

**O.c.****"Doin, Dirt"**Visit "[Doin, Dirt](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[O.C.]

Yo, I'm in the Rover with my co-defendant, the club  
ended  
Wolves posted out in front of the spot, I'm feelin  
vengeance in the air  
Some kids had beef with last year  
Hit my man 'cross the face with a bat now it's our tears  
We caught one cat a month, Pryor lit fire to 'em  
I kicked him in his dick, now his fuck game ruined  
His ex-girl I'm screwin, disrespect all around the board  
Homeboy, motherfuck you and yours

[Chorus: O.C.]

Doin dirt comes back ten times over  
Watchin your back becomes a 9 to 5 to survive  
Gettin drunk is a mistake, you gotta stay sober  
Cause the, blink of an eye is all it takes to die

[O.C.]

Parked the Rover post outside the trunk, no idea  
these the same kids from last year  
I'm indecisive 'bout the baseball cats pulled low; for  
some reason  
stomach had butterflies to leave but I didn't go  
My dog said let's go chill by the exit  
And watch the hoes come out, nah dawg, I'ma chill  
right here  
Tryin to get a good look at these dudes  
Yet the crowd was less than what I saw before, I play it  
cool  
Get the keys from my co-D, hit the alarm  
Played the driver's seat, turn on some tunes to stay  
calm  
Lean my, skull on the headrest, heart pumpin inside of  
my chest  
I'm wide open, no gun, no vest  
Shoulda listened to the voice in my head, and told my  
man let's dip  
A big commotion, somebody started some shit  
Mouth dry from fear, unaware of homeboy and his  
peeps

was right behind me, creepin up from the rear

[Chorus] - 2X

[O.C.]

Niggaz approach from the blindside, tapped on the window

I was, smokin the indo, paranoid like a schizo

My eyes opened wide surprised, like I saw a ghost

Lookin down the barrel of toast, I sit froze

It was the kid we stomped out, with a devilish grin

From a year ago, back with his men, back for revenge

White flash, it smashed the window, hittin my chest in tempo

Ears ringin like a clash from a cymbal

Fightin to breathe, thinkin 'bout my girl and my seed

Slumped over like a parapleg', not promised to see

sunrise or my, son rise to manhood

Will he feel abandoned? FUCK

I tried fightin, people lookin in the car frightened like I ain't gon' make it... damn...

(Never thought he'd come back like this, blastin)

(Like I said, it was funny like that in the ville sometimes)

(I had done too much to turn back)

(And I done too much to go on)

(My grandpa asked me one time, whether I care whether I live or die)

(Yeah I do, but now it's too late...)

Visit [O.c.](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.