

O.A.R. "S.O.M"

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[Hell Razah]

S.O.M, S.O.M, night-crawler
We ain't new to this game, we ain't lame
We don't care bout fame
jus' relate to them niggas who be takin' ya chain
A-Train on the range anybody could get it
Hollow-tips in ya brain any bullet can fit it
I.V.'s in ya veins in the back of the clinic
When you hear the Sunz Of Man, we ain't comin' with
gimmicks
Been had bad bitches while we handle our business
First time we came out, niggas took it religious
Now we back on the scene while you lookin' suspicious
like a brother from the hood can't be dealing with
riches
Seven digits in my bank account, holding my pivot
Twenty-four 'bout to take rap over the limits
Rollin' up in the whips with our windows tinted
Get locked, finger-printed, and be out in a minute
It's all over, quit writing, y'all careers just finished
It's a rap for these cats sun, pass my Guinness

[Hook: Hell Razah (Prodical)]

(S.O.M)
Who them niggas that the streets love?
(S.O.M)
Who them niggas that the ladies love?
(S.O.M)
Who y'all can't fuck wit', sun?
(S.O.M)
Who them niggas that they really feel?
(S.O.M)
Who them niggas that they scared of?
(S.O.M)
Who them niggas in them X5s?
(S.O.M)
Who them niggas poppin bottles?
(S.O.M)

[Prodical]

We count cash like the lotto, the invincible three

Fuck sentimental, it's the great Sunn-Zi
Inspired by the late Gandhi, wire money
niggas wanna see us fall, that shit is funny
Rise to the top, do or die 'til I drop
Twist lines greenity, brock, lines of chalk
2 On Da Road, S.O.M we blaze hot
Wu-Tang Clan we expand never rot
Nationwide, picture on the TV guide
Show-time live, CD stings like beehive
Love fat asses, tits with big thighs
stay high, this play-er, ready for war
Heavy machines, 6 series never leary
Travel to the game, I stand like Mount Eerie
Punch in ya face left ya eye teary
Fuck thugs and the jewelry
I'm the judge and the jury

[Hook]

[Hell Razah]

It started off as a dream
Now happiness is all it could bring
Comin' through hard times
Now we into stacking our CREAMs
Same niggas wanna roll used to laugh at our team
and I don't trust this rap shit
We keep a gat in our jeans
When you sleep niggas creep, seen it happen to Kings
Crack fiends livin' longer than my niggas who sling
This ain't a magazine shorty, I live without greed
I need a seven digit bank account, to take care of my
seed
Drop a jewel 'bout reality, twistin' my weave
Seen families depart 'cause of envy and greed
Now we celebrate, love and hate made us elevate
Invest our money in the real estate, pop bottles by the
case
Grab a model by the waist, put a smile upon her face
Ain't no doubt what we do sun, I gotta lot of faith
Now it's time for a lot of cake
We 'bout to eat, nahimsayin?

[Hook X3]

[Outro: Hell Razah (Prodical) *overlapping hook*]

S.O.M. motherfuckers, official
That's stamped on ya motherfuckin' forehead
Understand? It's time for the desert range
And watch who you about to see us put on this game
It's about to be on and poppin'
Sunz of Man is back in this motherfuckin' house

Who the fuck fuckin' wit' us?
Motherfuckin' 2 On Da Road, Ghetto Government
Motherfucker, what? We 'bout to show y'all
20-02 ain't no motherfuckin' joke
Your microchip'll get motherfuckin' rejected
That's real baby, (S.O.M.) it's real.. (S.O.M.)

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