

Artist: oc

Title: Soul to keep

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(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

[ VERSE 1: O.C. ]

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 aahs  
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, a-ddress 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 [Name]  
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 nevfer change they stripes, whoever said it was right  
And I say love is life with larceny  
Chicken pieces wanna 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

[ CHORUS ]

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  
(\*gunshots\*)

[ VERSE 2: O.C. ]

Yo, echain 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  
Everytime 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, [Name], Show, Bless, Flow, 'Nesse, Dre, Buck and PA  
My nigga [Name], 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 o)-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