

**Jamie O'Neal F/ Mark Wills****"Ill Technique"**

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[ VERSE 1: J. Sands ]

Yo, stepped out my door into the world, now it's on  
The sun gave birth, so now the nighttime is born  
Nothin different than the norm as the plot takes form  
Inner feelings remain warm to shelter me from the  
storm  
Cause the city could swallow you whole, so be warned  
The streets are filled with scorn from dusk to morn  
I gotta be alerted for all times or be torn  
From my earthly existance, I measure the distance  
And calculate a path straight so my time is efficient  
Can't waste not a second or breath  
So when I step, man, I trek  
Mind focused, hollow point is noticed  
At the fly Latin hostess, workin ????  
But never hesitate my motion  
My body floatin like the wind over the ocean  
I saw the brothers toastin, the Thunderbird wine  
Givin praise to the stars as they shine  
Exchanged pounds, started to rhyme  
Once the cipher hit its peak, I continued down the street  
Cause my mission was incomplete, this was no time to  
sleep  
Gotta get back to the lab and freak something that y'all  
can peep  
From Lone Catalysts, very unique  
The way we organize it all with the ill technique  
The way we organize it all with the ill technique  
The way we organize it all with the ill technique

[ VERSE 2: J. Sands ]

Only a block left to go before I reach the studio  
The story goes: Rawls in the lab eatin Oreos  
Waitin on me to show, he got a track and need a pro  
Usually have some tree to blow, but nowadays I leave  
or go  
When it's time to breathe a flow, even though  
You might see me in your section  
Eyes red complexion  
With my man [Name] and LG flex on  
You know that, so finally the destination

I'm at the lab with Rawls and without no hesitation  
"My mic sounds nice, check one  
My mic sounds nice, check two"  
And with no further ado, you know the r-e-s-u-me  
We be in the lab like all day  
Rawls makes the track and I spit not the wack  
Mix all the levels, then record it all on the DAT  
Then take it to the Sugar Shack where Rashaad is at  
Let him peep the joint cause cuz got a knack  
To spot the sure shots and the or-not's  
So we be up in the lab till about 4 o'clock  
In the AM, the next day, yo, it's no delayin  
Time to put it to wax, CDs and tapes  
To generate the papes, to generate the papes  
Cause once it circulates everyone will state  
That the Lone Catalysts be on a ill technique  
Aiyo, the Lone Catalysts be on a ill technique  
Aiyo, the Lone Catalysts be on a ill technique  
Aiyo, you know the repertoire, baby paw, don't sleep

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