

1nce Again

O.C.

[Lil' Fame: "I'm still doin my thang!"] [Danze: "Go 'head"]
[Big L: "Once again the man's back"] ("O.C.")
("I'm still doin my thang!") ("Go 'head")
("And once again the man's back") ("O.C.")
("I'm still doin my thang!") ("Go 'head")
("O.C.") ("once again") ("I'm still doin my thang!")
("O.C.") ("I'm still doin my.. my.. my.. my.. my..")

[O.C.: over scratches]
Geah... never weak
Your future seems bleak
Yeah... yeah, check, yo

[O.C.]
The meak, the weak listen when the God speak
Deep control like "The Pelican Brief"
Deadlift minds they wanna know what foe, who a foe
Mathematics, O back at it
Most def, mo' pep in my step, doze slept
Now awoke I'm like smellin salts under your nose
I revive 'em, guide 'em, teach 'em, won't deny 'em
Many not built like I am
Flow with remarkable timin, run laps around beats
Break records, reps double checkin
Like Ra said it's sportable, microphones portable
For any immortal man source is not affordable
Quote the ledger like 9/11 be forever in your mind embedded
Leave it to me, I'll set it

[Chorus]
("My skills ill, and all of that above") ("rap technician, man listen")
("My skills ill, and all of that above") ("O.C.") ("rap technician")
("My skills ill, and all of that above")
("There's no doubt you're gonna pump this in your system")

[O.C.]
Yo, new thug anthem, this shit amped
in a way that a monkey react seein a panther
Roy Jones of rap, others can't stand it
Deliver K.O.'s with both hands do damage
Dome all swoll, I'll deflate it
Product of my old earth, if I don't agree I debate it
Opinions like assholes, we all got 'em
The infrared got 'em, O keep heads noddin
Lyrics like shotguns scatter buckshots
Once upon a time, occupied a dust spot
West coast call it sherm, East coast say embalmin fluid
This is menage-a music, whoa
Speakin in third person, one man version
Orchestrate thoughts like Gershwin
Still got fans on deck, still got die-hard niggaz thirstin

[Chorus]
("Ain't I fly? O.C.")

[O.C.]

My roots run deep through NY, truck through hoods like a semi
Do it cause I can't owe the man
Know your place, all I got is my word and namesake
Patient under God, walk around town megahard like
.. ain't no thang, never ran never will
Mouth crooked, aura straight Brooklyn
Raised in the bosom of God, please forgive me for my sins
One love to my niggaz behind bars
He's so nice, I heard it before
Bring your best rap dudes, bet I murder 'em all
Neglect the fact I ain't got plaques on the wall
Play a big part for you and your crew's downfall
Flow, cocked and ready to bust and blast off
This here lead dye shed pounds off balls
Tough talkin niggaz get a round of applause

("Bump this in your system")
("skills ill, and all of that above") ("O.C.")
("My skills ill...") ("O... O... O... O.C.C.")
("My skills ill")