Special

O.C.

Yo... aiyyo relax your mind and let your conscience be free
And get down with the sounds of this nigga O.C.
Walkin the streets, chicks hawkin me
You ask why? (Why?) That's how it ought to be
Draw your own conclusion, seperate the real from illusion
The fake one dealin with confusion
My kindred spirit will burn 'til, God douse my flame
'Til then, forever I'll reign
The level of my game is like, a smooth fadeaway jumpshot
by Jordan in the last few seconds
Crab niggaz hecklin, hopin I'll miss
It's all net when, ball fall through like swish
Embarassin to me, there's none other
Fine as, Donnie Brasco, my steez deep cover
Thoughts caress you, may God bless you
For all listenin ears comin from, truly yours
Somethin special

(special - wooooo) Yeah
I know it, I feel it, I see it, I know I'm
(special - wooooo) Uh-huh
I live it, I breathe it, I eat it, I know I'm
(special - wooooo) Word
I know it, I feel it, I see it, I know I'm
(special - wooooo)

Check, yo
Got a vendetta with myself, why I haven't had a had a million sold
Knowin what I spit made of gold
Life and 'dro spark it, move your ass
while the blunt flame illuminate the darkness
Smoke yellow, O-thello, thoughts flow mellow
Who the hell gon' tell O what I already know?
It's a thin line between fine wine and Ripple
Good wine you let it breathe in that glass of crystal
Take a sip, swish it in your gums for taste
The act itself, the ambience is what I embrace
All attention's on me, it's been a long time
Praise to God, one through nine, O is the dime
Over the hill? I'm far from it; you name it I done it
I been here before like Muhammad - check
Thoughts caress you, may God bless you
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Yeah... yo
It seems like a, mic was made so I can speak my piece
Or like a, defense lawyer who preparin his brief
Convince a jury not to convict, who he defendin for his freedom
Fake niggaz in my life, I don't need 'em
Ask around 'bout my stats at bat
I plant my feet, and point it, send it out of the park
The ball defy gravity, attached to yo' ass like a cavity
Thoughts blurry, mines got clarity
The world ain't, parallel to mines, go 'round
like a carousel ride, I got - nothin to hide
Hollywood even want in, your typecast characters I won't play 'em

Rules I refuse obeyin; stern like an oxen
Fight more bouts than a one-day session knockin out songs like Jack Johnson
F what the rest do, O got the record
And call like God answerin your prayers and affairs, I'm

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