

Originoo Gunn Clappaz

"X-Unknown"

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[Louieville Sluggah]

Smack, and when you hear that in ya
Know that it's the quiet riot stormin' in the center
No doubt, do it like this and like that
Put the change in the streets from fists to gats
Feelin', loosy, you see off the liquor
Can't shut these lips up, never slip up
But on point, just like a stick-up
I shoot my gift to ya gut, like a jailed jukks
And run my line up ya spine like a bomb book
Shook crooked booked, ain't no time for jokin'
Provoke this light gun, smoke some nice and hopin'
Soaked in acid, eating can be that bastard
Eleven thirty fire, sound burn, ashes to ashes

[Top Dog]

Rips and tears when you hear that, then ya
Know that it's the Big Kahuna, next on ya menu
(Lord have mercy) do it like this and that
Makin' changes on the streets from fists to gats
Heh - erase, to the new unknown
No one is home, so I relax my chrome
Temporality until I come face to face with these
Fake ass slackers who try to bury we
You better be, mentaly, physically fit
Cuz O.G.C., comes equipped for yo lip
No flappin' having heartaches when we comin' through
Ya back door, and you still askin' for more
Of Top Dog, but you don't really want no more
They all fall, and they all spoiled

[Starang Wondah]

Boo-yah! And when you hear that, then ya
It's the beast from the east, don't enter
(No doubt) Do it up like this and that
Make the change in the streets, like from fists to gats
Niggaz don't be knowing, what be going
On, when I be flowin', wilder than Samoans
Bitches get dissed, because they Miss like Jones
When it's my turn to throw, you get hit with stones
Now I guess ya, whole crew's under pressure

Don't mess around with the sarge, man, I'm Large like
Professor

- Spots are blown, run for cover, it's just another
Boot Camp bomb, sound the alarm, I'm with Sluggah

[Chorus]

Everything is real, aka the nature
Everything is real, what we call it? Nature
Everything is real, aka the nature
Everything is real, O.G.C., call it nature

[Louieville Sluggah]

When I ran around town, doing things I did
Buckin' shots at them criminal kids
Many tried to infiltrate through my mind state
But my mate, the line break, kept my fuckin' mind
straight
Bitches get put up, and punk shot down
Frowns on they faces, when they niggaz draw the
tre'pounds
Clowns, front, act like they don't know
But OGC agrees that that's a no-no
Cryin', whynin', like that lion
Far from bows, so hop ya ass on that fuckin' yellow
road
Sowed up, from the toes up, emcee's get no leeway
(O.G.C.'ll split ya three ways)

[Top Dog]

From the parts unknown, I have sparked and blownd
Any punk who wanna test, or any mark with the chrome
It is known, that my style increases
Like the deficit, you best to get outta my face
I'm on the next shit, yes it gets
Hectic, like Chill Rob, Ill Squad
Who pull the cards on retards, we scar
Anybody, and make niggaz wanna party
So don't act rowdy, cause in this room it's mad cloudy
Now we, walk around with the glock in the pound, g

[Starang Wondah]

And you knows that, there's no stoppin', Fab 5, Ruck &
Rockin'
Originoo Gunn's, make other crews run like stockings
Hype when the mic's inside my control
Tighten up my grip so I won't fold
Wettin' niggaz, I play too much, I leave 'em damp
I'm the champ (Starang) you know from the Boot Camp
The illest, obselete fleet from PJ'S
Gun Clappa #1, number one DJ
From the beginning, niggaz knew they wasn't winnin'

Ninety-now is the ending of them niggaz that's
pretending

[Hook x3: O.G.C.]

When you hear that in ya

Know that it's the original hip-hoppers, don't enter

No doubt, keep it like this and that

Put the change in the streets from fist to gats

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