

The Professional

O.C.

Uhh.. yeah, yo
Touch not, what not, say what one would
Aim is to move not back but frontwards
Go set eye upon the prize, more soul, also
("ladies and gentlemen") pleasure's all O's
Most know, some might not, find it irrelevant
Age with wisdom, speak with intelligence
Switch pitch up, let's see if hitters swing with it
Beat awkward, let's see how many people cling to it
Different design, comin forth mixtures like
exit cartel used in excess OD
O.C. bonded for life with this
I come through, niggaz whisper "He nice with his"
Been that, always, nothin changed but the game
Now a buck eighty-five, hype five-eight frame
Bumrush y'all ain't no retreat, it's a wrap now
It's a million muh'f**kers wantin to rap now
Some suck, others suc-ceed, some try hard
Most chance slim in the game to succeed
No sweat, found niche, now it's a done deal
Truth to be said, reachin heights unreal

("let it be known") ("it's the professional")
("you know my name") ("O.C.")

Back on the scene, seein things more clear
Regroup my thoughts with a gift and a prayer
Praisin me, fall through it, no acknowledge for the game
and the things in the past you brought to it
Writers committed felonies; sayin my name in vein
Cocksucker givin credit to lames
O.C. never fell short, fell victim
Fell off, or lost touch, nor tried to adjust
Trust me, put your bid in, I'm so driven
Fairwell to these other rap lames, good riddance
Who the FLUCK, WANT, WHAT? Bleek posed the question
Look in my eyes, see my expression
None adolescent, hardheads never learn shit
'til they ass get spanked and had a lesson
News at 11 top story
Ain't nann muh'f**ker out here got nuttin for me
Set pace flows on mark, once I sprint off the block
Heads start man I just can't stop
Even on an off day, still a mad freak
Think twice 'bout havin the nerve to 'proach me nucca
("Professional level" - Nas) ("lyricist")

("let it be known") ("you know my name")
("It's the professional") ("O.C.")
("let it be known") ("It's the professional")
("lyricist")

Yo... flesh of my flesh, you need not test
North, East, I'm really not impressed
He say, she say, cars, bigger baguettes
Just about played out muh'f**ker now what's next?
Gun talk, loud bark, nuttin but excess

Like the same bomb dropped every night by Flex
Give it a rest killer, your style all wet
All mushy like pussy after steamy hot sex
O.C. the truth, and so is my clique
No chi-chi mon apply when it come to this shit
You want faggot rap song, gotta look elsewhere
My gangsters insured like good health care
Believe me when I say it, take my word for it
Change gonna occur but I really can't call it
So off we go while this nigga O flow
And hold on, cause the driver of the mission is a pro

("let it be known") ("it's the best lyricist")
("you know my name") ("O.C.")
("Professional level" - Nas")
("let it be known") ("It's the professional")
("you know my name") ("O.C.")
("lyricist")
("lyricist")
("O.C.")