

# Omniscence

## "Amazin"

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[Intro:]

Yo Biz, play that shit  
Yeah yeah cause I told ya, ha ha ha HA!  
It's going down like this!  
That's some real shit, on some real shit  
About to set this motherfucker OFF  
For the motherfuckin nine-nickel REPRESENT  
Yeah, collaboration  
Niggaz ya know, niggaz ain't ready for this that's word  
life  
Yo!

[Verse One:]

I'm living life colossal, I'm hostile  
Ghetto apostle, hip-hop that's my gospel  
I'm gettin up in skins like Massengil, dat's the deal  
Not the Guru, but I got Mass Appeal  
Pass the pill, and I'ma shoot the rock  
Like constipation put your shit on lock  
I be the bomb and then some, you sweatin my income?  
Makin more yards than Rashan Salaam  
Gotta make moves in this hip-hop biz, fuck a test  
Couldn't even give me a pop quiz  
So what's up son? Let us put the burner to the blunt,  
don't front  
And we gonna run a train on this stunt  
That they call hip-hop, but I won't catch blue balls  
I'm goin way back, like the hairline of Lou Rawls  
Even before I got my label deal  
I was disconnectin niggaz like they late for they cable  
bill  
Now I got the number one album in the nation  
On occasion... I'm sayin...

[Verse Two:]

Uh, check it out... check it out... check it out...

I'm not run of the mill, pimpin shit like Ron O'Neal  
Reminiscin on can I get a deal?

Makin demos in the garage, now I'm fuckin large  
Now my entourage rocks camoflauged it's a sabotage  
This jam is on some bust your head shit  
Niggaz gettin amped and I ain't even said shit  
I be freakin facts from here to Secaucus  
Bitches stalk us, put us on like British Walkers  
I'm layin in the cut like a Band-Aid  
And your shit is still played like waves in the skin-tight  
fade  
Like Jade, everyday of the week I freak techniques  
What's the science on the streets?  
Omniscence got the funky shit -- for your system  
Omniscence got the funky shit -- for your system  
Omniscence got the funky shit -- for your system  
Run up in your Earth and your Wisdom  
Even though bitches wanna skeeze me and please me  
and tease me  
I ain't goin out like Eazy  
Pack a twenty-two caliber, blowin up like the Challenger  
Bangin mo heads than Metallica! What nigga, what?

[Verse Three:]

It's like this y'all, it's like that y'all  
It's like that y'all, one time for your mind!  
Lick shots one time to your mind  
If you feel what I feel let me know one time  
Yeah, lick shots one time if the herb is superb  
If you're high then you got what you deserve

So once again again I slam god damn yo I'm out like  
antenna  
No beginner, get under your skin like a splinter  
Punani nigga, rock the Tommy Hil-figer  
And I don't tote a Glock, to show that I'm a real nigga  
Runnin shit in ninety-five, you ain't gettin live  
I'll be takin your shit, like this was New Jersey Drive  
I strive, for perfection, number eight section  
Selection, kickin like the tag to connection  
You can bring the noise 3 Boyz is my alliance  
Reggie and Ronald better known as the giants  
You know the science, I'm rippin out hearts  
If I was a bomber then you still couldn't get no parts  
Do rock it funky nasty downright  
This is what a beatdown sound like!  
So let me know if you FUCKIN with me  
I'm the O-the-M-the-N-the-I  
The-S-the-C-the-E-the-N-the-C-to the fucking E!

[Outro:]

Yeah, 3 Boyz - make noise  
This is our groove  
So rock rock rock on  
Like that like this!  
Ahh yeah, just some flava  
Ninety-five, ninety-six, forever  
YEAH!  
And to the fake crews...  
... I hope you're ready  
And to all the real niggaz...  
Rock steady. And I'm out

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