

## O.H da Soul-jah "1st Grade Music"

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Intro: O.H

Its 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 1stgrade 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 can'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 I'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, that'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..  
Tell'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 wonâ€™t work, Iâ€™m cool gee..  
Even if I walk on the edge, I will never  
fall,  
Because Iâ€™m bless, Iâ€™m getting strong.. Itâ€™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 donâ€™t hide anything, mehn Iâ€™m so  
plain.  
Cos Iâ€™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 Diablolâ€™s, 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 woho 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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