

OG

Kardinal Offishall

Mad something!
Oh Assassin, Kardinal a bad something
Search ya know!
Kingston!
I don't know 'bout ye
Man a real OG

When you the realest
You don't need to try to be relevant (OG!)
416 all we doin' is stick to the regiment! OG!
My Gosh
Money is talkin', de madem a try to be eloquent (OG!)
I'm friends with the hustlers and I give the daps to the reverend (OG!)
I told them to pray for the block and to pray for my brethren OG! (Pray for me!)
The ghetto is hungry, they robbin', shootin' and embezzlin' OG!
Wherever there's love I am home
Welcome to my residence (OG!)
They talkin' bout all that they doin', but where is the evidence? (OG!)
I do this for all of my kings that's living in tenements (OG!)
A moment of silence for haters
We offer remembrance (OG!)
I give you opportunity, you talkin' bout opulence OG!
You couldn't see what we doin' with Gucci binoculars

Tell me!
What a nigga know about me?
I get L-I-V-E
You don't want beef and you the king
And all you wanna do is just preach?!
Niggas want everything free, you can get this D-E -L-I-V-E-R-A-N -C-E
S to the T-R-A-I to the G
H-T still in HD, holla at me, OG!

OG! With no T-wop in my life my niggas is nothin'
The devil talkin' so loud, but we know he bluffin'
Youngsters don't provide info, yeah, we know nothin'
Tell me somethin'

Tell me somethin' OG!
OG! Tell me ye ain't heard about me!
TICKA TICKA Real OG
OG! Tell me ye ain't heard about me!
TICKA TICKA Real OG
OG! Tell me ye ain't heard about me!
TICKA TICKA Real OG
OG! Tell me ye ain't heard about me!
TICKA TICKA Real OG

Nowadays... you can see me drive slow
Through the west side (OG!)
Big up all da man upon road, I was born on di East Side (OG!)
Sum' o' dem pull bad, I don't really trust da police out here (OG!)
Speed bad, doin' 80 in a 50, goin' straight through Leaside (OG!)
808's in the trunk, slave to fashion with a chain on (OG!)
Kunta Kente, still have plenty, I'm you're neighbourhood Trayvon (OG!)
So many killed, don't have names, don't get reported on the TV (OG!)

So many illiterate, ignorant, that can't even spell LV (OG!)
You don't really know about me!
Trust we ain't from the same scenes
Trust we ain't' from the same genes
Trust we ain't inna dem tings
Nah, you ain't on my team!
Cause all of us are born kings
And Queens respect the crown when you see it
Some wanna be it
But got they eyes focused on a Beamer
Tryin' hard but I'm still a sinner
Oh God, OG!

OG! With no T-wop in my life my niggas is nothin'
The devil talkin' so loud, but we know he bluffin'
Youngsters don't provide info, yeah, we know nothin'
Tell me somethin'

Real OG manna real OG
Ya girlfriend said that I'm a D-O-G
Cold-breaded assassin call me Kobe
Operator to the ting I'm like a D-O-C
Fear no man it's only G-O-D
Real OG no real orgy
'Nuf of dem a talk 'bout OG
They don't know 'bout the gangsta C-O-D-E
Dat dem with a big man
Big papa soldier with
Big man thirty
We a G-major dem a g-minor
Me g-shocks put them in a big flat
Then G pon
Pulla envy
Or we up a inna club where we drop 10 Gs
Or a 100 Gs pon a new Benzi
Partna's like "OG" When dere girlfriend see it
OG no hse up in the front seat
Mission complete
Everybody dun speak!
OG!

Me do me research!
What I can't cuss?
Me do me research!