

# Oxygen

Bishop Lamont

The affiliates nigga  
Pay attention  
Aye Woogie

Mind your business kid  
Get stock your pictures and meet your rock fences  
Tryna hide from your senses  
Take a model, we allow interest  
In the crowd with the quickest kickin niggas in the  
ditches  
Cause we've got a center we could drop vicious  
The road less travel cause it's men to go without  
Wild rappers sound soft as Mickey Mouse wearing  
stretched pants  
So just the fans do a Disneyland dance  
The more flamboyant  
Blind but I run it with the clarity and vision so they  
call me clairvoyant  
Engineer for your sheer enjoyment  
The unseen, I make em come clean up off it  
Torture and torments  
We chase the revenge, might tantalize retirements  
Them scruntin out and terrorized, strong on specialized  
in severing lies  
Then send em off to Bishop Lamont to get baptized

They need oxygen  
The soft shit will suffocate the breath out the east  
and the west  
The north and the south, let's help em  
CPR, Cali professional rap stars - here we are  
Don't kill em Bishop  
Let me get em for you  
Hit with the energy to kill that beat  
Believe in short term memory, but steal the skill  
We keep burning and reveal the real, now get going

Rough like the skin around my neck  
Love it, whatever  
Nigga dirty like the bottom of my shoes rubber  
That's how I bounce raps over tracks, stacks over racks  
Plaques hanging over the cracks  
Nocturnals revenge, blood on the seringe  
Crowd control, I power steer em like the Benz  
Seats hugging like dykes while I'm meeting Mike and  
Ikes  
My stereo be bumpin like my stereotype  
Light burnin like the red flag warning  
Follow the backwood trail that lead you to the water  
Thirsty like niggas like me  
Cool like jeans shorts with my spizz, I do the right  
things  
Rugged like my brothers in Iraq  
Attacking my problems like a highjacker or a linebacker  
My fate got no fear factor  
I'm up late, putting in work, I wanna move faster

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The blackhearted angel with a gun and a halo  
Breathe til my energy seize and will I say so  
My city breed killers nigga you can observe  
That's why I really sound happy when I write these  
words  
I'm a product of the game, born into the cocaine era  
that spread over the nation like bad weather  
There's something in the air round here  
I can't even explain it  
God it even feels hot when it's rainin  
Niggas been gangbangin since Carter and Reagan  
Made millions, killed thousands, still ain't shit  
changing  
Tell my niggas Bishop hit em with that reformation  
Caltroit, chase infinite, that's elevation  
Surrounded by the essence of hate, we breathe light in  
the game  
So you can inhale life in your brain  
Surrounded by the devils and snakes who breathe light  
in the game  
Frontin, fill a couple shots in the frame  
Breathe.

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