

O.C. "Soul To Keep"

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(Stop the car...

Brooklyn

Do somethin to make me feel better

- I'ma do somethin to make you feel great)

It's like

Bon Appetit y'all

[VERSE 1: O.C.]

Commonly known as O.C. to some of y'all

My peoples call me Mush or Mush

Say it with different twang, it means the same, nigga

The love of her life to your wife is Von Zipper

Shoot darts like cupid, leave em stuck on stupid

How I manoeuvre, leavin em sayin oohs and aaahs

Your dream boat-type of man, I'm a god

A straight sin to a love-struck sucker involved

My niggas gimme pound, envious niggas they just nod

(I see everything) to observe is not the word

My style is reserved, a-ddress me as Sir Fly

Gone is the humble kid, I'm gunnin for number one and
shit

Brooklyn born and bred, reppin my residence

I can't live with that, I'm reppin NY

The rotten apple is a place where the strong reside

Some of the illest have died, puttin them feelings aside

But on the live, yo, never seen my cousin Chuck

[Name]

Words like cum like a bird suckin me off

She tellin me let her know at the moment I blow

I got sin in my veins, hope I don't burn up in flames

They say tigers nevfer change they stripes, whoever
said it was right

And I say love is life with larceny

Chicken pieces wanna grease up with the darker me

Or maybe possibly rotatin constantly

You mufuckas don't want no type of parts of me

It's Mush

[CHORUS]

I lay me down to sleep

And I pray to the Lord my soul to keep

Rubbin on my rosary beads
That if there shouldn't be a dawn
That I rise and yawn
Then so be it
This is to my niggas, if I should die
Just make sure my wake gimme a 21 gun salute
Cock, aim and shoot
(*gunshots*)

[VERSE 2: O.C.]

Yo, echoin shots in your hallways
This is for gangsta niggas fittin the MO
I'm reckon that my medicine will leave you stimmo
Just feel low, step in my world, there's nothin to fear
Who claimin they live, this is live right here
Walkin with a slew foot and a bop
Speak sideways when I talk
Even when I'm not high my eyes are small
Not very short, yet I'm not so tall
But I got a big heart, big hands and some big-ass balls
I spray walls like a dog, markin territories off
Everytime I touch down in a city of yours
I mix and mingle with my boys, shootin winks at the
broads
Shootin drinks to the players, keepin in peace is all
With the fine rides with Wildlife niggas inside
Ahmed, [Name], Show, Bless, Flow, 'Nesse, Dre, Buck
and PA
My nigga [Name], the women catch a glimpse
As they focus they vision on these players and pimps
Who keep it gully? (That nigga Mush)
Who play it cool like Arthur Fonzarelli
Dippin through my hood with no kind of worries
On the block drinkin malt liquors and hard liquor
Puffin a spliff while the cars ride by pumpin Jigga
I'm from B-r-(double o)-k-l-y-n
And if I wasn't, nigga, then why would I say I am?
I'm from the (slums) with the (bums) and the (rats) and
the (guns)
Where the drugs get slung, dispose condoms with cum
- one

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