

O.G. Style

"Power"

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[VERSE 1: The E]

I'm just sittin in the crib thinkin 'bout the pay-off
My nigga called and he just got laid off
Now he wants another j-o-b
Where you make a 1000 a day and Uncle Sam don't
see a penny, gee
He spent 21 months in the county
And on his head there's a muthafuckin bounty
Now he wants to be slick
Wants to pimp, sell dope and have bitches on his dick
Well, that's cool cause I'm that type
See I'm livin by the trigger, I'm a nigga but I'm game
tight
Took him with my boys on a roll, gee
To see the corners that I run and the cops that work for
me
A new nigga wanna jack
So I'm headin for his house to fuck him off and take my
money back
Don't try to play me like a sucker
My name's E, muthafucka, not Tommy Tucker
Hah, then I roll around the block
Just to check on an old spot to see if it's still hot
A cop hits the block with his flashes
Just to scare a muthafucka and count how many
dashes
Them niggas lookin at me sick, son
They wonder why a nigga didn't run
He's on my payroll
Me and my boys started laughin
At them niggas haulin ass and one looked like Action
Hoes lookin at me crazy
Knowin goddamn well a trick bitch can't fade me
Now my boy's lookin down and out
I wonder what the nigga's thinkin 'bout
He wants power, now he's rollin with another cat
A dope dealer turned smoker workin robbin where they
sellin wax
Now he's all about the gank trade
The nigga's robbin and stealin, he's sayin fuck it cause
he's gettin paid

Then he started thinkin bigger
Plannin on my downfall, but I figured he's a jealous
nigga
Go ahead with your plot, son
And get shot in your muthafuckin face with a shotgun
Easy come easy go, another duck
He was a friend but not no kin, I don't give a fuck
Trick niggas I devour
And the course of his downfall, he wanted power

[VERSE 2: The E]

Rollin with my boys on a late night
Feelin kinda sick from this bitch that couldn't cook right
Stopped and got a forty so I can cool the head
Heard a couple of shots to my left, the nigga's dead
So I'm sayin damn, them niggas got me fucked up
Made it to my truck, so I guess they're outta luck, Chuck
Fired a couple of shots, then somebody shot back
So I guess it's on, so I started bustin ass, black
Cappin muthafuckas left to right, niggas dyin
At the bus stop was this old bitch cryin
Shot her in the throat cause the bitch tried to key me
Shoulda had her muthafuckin ass watchin TV
Jumped in my ride, down the block I started speedin
Left in my trail was a bunch of punks bleedin
Headed for the house where we meet when it's trouble
Beeped all my boys so they'd get there on the double
Now I'm thinkin Boss so I guess we're havin big fun
Now I'm talkin tall cause I think I got a big gun
While I'm layin out the plan I hear sirens
There used to be a grin on my face, now I ain't smilin
A nigga's got a rep that he gotta keep
So full steam ahead with the plan, gee
As fast as they shoot we'll shoot back
And we'll see how many cops we can take, black
See, it's all about survival of the strong
It doesn't matter if you're right or in the fuckin wrong
If you wanna be the man on the tower
You gotta activate your mind, then comes the power

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