

Masta Ace f/ The Beatnuts, Rahzel

"Oh My God"

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[Intro] Uhh... Beatnuts! Masta Ace Gettin cash to trash the place Take a blast, c'mon, uh... {"Oh my God"}

[Masta Ace] Y'all rap dudes are funny, I don't feud with dummies I don't need no problems, I need food and money I recall when we used to fool with honeys That was cute as bunnies with the smoothest tummies Now we like Brinks tryin to move this money Run with cast to Ak-man, rude and crummy It's the chairman of the board and I'm carryin a sword I look heavy in a Chevy and I'm scary in a Ford F-150, you should just run swiftly Unless you nice, you like it you can just come get me Y'all dudes sweet like cakes and pies I go together with rap like shakes and fries And I hate them guys with hate in their eyes Hopin we fall, can't wait to rise Yeah, I'm all natural like a case of Snapple And don't talk shit cause the Ace'll slap you And don't try to run cause I'll chase and catch you Put a sharp blade to your face and scratch you (ouch) What'chu wan' fuck with a ninja for? I'm like a cornered rat with a injured paw And I'll bend your jaw and end your tour Even if I lose the battle I'ma win the war, yeah [Chorus: Rahzel] "Oh, my, God!" When Beatnuts and Masta Ace both up in the place It's like - "Oh, my, God!" When you can't find your girl, your girl probably up in our face She like - "Oh, my, God!" It's mad ways to do it my man, and we doin it hard We like - "Oh-oh, oh, oh-oh, oh, oh my, my, my God!" [Psycho Les] I don't mix weed with yay' Let's take it to the streets nigga lead the way I'ma watch you bleed your way into emergency You're gonna need surgery A facelift, face it, Psych' is whylin Like them niggaz on Riker's Island Stab you with a spoon in the lunchroom Have you hallucinatin {"Oh my God"} like you on mushroom Head twitchin, like an epileptic You'll get dropped (like what) like elephant shit I'm from the home of the Yankees You not feelin that then yank these, I'm sittin on twankies You goin nowhere fast like a treadmill Don't make me have to roll up to your crib and +Meet Your Parents+ like Ben Still' - you'll get killed for tryin to be a funny ass (like who) like Ben Hill (ha ha) I don't, wanna have to run up in your label And put a hole in ya head like a bagel (blaow!) From here to

Milwaukee I do it for the kids like Bill Cosby (hey hey hey!) [Chorus] [JuJu] It's Big Ju the family favorite You should just place the name on your forehead and staple it I'm here y'all, I finally made it Then I can be really cool to talk to when I'm medicated One of the game's most underrated I'm makin a hit, then everybody wanna recreate it Every due that come through I paid it So now if you bite this, I'm leavin you decapitated Came to show you niggaz I got soul Me and the music man together bust out of control It's a feelin that's hard to hold Look, even if you pregnant it makes you wanna work that pole Now tell me y'all, what's really good? Cause everything I'm hearin on the radio is hillbilly hood It's evident that I clearly should put a fuckin foot up your ass to make the shit understood [Chorus] {"What's the matter trailer, can't you take a little heat?"}

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