

O.c. "It's Only Right"

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One, two, yeah and you don't stop
One, two, huh and you don't stop
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Ahh, check it out

Style like somethin' the microphone fiend would spark
Sort of reminiscing, of how it used to go down in the
parks
Equipment ropped off, you can hear the vagas echo for
miles and breath
Bass pounds the asphalt

Thunder vibration shake like a tremble from a
earthquake and
O.C. a classic in the making, mental make thoughts
My physical form words
Hot in my mouth like a joust, no doubt

Some a phenomenon, mic technician, electrician
Spit the mic down the middle like an El Producto
And throughout the resin, then asapoltin' this shit
Gift to gather a rhyme, make rap a stared son

The way I do this, switch up the fluid
So smooth you wanna persue it
I'm raw like underground sewage you
This shit for insight?

Well I'm back, never was gone
What I right, be tighter than pin stripes
Born by mob boss, my flause in affect on the mic
Keep it tight, with out a fight is raw, it's only right

I know it's hot, we hot too
You ready to throw down, we ready to have a party

So if ya ready to have a party, make some noise

Any mic I hold it in the grip of my palm
I wave it over the crowd
Dictatin' shit like Genghis Khan
Nonchalantly deliver the flow like drug traffic schoolin'

Bringin' samatics to this rap shit
Bonafied, mic set you can't see me on it
Master the art, so now I just flaunt it
Born to live, a life and die until then

I'mma keep on writin' the slick rhymes with the pen
Take the cherry from a tree, like a virgin havin'
innocence
Bust my nuts, bringin' rhymes to live like Genesis
But critical renaissance in death there's a flautless

Tearin' shit up when it comes to me pickin' up a
cordless
One of New York's finest, on this trip I co-incide with B
Minus
Bringin' out the best in me, we formulatin' like a recipe
What I implore, will show nuff disto my presence
Then I'm divine like the seven
Keepin' it tight 'cuz what safice is raw nigga, it's only
right

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Microphone's I melt down, slap crowns, push 'em out of
bounds
Crush ya crowd, as I lay my third verse down
Because, this is what I want, to gain control of that
position
It's only right, that I follow through competition

Be warning me, homicide rhymes or mad rounds
To get flass or pencil hurt, battin' me down
Contents flex text expert, since my born date
5/13/71 like a stick bin, injection

Inside ya blood stream, digest what I manifest

O.C., you best by me, others are mediocre like
I slam the earth like a meteor right
'Cuz I'mma take mine, leavin' you face down in the
puddle

Blow up like a shuttle, when I give you my rebottle
Frame of mind, across state lines
Await the taste, me like fine wines from Avidian
For those who wanna select cyphers to cyphers stash

Straight up, I don't rhyme for niggas
I prove myself, stylin' for years on the mic
On another level of being
What's the B Minus? It's only right

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