

## O.C. "No Main Topic"

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[Intro]

1: Yo O pick up the phone indeed!  
2: Yo yo whattup E whattup?  
1: Yo what's goin on kid?  
2: Chillin man, sort of  
1: Yo you heard the O.C. shit?  
2: Yeah yeah that shit is flava dude  
1: Yo  
2: Yo talk to you later man

[O.C.]

Uhh I never ran from a man unless glocks get cocked  
in my face  
I dash before the {\*gun shot\*  
Diss the sister cause you didn't like ya mister  
Bust ya ego on down like a blister  
The party was packed in fact black niggaz were packed  
and stacked  
Inside of the waist like flap jacks  
First of all what you call Hardcore?  
Who's hardcore, I guess grittin ya teeth and lock ya jaw  
Bedstuy is filled with crooks and criminals  
I'll type of characters givin 'em I'll subliminals  
It'll astound you from a rhyme that I wrote long time  
ago  
Down this place I figure who would go, the body so cold  
Talk about the mind more powerful than anything  
known to mankind  
My flight has begun stand clear of the runway  
The only way I see ya killin me is with gunplay  
Yeah many ways of war, peep styles in the raw  
Flip the word around now raw spells war  
Never could I kill a man to fill a void of prosperous life  
He gets burnt like fosfores  
To beat the face from the slap of my bass on yo' grill  
piece  
You're the lamb I took feast from  
You underestimate the quest of faith  
Destined for a date with O.C. the great  
Ha! the benevolent it's over occur  
In-emelent never a woman that succeeded in my feel  
of medicine

Fuck the ones who adjourned I conceal what all I can  
see  
I cop the O.G. beats... Nah' it's not bullets  
The world is already full of nonsense  
So I contribute to ya conscience  
It's O raise up the kicks I'm back into this  
Make em feel as though the slappin of a fist  
Flip verses, skip curses, dodge herses  
Collect fat purses, stay serviced, above the day  
Planet earth for granted a thousand emcees of my sex  
is titanic  
I'm stickin to my comments, never rap nonsense  
The metaphoric title of my table of contents  
Logic, no such thing as modern  
Out of achievers some still dead weight, rock bottom  
Talkin, shh, and squakin for nothing  
Barkin up the goddamn tree home slice is called bluffin  
Mash it's just fast so what's the object?  
It's like No Main Topic

[Outro: Prince Po(etry)]

No doubt baby pop we do it like this uhh none stop  
One time, we gotta rock, O.C. for the '94 flavor  
We do it like this, sendin your whole career to a great  
One time for ya mind we goin back to the lyrics with no  
tricks  
It's no spirits with no gimmicks  
We do it just like this one time  
Uhh the vest is in the vest we do it like this  
Prince Po catch wreck one time  
With no main topic!  
[O.C.]: I break it down like that

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