

O.C. "King Of New York"

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[Verse 1]

Wake up to the mathematics, rhyme fanatic, lyrical
acrobatic, fantastic
Master mind, shine thoughts, hell of a force
I come through, niggas take a deep breath and pause
O.C. I, recognize me, I'm V.I.P. Stats
Feared like vampire bats
Suck blood out of beats that bang
Make it sharp, drain every main vein
Takin' fluid out the brain
Verbal autops, when I perform, voice box locked like
lock jaw
Wide open like a sore
I'm the cure, the medicine, the anesthetic
Scientist in for walks of rhyme then esoteric
Let it be known, Who bad to the bone marrow?
I pierce ears like the target in a bow and arrow
Phenomenon speak with grace
Smackin' niggas in the face like a 808 with deep bass

[Chorus]

I come through with mad force, y'all ain't ready for war
I'm your worst nightmare behind the closed door
I whirlwind through the city like a blizzard with force
Recognize I'm the king of New York, motherfucker

[Verse 2]

I take it straight, no chase to the head
Like Baldwin and Fishburne in Fled, full of bloodshed
Theories of Einstein, perfectin' ideas take a lifetime
Must say I'm reachin' my prime
Poetic like Langston Hughes, masterpieces
When I write rhymes they form into a thesis
Degrees of emceein'
Lesson number one, perfect the breathin, say rhymes
without screamin
Keep your toes even
Hot as the Serengeti gets, equipped with the steady
shit
Always on point and my middle name's readiness
My Niche is, sound pitches, when it switches
Like pimps with hoes, on the stroll trickin' them bitches

Lyrics stay tight like a virgin in white
If I was handicapped I'd still be determined to write
Fuck around with the Shogun that's holdin' the mic
Get sliced like swiss, cause your shit ain't tight

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

I spit lyrics like venom, get em' in my zone
Make it known that my lake got reptiles in em'
When I strike it's lightnin' fast
A lot of y'all ain't ready for O.C., y'all to light in the ass
I'm like C-4, ready to blast
If I explode in this, best believe I'm holdin' more than
stash
Legendary and I'm not even dead yet
I've been fightin' this war long enough, so I'm
considered a vet
I was chose to attend the round table with gods
I was here in the past life as L. Malik Shabazz
Check my birthdate, Malcolm X was born in May
We coincide, same month, same year, same day
Before being born I was destined for greatness
When I was just floatin' in my Mom's stomach
weightless
Slapped on the ass by this nurse in operation
My nuts swingin' upside down, the world I'm facin
Its Nine months later, job well done
Motherfuckers make way, cause here I come

[Chorus]

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