

Juelz Santana "Okay Okay"

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I make music I consider a challenge
Like this here, reminds me of Gilligan's Island
And that reminds of Harlem, where my niggaz is
whylin'
The only borough that was built on an island, woah

You fucks probably ain't know, if they cut off the
bridges
We'd be stuck, forced to live on the island
But we gangstas, riders, 9/11 survivors
Niggaz still want beef than holla

You think you 'bout it, get your piece and holla
Squeeze the piece when I think it's problems, do you
follow?
A young, no plane lessons
Cocaine lessons, just a plot of towers

Before they crashed and divided the towers
I'm hurtin', working hard to reprove the towers, like
Bring 'em back up, lift 'em back up
Niggaz back up or lift us back up

Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Y'all can't fuck with me, okay

Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Y'all can't fuck with me, okay
Now let me hear you say, okay

It's Santana the great again, tie him up
Bandana his face again
I tried to tell 'em it's no escaping the basics
And no escaping the hatred and no escaping the
matrix man

Only Neo is me, no Cleo can see my future
If she did I'd shoot her

They tried to say the mission was impossible
I came through, crew did it, got it poppin' too

Two bitches on my side both prostitutes
Gray smoke, mobster's suit, yeah, they get it poppin'
too
I get my ace holes chopped in two, dimes, quarters,
rocks in two
The fiends cop it too

Yeah, look at 'em rockin' two, rockin' boat, rock n' jock
Stop and plot, hot a B L D A T
Fucka, this nigga gotta stop, out of sight, out of mind
He gotta go, he out of line

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