

Tech N9Ne

"O.G."

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(Verse 1)

Raised in the middle of the land full of bar-b-que
stands and the brothers throw hands
Everybody grittin gettin grands
Kansas City were the pretty women make you say
DWAM!
Kicks it like a donkey cause we famous
Wicked women want me cause I came up
This is were the homies trip and say what
Yo we from the "Show-Me" get my money, p-p-pay up
Got on my 501's and my gritter posture
I fit her proper, if she papered I'm in her choppers
Lettin her know this ninna dinner cost her
And I'm finna squash her
So animal like someone better get her doctor
This boy is born and raised in KC, M.I.Z.Z.O.U.
But once in a while I hit the L.K. (Lawrence, KS) for
ladies
Cause they straight be, in KU
Then back to Kansas City were it's Gates all on they
plate
We think about it and we crave it when we vacate
I represent the MO and all the way to K-State
Call me Tech N9ne but teachers and students call me
A. Yates

(Hook)

I'm hella fine like the food at Ollie Gate's
Strawberry, baked bean, mixed plate
So everybody just bounce, rock, skate
Can't wait O.G. Ollie Gates
O.G. Like Ollie Gates
O.G. Like Ollie Gates
O.G. Ollie Gates
O.G. Baby

(Verse 2)

This is Kansas City
We be scoutin pretty young things yo we got her ???
Like dun deal I'm a pop her blouse and
Get her hot and ready listenin to Roger Troutman
Rest in peace baby, seven this beats crazy

Teach babys we used to listen to this atleast 80
We Kansas City steppin
No question we reppin 56 and 57

We know that if he jeffin then he's shady
KCK's Gates got the chicken wings
This will bring traffic when the people really want the
crispy things
So you better be listenin cause the don is sniffin green
This is the mission get ya when you hittin your nicotine
They got your money man and you know that they ain't
Somethin delicious yea you know the tray say Gates
That's the place were they come and getcha if the pay
late
But I stay great cause everyones bangin the A. Yates

(Hook)

I'm hella fine like the food at Ollie Gate's
Strawberry, baked bean, mixed plate
So everybody just bounce, rock, skate
Can't wait O.G. Ollie Gates
O.G. Like Ollie Gates
O.G. Like Ollie Gates
O.G. Ollie Gates
O.G. Baby

(Verse 3)

North-side where is you, EY
South-side where is you, EY
East-side where is you, EY
West-side what it do, EY.. Tech N9ne
Ain't nobody's sauce like this
Ain't no other bar-b-que boss like this
The Fiorella's might cost quite a bit
Ya we do it but the fire ain't brought like this
O.G. told me go see
If the other city's Q is G.O.O.D.
But he knew that I would find out slowly
Just like my KC bar-b-que they cannot hold me, A. Yates

(Hook)

I'm hella fine like the food at Ollie Gate's
Strawberry, baked bean, mixed plate
So everybody just bounce, rock, skate
Can't wait
Now everybody say
Lalalalalalalalala, lalalalalalalalala
Now everybody say
Lalalalalalalalala, lalalalalalalalala

