

Jake One f/ Posdnuos , Slug**"Oh Really"**

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[Verse 1 - Posdnuos] They say in the last days the father's own child goin to come Ain't no side of him yet, I think he's on the run 'Til then the party don't stop, 'til the sun Swallowed a shot of Play Hard, now I'm numb So loose and ready to spaz over the drum Give 'em the full sum, so this genera-tion! Don't ever front on the Plug One Oddball out of the bunch but still ball with the best of 'em Been a pop off play to a U-G-K like Pimp and Bun And when I'm somewhere in between, still second to none When I'm somewhere off the scene, I'm off wreckin your hun He majored in thumb sucking, without usin a thumb I'm here to stun you, with the way I un-do, the mass thinkin, my career is done 'Cause in the end, your goin to know (it's just begunnn!!) Head into the studio with the rhymes that's Homer spun Aim past the fame and shot the fortune in the leg, and you know he bled, shred in crumbs Swooped it up, fed some birds, put the rest in the vault, keep it up into my lung Stop suckin in oxygen 'Til then I stay gold like Pony Boy (they young) [Verse 2 - Slug] So who's the flyest and who's the highest? And who spits the vitamins for kids to digest? Who's goin to be the star in the sky At the after party, With my bodyguards and my stylist? Kid, go get your nails and your hair did It's cool your American, you can blame your parents One big ringtone away from careless So turn up the bass 'til it makes you feel air sick Life is complex, I reflect But I ain't supposed to cry if I want to get respect The winner gets dinner yet who pays the check? The internet got us makin hits with people we ain't never met Log on and rock, rock on And we ain't goin to stop until these motherfuckin cops gone Hopped on the stove top, stirred up the pot wrong Got milk, got bombs, we ain't got long I'm goin to party like it's 19 - never mind And take it back to when today was a better time Before the rap game became a soup ghetto line Before the paper it was flavor like a pepper grind What? We download for the taste test Yep, 'cause we ain't tryin to waste a paycheck Used to be the tape decks, played the apex Now it's all safe sex with fake breasts (breasts ...)

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