

Scrilla Vic

"Oh, No!"

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Uh, Oh! I got laid off again
The unemployment line is lookin' like my best friend
And when I get a job, I gotta be a temp
Again with no chance of ever going permanent
I got a boss for every project that I do
Lost count after the number hit 22
I gotta put in overtime every single weekend
Just another week that the V can't sleep in
Hit the alarm and go-go back to sleep
Late to work just about every other week
The Dow keeps droppin. I'm losin' all my savings
The economy sucks and the V keeps slaving
But I still can't make the deadline
Hope I don't have to wait up in a breadline
See a fine woman and I wink at her in passin'
Oh, No! I'm canned for sexual harrassment

Uh, Oh! Uh, Oh! Uh, Oh! Oh, No!
Uh, Oh! Uh, Oh! Uh, Oh! Oh, No!

Uh, Oh! For the fans to show me love
I gotta be a gangster, goon or a thug.
Goin' at the game with intelligent tact,
And I'm stereotyped into Alternative Rap?
But I'm so hood so I flaunt my cash
Sheet, prolly 'end up getting' my rope snatched
If I wanna show that the V's a fly prospect
I gotta treat women like a bitch or an object.
Just got a deal so I got a lotta funds.
And waste it all on Bentley's rollin' on dubs.
If I wanna go far, I gotta act hard?
Roll deep with a fake posse & bodyguard?
Talkin' can I get a witness?
Cuz the paparazzi's all up in my business
But I need the buzz so I can get some street cred
So I cop a grill & a mother fuck-it attitude
The hood's the farthest thing from my latitude
And I'll mimic any rapper out Â– doesn't matter who
Stickin' to the script, cuz makin' hits is the formula.
Oh, No! Respectability, I'm ignorin' 'ya.

Uh, Oh! Uh, Oh! Uh, Oh! Oh, No!
Uh, Oh! Uh, Oh! Uh, Oh! Oh, No!

I wanna hear some praise leave the women in a daze
Have plenty fans for days, but I all I get instead is
"Yo, you're music's cool but your way over the hill
To be kickin' lyrics so just hang it up and chill"
Damn! That sucks so I'm searchin' for a skeezer
Just met this girl, but I'll do anything to please her
Rappin' out my ass and I really need a breather
I've been down and out since the 1st Leave it to Beaver
Nah, I'm cool so I go out on a blind date
My date's lookin' worse than thizz face-screwface
But it's been a while so I do like Ludacris
Have just one more drink and now I'm up all on this
chick
I'd knock it out the park but I left my bat at home
Thinkin' I'd be smoother if I order some Patron
Get so drunk I'm gettin' drug out by a medic
Other dudes are clean. I'm more like hypoallergenic.

There it is. Just another day in the life and times of the
V.
Livin' like a king in this land of milk and honey.
Nah, I'm livin' life without bling in this land of silk and
money.
Shee!

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