

O.H

"1st Grade Music"

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Intro: O.H

It's O.H in de building

Kojo Cue right na di building

McLaud in de building

Whatâ€™ s up

You know that is O.H in da building

And I got Kojo Cue I got Claudizee First Grade Music,

we bout to make

history

Get me, Sergio hit them.

Chorus:

Ball pen on the paper

This is the 1st grade Music, 1st grade Music,

Ball pen on the paper

This is the 1st grade Music; this is how we do it.

Verse 1: O.H

My flow reveal secret, like de Octopus

Stressing this old rappers like

menopause

Itching them, here and there like

chicken pox

They canâ€™ t stand the heat, unless they beg for me

to pause

In seconds, my music made them

reckless

Rollin all around their neck like necklace

Is giving them slow death, they looking

helpless This isnâ€™ t a telenova â€˜tchew!!â€™

Timeless

Am far ahead in this game, you need a

telescope

I brought this style, call it flashes of

hope

Swag on African Print Iâ€™ m a S.O.A.P Cos I roll with

the CEO Kobby Dope

The rap president with attitude Barrack

Obama

Me na me flow so authentic, chaley e no

be China

Ohemeng Bin Laden, me nua ne Osama Is O.H and am
from Ghana
Makin good music, Claud they my side
Be warned haters, you canâ€™t kill our
pride
This our birth right, not a plight..

Chorus:

Ball pen on the paper
This is the 1st grade Music, 1st grade Music,
Ball pen on the paper
This is the 1st grade Music; this is how we do it.

Verse 2: Ko-Jo Cue

Eyo! I came from the bottom, rose from
the bottom
With nothing but flows, was told go,
get them, I got them
No Edem, I had them in my zone
For the throne I wrote weapons, I cocked them
And blew it aint a problem now lâ€™m
popping off with my dawgs
Popping off in the club
C U E, C U E, popping off on the blogs
I be knocking up all them broads, den bell I no dey pick
Boys jocking up on the god, but hw3 I
no dey biz
i be sonning them, they put me on
tracks and I be running them
run with them, put an AK to the domes, I be gunning
them
Hi hater, bye later
Ask around abi ur chick side nigga
High as a skyscraper, chasing this paper
Making this paper till I see my maker
Me trap taa kye bayla, cedi, naira ne cefa
Wontee me rapo sei da,
O.H, I gotchu, eyyba

Verse 3: McLaud

They say I smell like a superstar, thatâ€™s
me.
I belong to a super clan, capital c.
We have many brothers, who are
really popular gee..
And if you wanna copy our style. That aint for free..
Tellâ€™em, Hommies gonna hit de jackpot.
After that, hommies gonna pop the
pop off.
Ever wonder why niggas tripping in the
game.. This life is kind of freaking insane, ah!!

Never ever tryna do me.
Cos it won't work, I'm cool gee..
Even if I walk on the edge, I will never
fall,
Because I'm bless, I'm getting strong.. It's
like am getting tall. I aint growing
horns.
A lot mennas talk about how we ball,
how we flex,
How we talk, how we score, how we
love, This rap game, gon get de fame,
I don't hide anything, mehn I'm so
plain.
Cos I'm better than the haters, massacre
the monsters,
Hommes are like we de greatest, the greatest.
But is Claud, O H, Kojo Cue we the
realest.

Verse 4: O.H

Me y3 incredible undisputed you can
call me M.I
Big things popping, chaley like T.I
Me y3 best na month se sen?, yes I
Mi nah bard man, Jah-Rasta-Fari ii
I dey chop victory, you all wonder Tip of a story
building, you aint my
level
I dey make history, them all surrender
Am Diablos, mean mugging, do I look
like devil
If you set a trap, you will end up in a casket
Cos meny3 bode3 adwo, to set as a
target
Flow I have it chaw, Joe ka whoho bring
the basket
3ma ne ha wo, cos am not your budget.

Chorus:

Ball pen on the paper
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Ball pen on the paper
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