

OJ

Jarren Benton

Don't fuck with that boy, don't play with that boy, he's out of his mind
24 hours 7 days of the week been out of my grind (PUT ME ON!)
So high in the sky, so bright like a diamond would shine (SHININ' HO!)
Fall up in the beat turned up with nothin' but the money on my mind
OJ, ride around the hood like OJ
Sippin on gin and OJ
Blow a whole O of that OJ
On the white girl like OJ
All my nigga locked up like OJ
Killin' everything like OJ
My clique sick, bitch, we ain't okay

Guess who's peepin' on your window
With an automatic laser gun aimin' at your temple
Word to my kin folk
Your ho blow a nigga like a fucked up game from an oldschool Nintendo
Bitch, I did sick since an embrio, yup ho I finna' blow
How the hell these body parts end up in this envelope
I had a couple meetings with Def Jam and Interscope
My hopes got shot down I thought that I was in the do'
Back to reality, now I'm on top like nigga fuck gravity
You mad at me I fill a gym sock up with batteries
I beat 'em in the fuckin' head, that's a fatality
Fuck you and a random whore by the name of Natalie
You niggas couldn't shake me, move me or rattle me
Baby, I'm an animal, you don't wanna battle me
I can dance with the devil inside of a ball room
Nigga, fuck all you, this is Funk Volume, pop a Valium
In a bathroom with a crack whore, and write about it on my brand new album
Niggas on powder, I ain't talkin' Talcum
Waitin' by the window with a gun like Malcolm
X, money, cars, whores, sex, blades, knives, pumps, techs

Trap boom with my trap bum
Turn the bread, this kinda scary
4 phones, 3 scales, two candy cribs, Mariah Carey
Like hold up, jog, motherfuck what these haters sayin'
Nigga, hold up, jog, money 'round the clock like I'm Flavor Flav
Niggas ain't hard enough to sell hard
They too soft to sell soft
Y'all pop the Molly, I sell the Molly, don't fuck with Pill like Rick Ross
That spread game so strapped, talk shit and I clap
Leave a nigga tongue by feet, and his lung by cheek
Man, I left a nigga abstract
Nigga talk drug but I made that bread
Talkin' they cake but I made that spread
Nigga talk shit bet he end up dead
When I see your bitch bet I get that head
Nigga kick shit, nigga fuck your goalie
When I strapped leave a nigga so whole
We'll crash your crib and we'll snatch your kids
Me and Jarren Benton so Kony

Killin' everything like OJ
Dick in the mouth like Colgate
I don't fuck with them boys, they so gay
Trigger down them whores, no way

PBR baby, fuck Rosay
I'm on a big geek like 4 days
Who the fuck scared of you
I bury you, we got the Theraflu
I told you niggas I ain't okay
Cheers to a New Year
Whores say he too weird
Chuck a whole can, fuck two beers
You ain't from the A, suck a nigga, just move here
Nigga fuck high, I'm nuclear
Act a fool here, so turned up, lock green and turn up
If it ain't about bread, it ain't concern us
When it's spring, summer time
I'm a fucker, get a five burn up