

O.c. "My World"

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Uh, yeah y'know, shit is wild he, heh
Can't complain though I'm alive
Healthy and all a that knahmsayin?
Just tryin' to do my thang, praise to all

Bust it that nigga Slick Rick said, I waited long time
sweatin' it
I got jerked but now I'm gettin' it, hazy like asthma
bizarre disaster
Stress almost held me down from bein' a master
The faster preacher, poet, a teacher, it's been so long
like Monifah

Believe that I'm needed, in rappin', I breathe this
Some pick up a microphone and can't even achieve this
Oscar award winning your shit, I'm bored with it
Stop copy-cattin' son
(Why?)
'Cause your dog did it

Get your own lingo, make up your own jingle
Ten years later you be bitin' my single
Primo, take it downtown, swing it
Intervenin' on the board, sensimil steamin', yeah

Catch the vibe like a tribal dance
In the clubs on the low with the boy stance
Money rubbin' with a shorty got bumped by a chump
Tell him, step off, I'm doin' the hump, yeah

I say it's my world and I won't stop
And if you stand in my way you bound to get dropped

Some wish that I was gone 'cause they know I'ma win
In a minute, I'll be makin' six G's times ten
I'm the computer, printin' out data take notes
Then analyze the information and press send

Freaky like porno, Ron Jeremy saw no
Obstacle or pussy to stop him from bonin' a hoe
Me and the mic double trouble
Chicks look at us like twins, all lovable and huggable

Prognosis, on the, mic I choke out
Had the same effects from coughin', blowin' smoke out
Architect, rap technician, man listen
It's no doubt you gonna pump this in your system

My skills ill and all of that above
Confidence, I'm not worried 'bout a street buzz
I'm O.C., who you? I never heard of ya
Get out my face 'fore I turn into a motherfuckin'
murderer

I want the green like indo, a mansion, a car
A wife who's never been a bimbo
Too much to ask, well, to me that's simple
Wanna retire on a yacht called the S. S. Minnow

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Top choice, this here nigga got poise
Ain't a man alive who could stop my noise
I snatch a star from the sky, spark up your lye
You stand astounded wonderin' how I did it

Now you're star struck, like I truck gold
Treatin' me like a nigga havin' a million records sold
Now a star child, phenomenon like the X-Files
Rappers know I'm comin' so they go in exile

Czar in this rap shit, comin' on your mattress
Microphone fiend, I make beats do back flips
Fear me like genocide, serious
How I do it through your stereo, mysterious

O.C. do demolition, nil competition
Like robot Kong on a destroy mission
A matter of life and death you try to fight for breath
I snatch your heart from a slice through your chest

Who the best from New York to Bogota?
Who got face thinkin' they scare me with a scar, shit?
What I be bringin' is a terrible sight
A performance never again performed on the mic

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Say it's my world, it's my world

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