

Doolally

Ocean Wisdom

Doolally, you be acting doolally
Too pally pally with them loose scabbies
Newsflash, you man are too flashy
Who's dat? It's your new daddy
Oh my lordy, brudda's tryna stick me for my paper and my glory
But no, no, they roar me and applaud me
Certain man try stop me cause me flop inside the

Yo, lyric a day
Wizzy be writing a lyric a day
Some of my breddas on minimum wage
Some of their breddas are sniffing the K
People around me are fondling keys
People around me are telling me straight
If I was you and I had all the steeze
I wouldn't stop 'til I had all the cake
Cake, lyric a day
Wizzy be writing a lyric a day
If a ting want to see Widdy and Flame
They'll be sticking it in and she limping away
'Cause she give a brilliant brain
'Cause she know that her mans got a brilliant brain
And she loves when I spit at a ridiculous pace
On a stage and her clit and her tits and her face (Jokes doe)
Lyric a day
Wizzy be writing a lyric a day
All of my mandem are bringing the heat
All of your mandem are in a brigade
Wettest, sloppiest, bars that I've ever seen
When you spitting you dousing the flames
That's how my mandem are roaming the street
Never missing a beat like we in a parade
What's the meaning of life?
Mans pondering on the meaning of life
Man wanna tell me 'bout premium price when he's selling me something that's
not even nice
That's what we need to survive 'cause the selfish intention will lead you to
thrive
That's what you need to survive with chicken and rice and peas every night,
fam eat like
Lyric a day
Wizzy be writing a lyric a day
Mandem are shook with the hebegebies
What you gon' do when I spit in your face
Oh, you've got a zed of the grade
Usually moving 11 a day
New management and he turns it into something
If you send a complaint I'll be telling him straight

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A lot of rappers gassing like they got them lyrics coming
I hear their talking and talking but they ain't saying nothing
Flexing like they're heavy but really they ten a penny
My senate is extra messy so allow the unnecessary fraff
It's O Wizzy, Foreign Beggars let's give 'em a mixture
Fellas they getting twisted, we chilling but still get the pick of the litter
I'm living it up, feeling the love, these rappers is missing the picture
I sip at more than my fill, my bredrins still be swilling the mixer
Haha, I deliver like none other
I dumbfound these founded clowns with no cover
I'm so Satwa, sharmut, fuck your fatwā
You might as well assume the position and move it backwards
Let me work this ting, wheel up yeah that's a certain ting
Beggars in the mix, bigger than a mil, still on the mish, tryna hurt this ting
Manna merk this ting, certain man act like them in this ting
But I weren't listening, not interesting
Tryna work this, merk this CD, I'm still learning king

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Lyric a day
'Trop'll be dropping a lyric a day
Them man ain't got nothing but gimmicks, going on with their mimicking ways
See most of them live for the fame, I live on a different plain
I'll all about pushing the boundaries, while you stick to the same as if you
were sick in the brain
Brain, sick of the same, sick of the talk of the game
Sick of the picture they paint, they're sniffing the 'caine
They're flipping a brick and a chain, the triggers like click, click bang
And the innocent kids that they claim, the ignorant chick in the Range
If she wasn't stripping, the image of women can change
In the eyes of the kids that we raise, raise
In the hope that they live out their days
Trying to cope at a difficult age where even the youngers are swinging the blade, blade
That's another they stick in a cage, that's a mother that struggles in vein
A father or brother that's stricken with rage
It's a cycle that never gone break, 'til you're left in a medical state
I ain't pushing this spread and the hate cause that suffocate the breathe that we take
And I know that I'm meant to be great, my heads in the place
Seeking the juice that these breddas can't fake
Beggars and Ocean, ahead of the pack
When you something on a track you can never replace