

Ayman

"Xorcise *"

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* hidden CD track

Xorcise
X-o-r-c-i-s-e, nigga
I'm OC, nigga
L-legendary

[VERSE 1: O.C.]
Aiyo, who's that nigga
Drop-top dippin through your block
Like I don't give a fuck, keep talkin
You remain walkin
My man Ra stay switchin V's like sneakers
I'm comin through your speakers
Throw up your dick-beaters
My hands be swift like cheetahs
Catch these bombs like wide receivers
Run with cats in Brooknam, cats in the Bx
My niggas in the Q-Boro, they live for the BS
Who got game? Tee up, I'm hot like fever
Strictly for the ladies like Finesse said
We a, tight-knit unit assuming our position
In the game we outcast, we sorta like mutants
I live through the music, dependin how I use it
Oh, I carry a big stick like Yusef
My crew talk incentives, when I spit a sentence
Like a punch in the mouth, sendin these rappers to the
dentist

[VERSE 1: O.C.]
See, even when I take a lay-off I still be paid off
Still manage to stay fly with my foot in the door
Seein the wolves in the cut just hopin I bleed
Prayin I run and leave a trail and find blood-soaked
leaves
But little do they know I'm layin traps for they asses
Hang em high, kiss your family goodbye
Ain't no stoppin my facade, y'all have every right to be
alarmed
Planets lined up for me now, no time to be calm
I'm like the comin of the Anti-Christ, far from new,

nothin nice
Commit the crime, fuck the law, murder one, take your
life
Buck-fifty-scar the face, I'm cyanide, bars laced
Kill shit, slip out the place without a trace
It's the return of the emperor, rap prime minister
Simon Bar Sinister, no one similar
Triple six, mark of the beast, holdin the keys
To the depths of hell, try to exorcise me like a priest
Cause torture, read your Qu'ran, your Bible, your Torah
I'm Sodom and Gomorrah, your worst fuckin horror
Just imagine how it feels bein dropped in hot lava
You in Hades now, I own your soul, there's no bargains

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