

O. G. Style

"This Is How It Should Be Done"

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[The E]

OG Style is in the house

My man Ed Jack is in the house

And Rap-A-Lot Records is in the house

MC Devine is in the house

The King Lil J is in the house

My man Cliff Blodget is in the house

We got Big Chief in the house

My man Doug King go turn it out

Yo

Hey yo Boss, yo, we gettin ready to get funky

You know what I'm sayin

On the tip of gettin crazy paid

Droppin the funky Payback album

So yo, why don't you rock some funky stuff and eh

I'ma rock some freestyle lyrics and eh

we gon' do it like that

Come on, come on

(This is how it should be done) -> Rakim

[VERSE 1: The E]

I'm not the sucker imitator with rhymes that sound

conventional

It's the E and it's my intention to

Innovate your mind, not to waste your time

To compete you needn't speak, I'm controllin the rhyme

Is it the lyrics that I'm usin, the suckers I'm abusin?

If you think about it you'll come to this conclusion

The E, your MC, the elected to be

The independent, not contended, always cause a
controversy

With the rhymes that I say, the style that I use

Vocabulary at its peak, I'm bound to confuse

All those suckers like you which have been mislead

Make a dollar here and there, that ain't really no bread

I'm a scholar, people holler everytime I speak

The words I say when I play make the song complete

I'ma freelance, the way I rhyme some call me a poet

I intrigue those who study me, not braggin, I know it

I'm the classiest act when the party is packed

Suckers step to the back, it's the style that they lack

But I'm tryin, defyin, denyin those who thought they will
beat me

Defeat me, but now they're gonna wish they coulda
chilled

Relax, it's the suckers I wax

If they try to talk back, yo, they get a smack

[VERSE 2: The E]

Universally known as the king of the throne

I'm like a lion, I'm a killer, the stage is my own

I'm (?) and DJ Boss rides the crossfade

I devour suckers with my lyrical lay

I'm cool plus my momentum which is one of the symptoms

Of being elite, I'm down, you think you want some?

Tough to the letter, keep you warm like a sweater

You think that you're good, I'm better

However, my tip-top condition helps the transition

You wanna battle but you're no competition

On the real tip I rock you, well yo, you know my records sell

My rhymes are intractable, laced with a gel, hell

Still I'm inclined with the funky rhyme

Heaven-sent to present with a cool design

[VERSE 3: The E]

A microphone magician, MC tactician

Down with OG and got plenty ambition

Those who intrude seem blunt but rude

But I annihilate rappers that seem confused

So don't irk me or jerk me or try to overwork me

Or publish my material just to aggravate me

Son, cause I'm second to none

No razzle dazzle, just E rhymin over a cool drum

Sent to propel and raise some hell

Reactivate what I demonstrate to make you yell

My (?) performance will impose the inferior

Cause I'm super, short for superior

Too cool to be a wanna be, yo, so I'ma have to be

No matter what it adds up to, you can't get with me

Bad to the bone, the title E I own

I'm rulin this throne, so leave me alone

(This is how it should be done)

Yo Boss, I think the check is in the mail, gee

Get funky

Yeah, and I wanna send peace to my main man Ant
Jack

You know what I'm sayin?

He gets busy

Yeah

And OG Style, we Audi 5000

(This is how it should be done)

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