

## O.C. "Word...Life"

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\* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1]

Let the chyme be a party of mine  
Let the rhyme enter twine like a vine  
Work your mentally found intellect  
I raise eyes like the sight of a tec  
Lets take a trip inside of my thoughts  
Will I persevere on the mic like sports?  
Take me in stride, O.C.'s worth listening  
Watch the tricks of a hoe who is a fixin  
Tender eyes, they only leadin' to a hard-on  
Touchin' tongue stick, two to be a part on  
I max relax smooth it out like a sax  
One of my goals is to make fat stacks  
Then I, flip the money to astound this your business  
This year beat, you see, I already quist it  
I gave it a test for the rhyme lynguistics  
Honey wanna kiss, gotta remove the lipstick  
I dig lips with, mad jewel juices  
Soft and lickable, nah, rough and ruthless  
Because of many people I think denied  
Gas in my tank takin' me for a ride  
But I'm alright now, smooth as the turn pipe  
Cause a mind, spot, organize and search life  
Meditate, daily I do, so why sort  
Things I consider in my mind is deep thought

[Chorus]

Word...Life  
Word...Life  
Word...Life  
Word...Life

[Verse 2]

By the way, do me a favor  
Give it a chance, if a nigga has flavor  
Years surpass now trained and it's over  
I'm bein' intoxicated, now I'm kinda sober  
Persons serve for purpose like workers  
If this clowns is makin' Hip Hop a circus  
Me and my architect, mark my sweat

Bring up the engine, better yet a Corvette  
Thoughts I search 'em like a sub's emergin'  
Some subjects never been touched like a virgin  
Urgin' MC's, do way of my 'raft  
I'm destroyin' all things to go through my path  
It doesn't matter the sex type  
O to C now, niggaz gettin' done by the ? in freestyle  
Rhythms are constantly switchin' and changin'  
Name is O.C., I wrote and arranged this  
Fluctuation I add it like seized it  
Before it was missed  
Now more than a breeze and  
Poetically astoundin', round and soundin'  
My brain was paused to a beat, boomin' and bouncin'  
Edo waves kickin' with the kicks asided  
You must go inside and exhail, divide it

[Chorus](2x)

[Verse 3]

Crushin' competition, dustin' oppostions  
Diamond tour it on a Flushin' composition  
Describes a week, and for I can speak  
Myself against the man, with the true mystique I got  
So many ways to flip phrases, flip thoughts  
Passin' licks over the head of my foes  
Fits I'm givin' 'em it's a living  
If I don't wanna take a ride with ya  
Then I can't be driven  
Bound for town with a raw sound  
Seemin' to be lackin' lust in front, my line of MC's  
Skits get done by the misfit  
Doin' gimmicky shit, followin' the leader from a trend  
hit  
O.C. got it goin' so like a sweater  
Better believe it, that I get it busy to the letter  
Pure and thick, that's so premature ejaculated  
And if you had a girl you wouldn't be masturbatin'  
Masceradin' your personafication as a lyrical law  
When you just not fascinatin'  
Nigga, you need to stop flexin' stop vexin' what you not  
And sure 'bout what you got

[Chorus](repeated 'til fade)

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