

## Eco

### "Omega"

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f/ Freddie Foxxx

[O.C.]

Penecilin on wax, the cure for rap

Crooklyn Dodger number two back on the map

Perhaps you thought I was gone, well surprise nigga

Not physically, but I'mma massive figure

Al Pacino status, the baddest, exotic

Repetition like a automatic, can't stop it

High floatin, po satin like coke snortin

When I see a fetus, moms thought about abortin

Important, am I? gotta ask myself

But then I think twice like a gemini

Authentic, percentage, calculating my mind state

Eat foods and fit it

Bizarre pa, ain't it, flow you thru like draino

Lava, from a volcano

Scorchin, torchin the microphone I lost it

Poppin shit, who got my back

Freddie Foxxx with the twin millies

Burn a temperillo

Aiyo Foxxx fuck these niggas

Slice em up like an ox pop

[Freddie Foxxx]

Yeah

Ok, it's time to bring these rap cats from Fantasy Isle

I bring it to these fake niggas with a quick and a smile

You know my sty-ile, America's most feared entertainer

Yeah from New York to Cali, I'm called an acid rainer

While you frontin like ballin, son I stays in the mix

Same bullets in your burner since '76

Act like you can't tell, shit be live as hell

Bustin so much shots,

When my shells hit the ground it sound like "Rock the Bells"

Call me Bumpy Knuckles cuz my hands be swell

From knockin niggas out from the lies they tell

Oh well, I bet you feel me all up in ya chest

I make the saucest nigga catch a body blame it on stress

And if he snitch, I bail him out and murder his bitch

And then sedate her with my four pound clap

Shit's only rap

But I'm livin like that

So when while niggas be talkin dogs, and walkin like cats

Niggas mouths were gettin way too fat

But O.C. & big Fred-Oxxx, we bought to bring it back

"Let's go back"

"I'm tellin it just like that"

Chorus: O.C. & Freddie Foxxx

We be money under ground but you can't get none

Cuz if you step into my round, you be one dead son

We get love where niggas be scared to come

And we got a whole lot to give, but you don't want none

[O.C.] (Freddie Foxxx) {both

Any nigga play high post, I'm runnin over

O.C. weigh tons like a fuckin Range Rover

(Tellin niggas to they face that the fassad is over

Now it's time for this real nigga shit, can you feel this?)

No question, we manifestin, what we feel

Bust up in your session, smack niggas up like adolesce

(Like a D&D, I can't see a gang, no motherfuckin body,  
seein me

That's just pure fantasy)

True indeed son, we ain't the one

While niggas goin out like that, we bring it on like  
Scarface

(That's means murder case, I bring highs to any base

Disrespect the prosession)

{So all of these beats and these rhymes attached

(Mean that real niggas on the mic, bringin it back

It's mad potent, like good crack, it's type addicted

All up in ya mind, you don't wan't hard times)

Chorus

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