

O.C., Far From Yours

Uhh, yeah, phenomenon, yeah
(Yvette) Ooooh, yeah, baby far from yours, ohh yeah
Verse One: O.C.

Yo, time is most limited I'm back on the scene
O replenishes, potency like four or five Guinneses
Hennessy's flourishing, O.C. is nourishing
Performin miracles, ill and mad lyrical
What stands before your very eyes is a
one man stand-alone phenomenon
Microphone misery you sufferin, taste my repertoire
in your face like a buck fifty, done with the razor
I'm felt by Aztecs, felt by Asians
Portuguese Lebanese and even Caucasians
Every form of power, they respect my stats
Slap me five, with former leader drink Cognac with diplomat
Retard your whole brigade, cave in your brain waves
(With subliminal messages) makin party people slaves
Ya hit reverse to rewind, and defy my cause
"One thing I do is keep em different, and far from yours"

Chorus One: Yvette Michelle

He's no average M.C., with a smile on his face
Though they'll try to bite his style, no one can duplicate
Verse Two: O.C.

I be the chosen one, beyond the Moet and Cristal
A son of King and a Queen, therefore ability
for song run in my genetics
I gave ideas to L. Ron Hubbard to write books on Dianetics
FedEx your info, if you wanna show the manager
Mr. Dave make sure give us a good payday too
I was assigned to Earth, on a mission
to spread worldwide my glorious compositions
Notes are like B sharps floatin
out of my mouth from start to finish til the song diminish
My lyrical energy bring out envy in most MC's
who listen to O, he didn't know me before
Then you know who I are now, bitin my style
That's a crime to be death with but we take it to trial
Verdict is in, the judge know my beef has cause
"One thing I do is keep em different, and far from yours"

Chorus Two: Yvette Michelle

He's no average MC, with a smile on his face
And though you try to bite his style, no one can duplicate
He can flow anywhere ya want, he can rhyme any time you say
And he's never ever ever too far, from tomorrow, today
Verse Three: O.C.

You may never find a MC well orchestrated like a symphony
Some'll go down in history, some in infamy
The infamy will be somewhat a mystery
As long as my name O.C. live on through infinity
My identity, will ring bells in all facilities
From fans to enemies I'm the antidote and remedy
I'ma philosophize, analyze, no question
If I die I'ma return like Jesus' resurrection
I'm a blessing to the rap game, my claim to fame is when
I disappear reappear, I put rappers to shame
Plain and simple, in common English, what I distinguish
the meanest lyric flamethrower your career's over
Finesse a mic Casanova, Don Juan or MC
The people need a change, this rap shit is deranged
Yo Raider, flip the fader, let em know my cause
"One thing I do is keep em different, and far from yours"
Chorus Two (Roc Raider cuts and scratches the "one thing" sample)
Chorus Two repeats
(Yvette) Never too far, never...

