

## Opus "Radio Is God"

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### [Verse 1]

First off, how you gon' come off  
All this rap shit, get done off  
Man listen this a passionate mind  
I come thru, gun drew splashin a rhyme  
Wet dat, dead dat, cash on the line  
In an orderly fashion in the back'a the line  
Can't talk now, I got cash on tha mind  
Bitches and dolla signs dance in they mind  
I love dat doe, but yall niggas love dat flow  
Man I don't love dat hoe  
All I see is cash flow  
Brains an occasional ass hole  
What I need is a, whole lotta money involved  
I might run into Rob and run in ya job  
Real cats take chances  
Then I make ya +head spin+ like +break dancers+

### [Chorus]

My niggas in the front don't front  
My niggas in the back, where you at  
My niggas on the side, bout to slide  
My niggas in the middle we rock just a little  
Then we ride, the ride

My bitches in the front don't front  
My bitches in the back, where you at  
My bitches on the side, bout to slide  
My bitches in the middle we rock just a little  
Then we ride, the ride

### [Verse 2]

If raps don't work, need ta put some in  
I hear yall knockin' but ya can't come in  
Said I'd get cha, wrote the scripture  
Chick roastin like motion picture  
Have you any idea, how many nice MC's  
And how many I feared - None  
Just trust me son, I do what must be done  
And I just begun, I let em-  
Count sheep, rock em to sleep  
Got me, cocking the heat, poppin a Jeep

Let's go, Expo top of the line  
Exo, Yes ho, hoppin in mine, I got a-  
Big Bad Boy you could meet  
Men use beef and it's all you can eat, I be the-  
Dep with a G in the front  
Front, fuck around and be in a trunk

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Ain't no games if you're curious B  
Can't be serious G, seriously, I'm out ta-  
Put a big hole in the joint  
Like I, sold her the joint, told her to point, it's like-  
Mind over matter with this  
Mad Hatter with this, battle with this  
Like a +sentence+, it just +run-on+  
I'm pro and you a princess, come on  
Yall ain't ready, ain't crazy and ya name ain't Eddie  
And ya aim ain't steady  
Dream big boy but ya chain ain't heavy  
Brain ain't ready, my game ain't petty  
Must be stupid or somethin'  
Thinkin' this all love like Cupid or somethin'  
Live from the 2-1-2  
One question: What you gon' do?

[Chorus Til Fade]

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