

# O G Money "Shake Up"

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(Uh huh, it's about that time)  
(Going from a T-Blast, to an Industry Blast)  
It's time for the music scene to stop, and wake up  
Justin B. is hot, but with a face full of make up  
Yes, this is the Shake up It's time for a roll call  
I'm a menace to society, but da name aint O Dog  
F.O.E. Bring heat Please get what we on  
Or end up like Da Juiceman, Booed after three songs  
B.B. Kings wasn't pleased to me, no shocker  
OJ shouldn't have shown face like Waka Flaka (Flaka! )  
"Going Hard in the paint", Yeah, that's my song  
While Flaka recording, Gucci Mane dancing with his  
mom  
"Burr" My nigga that's cold  
I hope the stunt was for sales, because he's ass  
couldn't go gold  
Play this song when he bomb, "This is ridiculous"  
This should be proof come new we getting sick of this  
Trap rap you in the same pack as Soulja Boy  
Catch feelings and villains clap like the Noila Boys  
I heard Mr. Tell 'em is beefing with Cris Brown  
Don't you know he hit a bitch? You better sit down  
This is a hit now Thank me for fame  
Don't get mad Be glad I called your name  
You were featured in a better song, than you can ever  
make  
I'm not David Blain but I'll make your ass levitate  
Hungry like li never ate play this on the radio  
And change Mike Jones (Who?) to Mike Jones (Where'd  
he go?)  
Let 'em know O G Money aint feelin' ya  
Rick Ross coming, better hide the paraphernalia  
Undercover cop and a retired P. O.  
You want "the coke side of life"? better call Ne-Yo  
Hate when people speak upon what they don't know  
Cali got good for ten five, now that's a low quote  
Rappers turning actors and I aint talking Jo Jo  
But she could sit on me, and make like a yo yo  
Don't rock polo, and I don't wear vans  
You like Lady Gaga, switching styles every chance  
Just dance because rap lost meaning  
And this happened back when T.I. Rocked the bennie

Urban leagun getting roasted by the best  
Ya'll assholes best to toast with Kanye West  
And while you're there soak game, get ya skills up  
Birdman be the name getting robbed, when the steel's  
tucked  
So you better kiss little wayne goodbye  
Said he's the only one you kiss? So you're way passed  
bi  
Lil Wayne, I hope your ghostwriter can battle rap  
Because you were garbage before Kurupt dropped  
Battlecat  
Now you all metaphors you and Bird a set of whores  
I'ma do you like 40 Glocc, only I wont press record  
Hit you with the iron like we on the fairways  
The day I bump Nikki, is the day I wish on airplanes  
Only a few rappers in the game I respect  
Outkast, Sick wit it, and Ya Boy on deck  
Eminem go in, Bum B always Reack  
Ludacris is my nigga, Paul Wall you a vet  
So if you aint hear your name, let the beef begin  
I deliever it to your concert like the pizza man  
Hot Damn, I rock put me in your IPod  
Even an athiest heard this shyt and said "My God"  
Cali stand up, I'ma hold you down  
O G Money the same guy who sold you them pounds  
And if you responed to this, don't expect a diss back  
Just start calling Hoover niggas to try and get your shyt  
back  
Before I go, Congrats to Nick Cannon  
Knocked up Mariah, he used hella plannin'  
Hella purse handling Ha he got bitched  
Moved up from Drumline, now you a Hitch  
I guess that aint going to play this on the radio  
Especially, when I say Lady Gaga aint a lady yo  
Damn, mayne how rude of me  
The name's O G Money, nigga go google me

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