

## O.A.R. "What I Represent"

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Intro:

Mmm mmm yeah East coast no doubt  
Hip hop is somethin you live rap is somethin you do

Verse One:

Sorta distorted yo that's a fact  
Bad news gave a nigga in the mind contact  
I react on blues then use it within  
Blend concious thoughts to make man mortal men  
see right ways to shell out this thing hip hop  
I pledge O.C. will only season the crops  
And never stop side drops or shot, I'm fiendin  
Covering more ground than news on CNN  
Being in the state of vast consumption in this game  
it's like drugs only quantity is run throughout  
Quality is walking through the valley of the reaper  
True deceivers are coming through your receivers  
Solid foundation to me is the true meaning of hardcore  
We need a little bit more...

Chorus: 4X (layered on samples)

Love and affection

"What I represent is MC's gone mad" --> Q-Tip

Verse Two:

I'm living in the time where life be a buck  
more worth than a child this rap shit suck  
Very few or should I say a handful of MC's  
Talk live, calling themselves kickin life, indeed  
I listen and take a look around only seein who's  
all about frontin and who's profilin  
While my glock I had, guess what I forswaw  
True for now I'm not surprised we didn't rise not at all  
Too many clicks for dolo, weak hitting solos  
My scrolls, they always paint visual photos  
O.C. worth more than a million  
Building nuff respect on the circuit of rap like Sicilians

You might see the b-boy when I walk New York  
Crew of brothers recognized so I stopped to talk  
Even the girls be hawkin sassi-fraskin askin  
What's going on and am I still rapping  
Things will change with hope galore  
But when it comes to rap, we need a little bit more...

Chorus

Verse Three:

Big U hold your head and God bless your wife  
Got your little baby girl so I know she's alright  
I strike the mic anytime smashing yours  
Word are wise with wisdom with the width of a wall  
and way describe I prescribe antidotes  
Curing, reassuring my lyrical notes  
Make an impact a fact on the backs of men  
Magnified to the fullest magnificent  
Brilliant, my composition is efficiently prone  
to set fire to a waste and char your ass to the bone  
Figure, I trigger, bigger, bold bad men  
Come against O you'll be walking away a sad man  
Miles of red tape had me stunted for growth  
but when I took off on wax I maxed the globe  
Didn't happen so far, respect be just building  
Watch for the devils in the forms of chameleons  
Kick the raw slow down on the score  
Think before you write or find yourself falling  
Final calling, you're spreading infection  
When it comes to rap, we need a little bit more...

Chorus

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