

## The Union

### "Oc's Connects"

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featuring Big L, McGruff, I Born, C.L. Smooth

[Big L]

Check it out now

Big L Corleone (no doubt), Flamboyant Entertainment  
(uh-huh)

One love to my big brother Big Lee

Holdin it down from the inside right now (come one)

When you come home it's on (watch this)

Herb McGruff (yo), Universal, Harlem World shit

Yeah (no doubt), 1-3-9 and Lennox shit (you know how  
we do)

Uh, danger zone shit, check it out

I be twistin bitches alot, have em sit on this cock

I wasn't prepared for this, I wrote my shit on the spot

I be droppin like early August, late July

Wit tracks that'll make you cry, hate you die

Stop frontin, you got no dough, might a had, but not no  
mo'

You mad cuz I knocked yo' hoe

While cops watch me, I got cats that watch po-po

My block loco, don't need a crew I rock solo (what)

Or wit my nigga Gruff

These faggot niggas ain't as rich as us

I need chicks to lust, smoke my weed mixed wit dust

Go ahead and let your crew soup you up

In the ambulance, gon' have to come and scoop you up

Fuck wit my last soul, my new shit is goin past gold

And if you don't agree, you's a asshole

Mark my word, you gon' make me pump the bird

And spark this herb, to homicide chomp the curb, ya  
heard?

I never hesitate to bump my gun

Harlem World, y'all know where the fuck I'm from

[McGruff]

The game of life, got ups and downs, downs and ups

Kingpin cats lose they crowns in cuffs

Some get murdered, some get shot (boaw boaw boaw)

So lay on, nigga her-oin, cocaine, pot it don't stop

Rise to the top, nigga stop despisin my pops  
Yeah I rap, but still got them pies on the block  
Bitches lookin at the size of my rocks, size of my knotts  
Keep a stash box, ride wit them glocks  
Smoke 'dro, fuck po-po, fly from the cops  
(What) I'm Gruff and I'ma die for my props  
Die by the gun, thou shall come but for now have fun  
Fuck bitches, party, Cristal on my tongue  
Violence is young, wild as they come  
Catch me in Harlem World smokin silence wit sons,  
what  
Aiiyo cats wanna talk trash, yo I talk cash  
And take it, make they ass get naked  
It's a stickup (get on the floor), y'all niggas crash the  
pavement  
Pass yo' chains, pass yo' Rollies, pass yo' bracelets  
Or feel them hollow laced tips nigga  
I spray clips at the punks that be runnin they lips  
Not ?cunnin? they bitch, gunnin them  
Squeeze off, don't miss none of them  
Shoot po-po right in front on them  
Double-M, goddamn niggas shouldn't have fucked wit  
him  
Y'all niggas sufferin, I'm thug hustlin  
Rushin in, in coke spots, cold bustin in  
Yeah it's us again, stuck you before  
Tied your monkey-ass up, took the bucks and the raw  
Nigga what, yeah Harlem World, Big L, Herb McGruff  
Nigga holdin it down, 9-8 shit, fuck that, word up

[I Born]

Aiiyo holy war, chrome four-four  
Twelve shots call, I came deep  
One-hundred-one wolves at your front door  
Mouths foamin, rubber grips laid on my hip  
Cock it and spit, slit his whole shit, empty the whole clip  
Pretty kid, broke a few ribs, did a murder bid  
Four-five, got hit wit two more, then the god slid  
Why try, watched men die, let the slugs fly  
Stay high, I'm from the streets Murderville, NY  
I told y'all I was comin, niggas thought I was frontin  
I want it all, in nine-bill I'm sayin something  
MC's petro, me lose hell no, you're wet no  
My verbal techno, spit it for dire out the Expo  
Me and D-O, on the lee-low, lay low  
Call Grago, Boriquas call em Flaco  
The latest Timb's, I got those  
Burn that ass like tobassco, you know my name  
Hot hell, Fidel Castro, ask no  
Questions, fuck you and your weapon  
You're pussy, your gun ain't went off since '87

My Mac-11 shot thirty-three in your direction  
Where I come from, bums bust guns, what you  
expected  
Well connected, from the slums where life's hectic  
Niggas starvin, need paper, jackal's is desparate  
Ayyo movin like Israeli, sippin Henny in Bentley's  
Got a deal now, I'm signed what the fuck can you tell  
me  
What, Murderville, all square beware  
Hot-hell nigga tortured

[C.L. Smooth]

Ha, listen closely, to how C.L.'s focus be  
Who wrote me, a diamond-gold ball rosary  
Had supposedly, tarnished his name and status  
Draw the fastest, force him go to the mattress  
Imagine this, in my technique's  
This swervin authentic version M.D. Mount. to Vernon  
Touchin anybody like that lime in Bacardi  
To whippin all the watercrafts down in Yardie  
Half-steppin, hardly make it son, perfectly clear  
My yacht master pay your rent for the year  
The buck stops here, ain't a damn thing funny  
Barbershop niggas always bad-mouthin money  
Or maybe, I'm the whole key to you shtick  
Hearin cats talk about me like a chick  
They gotta be sick, ad-libbing we singin  
Went from day one over there we bring it  
Or scrap like hockey, cock-ing, blow it ?a-key?  
The poss-e, car shows under the marquee  
Dressed up, caked out, and vest up  
Better rest up, pop bottles till I'm messed up  
Paper chase, play clubs like a vacation  
On occasion, politician my situation  
Every broad care, what he drive, what he wear  
Wit a bonier whisperin the shit in my ear  
Yeah, the bombshell, trapped in the Caramel  
Get the parcel, iced down the cartel  
Knowin C.L., do know you mack slow  
Bitches act though, bigger niggas call me Fatso  
Heavy-weight, regulate the tri-state  
My team can't wait, for the date to navigate  
Let me demonstrate, through time my man handsome  
To keep all the pretty girls dancin, HA  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah, I go around the world wit this  
yaknowim sayin?

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