O.C.]

Microphone's I melt down, slap crowns, push em out of
bounds
Crush ya crowd, as I lay my third verse down
Because, this is what I want, to gain control of that
position
It's only right, that I follow thru compition
Be warning me, homicide rhymes or mad rounds
To get flass or pencil hurt, battin me down
Contents flex text expert, since my born date
5/13/71 like a stick bin, injection
Inside ya blood stream, digest what I manifest
O.C., you best by me, others are mediocre like
I slam the earth like a meteor right
Cuz I'mma take mine, leavin you face down in the
puddle
Blow up like a shuttle, when I give you my rebuttle
Frame of mind, across state lines
Await the taste, me like fine wines from Avidian
For those who wanna select cyphers to cyphers stash
Straight up, I don't rhyme for niggas
I prove myself, stylin for years on the mic
On another level of being, what's the B Minus? It's only
right

Chorus 4X

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