

Soul To Keep

O.C.

(Stop the car Brooklyn
Do somethin' to make me feel better
I'ma do somethin' to make you feel great)

It's like
Bon appetit y'all

Commonly known as O.C. to some of y'all
My peoples call me Mush or Mush
Say it with different twang, it means the same, nigga
The love of her life to your wife is Von Zipper
Shoot darts like cupid, leave em stuck on stupid
How I manoeuvre, leavin' 'em sayin' oohs and ahs
Your dream boat-type of man, I'm a god
A straight sin to a love-struck sucker involved
My niggas gimme pound, envious niggas they just nod
(I see everything) to observe is not the word
My style is reserved, address me as Sir Fly
Gone is the humble kid, I'm gunnin' for number one and shit
Brooklyn born and bred, reppin' my residence
I can't live with that, I'm reppin' NY
The rotten apple is a place where the strong reside
Some of the illest have died, puttin' them feelings aside
But on the live, yo, never seen my cousin Chuck
Words like cum like a bird suckin' me off
She tellin' me let her know at the moment I blow
I got sin in my veins, hope I don't burn up in flames
They say tigers never change they stripes, whoever said it was right
And I say love is life with larceny
Chicken pieces want to grease up with the darker me
Or maybe possibly rotatin' constantly
You mufuckas don't want no type of parts of me
It's Mush

I lay me down to sleep
And I pray to the Lord my soul to keep
Rubbin' on my rosary beads
That if there shouldn't be a dawn
That I rise and yawn
Then so be it
This is to my niggas, if I should die
Just make sure my wake gimme a 21 gun salute
Cock, aim and shoot

Yo, echoin' shots in your hallways
This is for gangsta niggas fittin' the MO
I'm reckon that my medicine will leave you stimmo
Just feel low, step in my world, there's nothin' to fear
Who claimin' they live, this is live right here
Walkin' with a slew foot and a bop
Speak sideways when I talk
Even when I'm not high my eyes are small
Not very short, yet I'm not so tall
But I got a big heart, big hands and some big-ass balls
I spray walls like a dog, markin' territories off
Every time I touch down in a city of yours
I mix and mingle with my boys, shootin' winks at the broads

Shootin' drinks to the players, keepin' in peace is all
With the fine rides with Wildlife niggas inside
Ahmed, Show, Bless, Flow, 'Nesse, Dre, Buck and PA
My nigga, the women catch a glimpse
As they focus they vision on these players and pimps
Who keep it gully? (That nigga Mush)
Who play it cool like Arthur Fonzarelli
Dippin' through my hood with no kind of worries
On the block drinkin' malt liquors and hard liquor
Puffin a spliff while the cars ride by pumpin' Jigga
I'm from B-R-double oh-k-l-Y-n
And if I wasn't, nigga, then why would I say I am?
I'm from the (slums) with the (bums) and the (rats) and the (guns)
Where the drugs get slung, dispose condoms with cum, one