MotoLyrics MotoLyrics.com Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

O.C. "Story"

Visit "Story" on MotoLyrics.com

[O.C.]

Timmy wanted a name, tryin to gain fame like a skeezer

Robbed the spot and stole ice from the freezer He's a fool, cause he went in without a mask on Now he's on the run so he dipped to Nebraska Hasn't crossed his mind, his girl named Olivia She'll talk the fall for the jump from Bolivia Asides that, he fat, livin on his own-ah Diminshed the friendship style, now a loner Relaxed while his family is gagged and tied up in New York

Askin them, to confess his whereabout No one fesses up so the Columbian scores a blister Shovin up a broomstick to his sister

[Chorus *whispered*] Believe it or not.. (3X) Believe it or not, believe it or not..

[O.C.]

Everyone screams like hell souls are damned Mommy gives up cries like bleacher's bed fans The experience was 'aww shit' like movie flicks But the men inside they treat, the women like tricks One beats his meat, the other Columbian he pounds mommy down The longer Timmy stays out of town

You get tortured, all of your babies and on no slackin for

The nigga disses so he insists return

He knows little of the pain that the family endure Still he deal his disease for sure

He had a cure far worse like candy kids steal from a store

Livin off his heist like a crack whore

[Chorus] - 2X

[O.C.] Check it out Enough of the games one said, butt open high

Started with ma, gave her a Columbian necktie Doin the daughter far worse, I tell Pullin her skin back slow, peels off her toenails Raw skin exposed plus Gus that wasn't all They drenched her feet, with a whole lot of alcohol The babies were baked, like cakes in the oven No remorse was governed, in their hearts was stone cold nothin He lacked love for his fam, obvious ain't it He traded blood for money, just readin Picked up a local newspaper and paid it; family slain drug related He stood stiffer than a patient bein sedated Face still blew upon on it like wind Instead of you they took it out, on your last line of kin And now a sour taste devour your breath, what's left Is a thief that had his family tortured to death

[Chorus] - 2X

Story.. it's a story.. Story.. it's a story.. Story.. yo!it's a story

Visit <u>O.C.</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.