

## Ayman

### "Point O' Viewz"

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[Hook - O.C.]

Yo, I'm here to make mad moves, I won't pop  
On the planet to drop jewels, I won't pop  
Perpretatin' fame into news  
Give in O.C. point o' viewz

[Verse 1 - O.C.]

Check me out, yo  
Now for mine it's a threat to pose you like a gun  
I even gon' stand and fight, or just run  
Once battled for undisputed, I never been suted  
The ones who persuted got suted up you loses now  
Now, one dies of place by his foetus born  
Devoted to hip hop you can call that I'm swarm  
Pickin' logic on the topic for the object is divide it  
I make sure folks pure and sense go inside it  
Lights I'm shinin through about time, one, two  
Hard work to mines, excellence over due, more than  
decent  
My decense is Portugese and pops put me upon it like  
less than recent  
But the stronghold of defense galved in my gut  
I got power plates to pick from so like I said

[Hook][2X]

[Verse 2 - O.C.]

Besides, check it out  
Shag a lag infact why you conscience begged to be  
heard  
Nag to whino, fag do what he said  
Decided to take in all the gimmicky (drunk and imatry)  
trigger  
Drinkin' Hennessy 'cited you up with energy  
Think not, sucker, stop look and time it  
I kick realities far beyond a canon  
I coast a mic, I mic boast but never bite, my physics  
With lyrics pose I'm mad scientist  
My ethics are as authentic quite pure  
And cure thoughts from Dally to the eastern shores  
O.C. double E master I'm conquer pace

Plus I figure my mind is trapped beyond time and  
space  
Don't waste time or write a rhyme in haste  
They gotta fit like my foot size ain't it like I said

[Hook][2X]

[Verse 3 - O.C.]

Check it out  
Whether either or how well you rock well  
Whether behind bars or dead my spirit will still dwell  
The eyes of the wise I size up the par  
Plus shine potential from the twilight of a star  
So who sets the norm for soft  
I can call for the rhyme come back on time and still get  
off  
No smokescreen can blind me on account of my  
crystal, I  
Whistle through the air like the stray of a pistol shot  
Listen up I'm here and I'm official I'm metaphysical  
Bein' worth seein' soon you'll be agreein'  
I robbed the pulmonary, adversaries get sweaty palms  
Ain't ready for the mic so clap it off the arms  
So I can stick with the crew and takin' mine after ours  
Cause my purpose on the mic is to defeat all the frauds

[Hook][repeated 'til fade]

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