

## **Grandi Irene**

### **"Far From Yours"**

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Uhh, yeah, phenomenon, yeah  
[Yvette] Ooooh, yeah, baby far from yours, ohh yeah

Verse One: O.C.

Yo, time is most limited I'm back on the scene  
O replenishes, potency like four or five Guinnesses  
Hennessey's flourishing, O.C.is nourishing  
Performin miracles, ill and mad lyrical  
What stands before your very eyes is a  
one man stand-alone phenomenon  
Microphone misery you sufferin, taste my repetoire  
in your face like a buck fifty, done with the razor  
I'm felt by Aztecs, felt by Asians  
Portuguese Lebanese and even Caucasians  
Every form of power, they respect my stats  
Slap me five, with former leader drink Cognac with  
diplomat  
Retard your whole brigade, cave in your brain waves  
(With subliminal messages) makin party people slaves  
Ya hit reverse to rewind, and defy my cause  
"One thing I do is keep em different, and far from  
yours"

Chorus One: Yvette Michelle

He's no average M.C., with a smile on his face  
Though they'll try to bite his style, no one can duplicate

Verse Two: O.C.

I be the chosen one, beyond the Moet and Cristal  
A son of King and a Queen, therefore ability  
for song run in my genetics  
I gave ideas to L. Ron Hubbard to write books on  
Dianetics  
FedEx your info, if you wanna show the manager  
Mr. Dave make sure give us a good payday too  
I was assigned to Earth, on a mission  
to spread worldwide my glorious compositions  
Notes are like B sharps floatin

out of my mouth from start to finish til the song  
diminish  
My lyrical energy bring out envy in most MC's  
who listen to O, he didn't know me before  
Then you know who I are now, bitin my style  
That's a crime to be dealt with but we take it to trial  
Verdict is in, the judge know my beef has cause  
"One thing I do is keep em different, and far from  
yours"

Chorus Two: Yvette Michelle

He's no average MC, with a smile on his face  
And though you try to bite his style, no one can  
duplicate  
He can flow anywhere ya want, he can rhyme any time  
you say  
And he's never ever ever too far, from tomorrow, today

Verse Three: O.C.

You may never find a MC well orchestrated like a  
symphony  
Some'll go down in history, some in infamy  
The infamy will be somewhat a mystery  
As long as my name O.C. live on through infinity  
My identity, will ring bells in all facilities  
From fans to enemies I'm the antidote and remedy  
I'ma philosophize, analyze, no question  
If I die I'ma return like Jesus' resurrection  
I'm a blessin to the rap game, my claim to fame is  
when  
I disappear reappear, I put rappers to shame  
Plain and simple, in common English, what I distinguish  
the meanest lyric flamethrower your career's over  
Finesse a mic Casanova, Don Juan or MC  
The people need a change, this rap shit is deranged  
Yo Raider, flip the fader, let em know my cause  
"One thing I do is keep em different, and far from  
yours"

Chorus Two (Roc Raider cuts and scratches the "one  
thing" sample)  
Chorus Two repeats

[Yvette] Never too far, never...

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