

Utmost

O.C.

Yo - I hold the keys to the fountain of youth
Plus keys to a double-R 4 point 6 dick
Still in the mix, still up to old tricks up in the club
Gettin twisted, throwin down shots of the poison
Poppin off bottles like boilers
V.I.P. reserved for the crew club on the spoilers
Massive respect we get, nuttin less
We hold power in the place when they see our face
We try to stay low pro' but it's im-possible
We look at ourselves as norm yet, others see a glow
Familiar faces - we live niggaz not players
Look cash in our pockets in layers like ballplayers
Naysayers hatin from the sideline, get a life
Shouldn't, be in the spot if your shit ain't tight
False advertisin ain't us, we stay risin
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I'm livin life to the utmost, y'know?
I wouldn't trade it in for nuttin else, knahmsayin?
I'm exactly who I am, no if's, no and's
"No can do" ain't in my vocabulary

I, set it in motion, voicebox locked in position
to do my thing, O.C. I run things
Youngest of my siblings, I'm God's gift to the opposite sex
Won't take no for an answer
I'm spoiled like that, your highness, one of New York's finest
And I'm not talkin about Jake, let's roleplay
I'm Diallo, 16 shots from my barrel
Plainclothes style, authentic street apparel
Slim figure, nickname Mush to my niggaz
When I'm in England call me Erick Von Sipper
Sippin on Don with Prince Andrew at the palace
He diggin my style with the chicks, I show prowess
When I'm in Denmark, I spark with the Duke
Run a train on the Duchess, let my nuts hang loose
My shine be devine, toes they gold too
Who's f**kin with O, y'all niggaz like juevo soup

See I - tote guns when I gotta stack funds
When them niggaz rap funds be, longer than the Mississippi River
Passion for the women, action's what I give 'em
What's my name.. nigga? Yo
What I spark in the dark, any type of remark
I bring forth from the side of my hand, make sure
When I spit gems it's no cracks, no flaws
Only crack I'd rather is a ass wearin a thong from
.. Miami to San Juan
to Rio, De Janeiro, to Spain and then some
Slummin degrees with chicks that I met from Belize
Sanjy, Angie, Rhonda, Big Tez, Charise
I'm not lyin y'all, it's the life I know
And if I lie my nose will grow
I'm not biased to the fact I went plat' over gold
Cause when in Rome that's a whole 'nother song
Gettin head on the Leanin Tower of Pisa from an Italian diva
Sippin fresh wine from crushed grapes

She greet a nigga like, royalty, with the utmost loyalty
Run a bubble bath, wash me and just spoil me