

O.C. "Creative Control"

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Ahhhhhhhhh yeah c'mon now! (3X)
(repeats in background 2X to fade)

Yo stop look and heed participate in the reorganizing
of a lyricist decide the category I fall into
When I'm on the venue I tend to
serve a delicacy fella peep what's on the menu
The slept on phenomenon the mic be in my palm and
on
Many wanna hold me back cause I'm comin on strong
subject matters are struck my imagination
is wonder that's underestimated by
sons of bitch who have power to sign me but
flaunt it wanted stuff I didn't dig into my findings
so they're uninvited
Tell me do this, do that, do this do that do this
in order to sell this, you gotta pursue this type of
program
I ain't no mascot for no massa
Like Mista Slave Driva some odd years ago and yo
O is not about to be between an imaginary tug-of-war
Feedin me partk style with bread like a pigeon
So I say, get your ears ready for creative control
Cause no one's gonna tell me how to sell out my soul
hah (c'mon now)
Get your ears ready for creative control *ahh yeah's
start again for 4X*
Cause no one's gonna tell me how to sell out my soul,
yeah

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