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O.c. "Respect Tha Drop"

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[O.C.]

Blood pulsatin, adrenaline flowin
Full moon at night, on the stoop gettin right
I'll never forget the day before
Son told me to tuck my ice in cause niggaz was triflin
We did what he said but the habit in me
was to show it off, I still let my chain swang free
Not really thinkin 'bout a set up, or even gettin wet up
that summer night from such advice
So I proceed to parlay, like I do in BK
But this wasn't home, and niggaz shoulda known
to stay on point, niggaz shoulda been on point
And the price paid was lookin down the barrel of a joint
We was dead meat, and them niggaz was wolves
But they didn't want our flesh, dem niggaz wanted the
jewels

It happened so quick, no time to get afraid First instinct was to run like a slave Me and Schoolly Boy was boxed in My man Hugh's a few feet away, with a pound at his face

I looked, son in his eyes cause I know how he is While the other faggot nigga had the gun in my ribs I thought - fuck, shit 'bout to get buckwild Popped off my chain, threw it with a Coke and a smile Thinkin leave already, but them niggaz wasn't done They went in our pockets for change, numbers and bubblegum

Now - how low can a lowlife get, askin what size are my kicks?

Like I'ma say 8 and shit

To myself I was sayin I'ma MURDER this kid
But thank the Lord they didn't peel back my wig
The jux wasn't longer than a minute to Mush
Then them niggaz tried to tell us, do the Carl Lewis
No backshots buddy, I began to walk backwards
And bust my ass, it all happened so fast
He thought I was shot, starin at me in shock
Turned around, them niggaz was gone, vanished up
the block

There was no escapin what not

With toasters in your face, maintain and respect the drop Word up You hear that?

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