

# Big Pooh, Dash's Interlude

(Intro)

Yeah

Hear that shit?

Yo!

Ready to let you know

It's your boy O-Dash man

You know what I'm saying?

Y'all motherfuckers better stop sleeping out here (Naw, don't do that)

You better wake the fuck up for real

Open your eyelids

Nicholay(sp?)

(Verse 1)

It's the League's Tracy McGrady

Faggots gonna hate me (huh)

Putting up MVP numbers

Spitting 12 months this summer

Eliminate

And watch cowards immitate how I demonstrate how words supposed to penetrate

Punks mad at O 'cause they can't get a date

Nigga wait

Give me a second to get it straight

Haters see me in pub, want my shit

See my rasta bitch-es and want my dick

That's a homo

That's why I don't deal with them no more

Bunch of Doctor Evils trying to steal a nigga mojo

Wanna say he got dough(uh huh)

Say he got flow

By the fifteenth I'm like 'Yo, where your dough go?'

A si, A si

In other words, you're so-so

Hate O for moving blocks of cocoa for dough, no?

Fast breaking a drop, fuck a T-O

Coach told me to shoot whenever in doubt

D's League got the components to be dissected

Game over turn your style so eclectic

Coming through beneath radars, undetected

20 bars of perfection to pay respected, nigga!