

**Josh Groban F/ Lili Haydn****"Oh No"**

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[Mos Def]

Yeah..

One for the treble, two for the bass

Welcome to the great incredible paper chase

Keep your boots laced if you want to keep pace

[Nate Dogg]

Oh No

Niggas ain't scared to hustle

It's been seven days, the same clothes

Ask them originals cause they know

Mos Def, Nate Dogg, and Pharoahe

Step away from the mic they too cold

The funk might fracture your nose

[Mos Def]

Say my name, say my name

Observe how I stake my claim, I independently lay it  
down

and played my game, my own two raise my flame

Cause dick ridin ain't my thang

I earned what they said I wouldn't

I got it the way they said I couldn't

But now I'm gettin it and they whole grill is crooked

Mad cause I'm gettin caked out from my bookings

When y'all was askin permission I just stepped up and  
took it

What!? The kid's better buy my rookie card now

Cause after this year the price ain't comin down

And if you got a joint bubblin then get money now

Cause in a minute, there's gonna be some real trouble  
comin out

Just a warnin, as usual some cats wont heed it

The hard headed always gotta feel it to believe it

It's a shame the jealous gaze is too short to see it

But when they face hit the cement, they nod in  
agreement

We could play nice and decent, or dirty like the 7-1  
Precinct

Call it a day or make it a long evenin

You keep on schemin, man give me some more reason

to have the women in your mama's church screamin  
"Lord Jesus!"  
Harder than y'all cause I'm smarter than y'all  
I know that deep down it's got to be bothering y'all  
Pay attention, watch fly gon' get larger than y'all  
Put your pride on the rocks, make you swallow it all  
The mathematic problem for y'all, it just get harder to  
solve  
Every day that the saga evolve  
The do or die stay rumblin and bumblin hard  
And when we move, we ain't got no discussion at all  
East coast on your neck and you ain't shruggin it off  
Try to bullyfoot and end up stumblin off  
I'm Daddy Brooklyn, y'all niggaz are the sons of New  
York  
Gettin spanked when there's too much trouble to talk  
Respect mine

[Nate Dogg]

Oh No  
Look at who they let in the back door  
From Long Beach to Brooklyn they know  
We rock from the East to West coast  
Queens salute to Pharoahe (you know)  
Step away from the mic they too cold  
The funk might fracture your nose

[Pharoahe Monch]

Very contagious raps should be trapped in cages  
Through stages of wackness, Pharoahe's raps are  
blazin  
And it amazes - me how you claim thug  
but go two-ways without SkyTel pagers  
I'm intellectual, pass more essays/ese's  
than motorcade police parades through East L.A.  
More beef then deli's, thus what I vent is just  
What you lust to vent is irrele'  
Huh, hallelujah, Pharoahe Monch'll do ya  
Maintain the same frame of mind - screw ya!  
Get the picture, sit ya, seat ya, preacher with scriptures  
I'm equipped to rip ya, reach ya  
Pharoahe and Mos is verbal osmosis  
Coast to coast, we boast to be the most explosive here  
Ferocious, the lyrical prognosis  
The dosage is leavin you mentally unfocused here  
MC's just - come on 'round  
You're the next contestants on "Catch-A-Beat-Down"  
Don't be hesitant, sound cracks the sediment  
It's evident we medicine for your whole town  
Sky's the limit, game's infinite when I'm in it  
All windows is tinted, how you seein me when I'm in it?

Rap, we got it on lock man, stop that  
Put that mic back down, boy, drop that  
Pharoahe's flows blows shows like afros  
We hate y'all though, that's why Nate Dogg goes:

[Nate Dogg: repeat 2X]

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