

David F.r "It's Ova"

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[Jaz-O]

Its the one, you ain't serious nigga

[Chorus - Jaz-O]

The long wait is (ova)

My patience is (ova)

I took a leave let you breathe all that (ova)

You caught amnesia you (ova)

Non believer you (ova)

You the worst don't you know? no?

[Jaz-O]

I be in it till its (ova)

Look at your name, same as the letters of your god

People put it together

Ain't finished but you (ova)

Nooks in your game

Crooked and lame

Say my name, put your palms together

Where did you learn the verse

Get a burner first

That make all concern disperse

Flashback a few thousand days

When you were coming of age

Fuckin with me? Chief points time in the cage

Jaz dollars got you (ova)

But you ain't knowin

You got a round and them damn stand smith's won't
roll in

Little Hova think it (ova)

Cautiously though you main ace (?) of course was me

Out of necessity but hatred had you crossin me

The flossin Boxster Porches be

You find out, you lost it B

Thoughts of my fifth

Drippin niggas like a fucked up faucet be

Rap game put in work

Crack game put in work

Fuck you mean Jaz wouldn't work?

Grimey niggas like you get put in dirt

Turn a mother fuckin nusience into a drop top human

Jaz-O takin (ova)
You know my credits
Ain't no nigga BUT ME produce your first hit record
Junior shows (ova)
Ashamed in a crime
When your partners got time and you out here rhymin
Memph weak is (ova)
Tweeta Geda is (ova)
Little hoes went (ova)
Board y'all over I heard y'all (ova)
The radio (ova)
No, no no!
Y'all stupid, Free puff I thank ya
Too dumb to know that I shanked ya
Too young to know my gangsta
Hows life? Must be dead
Runnin reds round way you used to rest your head
A'yo I heard Malik got jooks
Word? A'yo I heard he got jooks again
Word ass nigga
Y'all hardly kill, and y'all hardly real
and ain't no such place as Marcyville
Your exposed you (ova)
Best believin, the best man speakin
Leavin your (?)
Your problems ain't (ova)
Your damaged par'
I couldn't shoot my brother unless he was beatin on
mom
Yous a fake friend (ova)
My patience is (ova)
Your hate is flowin (ova)
Shit got you goin over caught amnesia you (ova)
Non believer you (ova)
Don't you know? No?
The bullshit is (ova)
The world is listenin
I'm the Gene Hackman in Heist
The game's Jason Richardson
Play cleaner hack me I'm right
Niggas chose yo' fate
Jaz-O in a golden state
Shows (ova)
I told ya (ova)
Hova? (ova)
Call me copter I ho-ver (ova)
Fo's roll (ova)
Play dead, no? No?
Me? Doubled a gift, none of the curse
Read by the best though weathered the worst
Street niggas savy second nature never rehearse

Except for the verse
And there are classic, plastic bastards
Marcy the Foundation, the game is mastered
Some niggas are grown, some manufactured
Some pack ratchets, and clap you backwards
And some run track like faggots
Lets go!
Move yo' silly ass (ova)
Word to holme
No show at my video, you worthless holmes
These days shit is overly strange
Some nigga walkin round Brooklyn with a Roc-A-Fella
piece and chain

[Chorus]

[Outro to fade]
Say somethin
Say somethin motha fucka
This Kingz County
This Jaz-O
Y'all know where I'm at
Lets be real about it
Y'all cant fuck with me

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