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Mos Def "Oh No"

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Yeah, one for the treble, two for the bass Welcome to the great incredible paper chase Keep your boots laced if you want to keep pace

Oh no, niggas ain't scared to hustle It's been seven days, the same clothes Ask them originals 'cause they know Mos Def, Nate Dogg and Pharaoh Step away from the mic, they too cold The funk might fracture your nose

Say my name, say my name
Observe how I stake my claim, I independently lay it
down
And played my game, my own two raise my flame

'Cause dick ridin' ain't my thang

I earned what they said I wouldn't
I got it the way they said I couldn't
But now I'm gettin' it and they whole grill is crooked
Mad 'cause I'm gettin' caked out from my bookings

When y'all was askin' permission, I just stepped up and took it

What? The kid's better buy my rookie card now 'Cause after this year, the price ain't comin' down And if you got a joint bubblin' then get money now

'Cause in a minute, there's gonna be some real trouble comin' out

Just a warnin', as usual some cats won't heed it The hard headed always gotta feel it to believe it It's a shame that jealous gaze is too short to see it

But when they face hit the cement, they nod in agreement

We could play nice and decent or dirty like the 7-1 Precinct

Call it a day or make it a long evenin'

You keep on schemin', man, give me some more reason

To have the women in your mama's church screamin',

"Lord Jesus"

Harder than y'all 'cause, I'm smarter than y'all I know that deep down, it's got to be bothering y'all Pay attention, watch fly gon' get larger than y'all Put your pride on the rocks, make you swallow it all

The mathematic problem for y'all, it just get harder to solve

Every day that the saga evolve The do or die, stay rumblin' and bumblin' hard And when we move, we ain't got no discussion at all

East coast on your neck and you ain't shruggin' it off Try to bullyfoot and end up stumblin' off I'm Daddy Brooklyn, y'all niggaz are the sons of New York

Gettin' spanked when there's too much trouble to talk Respect mine

Oh no, look at who they let in the back door From Long Beach to Brooklyn they know We rock from the East to West coast Queens salute to Pharaoh (You know) Step away from the mic they too cold The funk might fracture your nose

Very contagious, raps should be trapped in cages Through stages of wackness, Pharaoh's raps are blazin'

And it amazes me how you claim thug But go two-ways without Sky Tel pagers

I'm intellectual, pass more essays Than motorcade police parades through East LA More beef then deli's, thus, what I vent is just What you lust to vent is irrele'

Huh, Hallelujah, Pharaoh Monch'll do ya Maintain the same frame of mind, screw ya Get the picture, sit ya, seat ya, preacher with scriptures I'm equipped to rip ya, reach ya

Pharoahe and Mos is verbal osmosis Coast to coast, we boast to be the most explosive here Ferocious, the lyrical prognosis The dosage is leavin' you mentally unfocused here

MC's, just come on 'round' You're the next contestants on 'Catch-A-Beat-Down' Don't be hesitant, sound cracks the sediment It's evident we medicine for your whole town

Sky's the limit, game's infinite when I'm in it
All windows is tinted, how you seein' me when I'm in it?
Rap, we got it on lock, man, stop that
Put that mic back down, boy, drop that
Pharaoh's flows, blows shows like Afros
We hate y'all though, that's why Nate Dogg goes

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