

# 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..")

[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  
Orchestrated 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")