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O.c. "Ya Don't Stop"

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[O.C.]

Yeah, yo

My instincts lead me, this rap shit feed me Hip-Hop need me, packaged rap need me Jettin overseas, foreign fairs, they greet me Live on stage, lines long to see me Yeah... reception of a king when I walk in the building Grown men and women in the place, no children Packed house, back out my mic then I buck off Chicks scream like LL rippin his shirt off Rock star status in the front row, yellin {"just what I need.."} hehe Run through my set, all live, no DAT Just two turntables with a mic in effect Word for word the crowd refers with each song Like a, platinum nigga with a million If you feelin, what I'm feelin Then it means that I'm doin my thing But yo on the real it's some dudes fear this Ain't no such thing to me as I cain't See I never let a small thing wear on my brain Hear what I'm sayin? {"just what I need.."} yeah

[Chorus]

To all my people in the front, ya don't stop To my people in the back, ya don't stop To my people on the side, ya don't stop To my man Big L, one love God

[O.C.]

You lactose I reach from, words I speak
Influence like King when he said "I have a dream"
Pro-black hero, few know the M.O.
Many be amazed when I show 'em my credential
Teef {?} still diggin, fans still checkin
Wax I keep pressin, critics still stressin
Every song has a message, some call it teachin
Eyes wide shut, motherfuckers still sleepin
Yeah... covers all regions, all four seasons
Never will I stop 'til I just stop breathin
Won't go pop unless I start singin

Every now and then O soul need redeemin Every now and then for the 'dro I'm fiendin High to the point my eyes need Visine'n I lay it down right the shit that I'm feelin So if you feelin, what I'm feelin Then it means that I'm doin my thing But yo on the real it's some dudes fear this Ain't no such thing to me as I cain't, yo

[Chorus]

[O.C.]

{"just what I need.."} Yo, I need prove nothin Yeah proof and a kick like Bruce Lee-roy, I start blowin Non-stop action like Jack Chan, in fact Flow like tihs for me is half-assed, I put maybe five percent of my brain on wax The other 95% tucked away in the smash I don't, mean to brag, or maybe I do Thoughts like pneumonia, talk like a grown-up Kids on the corner, love my persona Get a whiff of this bitch, smell my aroma Slick talkin niggaz get left in a coma Thinkin I'm a punk cause my job is a performer Time and time again I've shown within my zone Anywhere I lay my dome is my home, there's so many niggaz in the game I've spawned Fuck who don't acknowledge it, I know what I've done ... So if you feelin, what I'm feelin Then it means that I'm doin my thing But yo on the real it's some dudes fear this Ain't no such thing to me as I cain't See I never let a small thing wear on my brain Hear what I'm sayin? {"just what I need.."}

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