

Ed O.G., On Dogz

Bean large representing from Roxbury Mass
And I'd like to give a shout out {Alright go ahead}
Word, I'd like to shout out my man ED O.G., my man Big Shug {Ok}
And, um my man Big Rob checking that track
And all the other northeast playas holdin' it down
From Homeboat to OP {Alright yo}
Alright Big Daddy {*Laughter*}...Doing it big dog style

Yo...taking off
Uh uh uh uh uh ED O.G.
Uh uh uh uh uh ED O.G.
ED O.G

[Verse One]

Yo, if I'm a ride I'm a ride by high
Fuck your rules ain't shit we abide by
We live and die by, the same thing that you do
ED O.G rock a "hat and Fubu something to move to
Boston's finest skills remain timeless bullshit behind us
Run up in your crib like interior designers
Wearing black designers
As an MC you niggas act as rhymers
I'm an asshole with an afro
Who want to live in a castle with no hassle
Untill I die with my last ho
Leave you hanging like a tassel
Nobody want to get blasted yo
So let's get money and split half the dough
Nobody want to get blasted yo
So let's get money and split half the dough

[Chorus]

{On dogz} We all up in the struggle
{On dogz} Got to hustle to hustle
{On dogz} We going get at your girl
{On dogz} It's time to get at the world

[Verse Two]

Yo niggas, lines is old story short like Charles Dickens
Heres to kittens of Kentucky Fried Chickens
For my mini tactics, for different demographics
The fact is you niggas out of practice
I would check it if y'all made a good record
It's up to the hood to respect or reject it
And accept it, stay well connected
Style been perfected
If its hot it don't matter who direct it
And if I fuck up my whole team gets affected
Where I'm going only heaven or hell knows
Livin' in hell-holes
Niggas we used to stomp with shell-toe
Be up in the club trying to rub they elbows
Acting like they all up in the music
But I refuse it at any minute I'm a lose it
You can choose it if you want don't abuse it
Cuz' it's all about the lyrics and the music

[Chorus]

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{On dogz} We going get at your girl
{On dogz} It's time to get at the world

{On dogz} We bout' to bring it to y'all

{On dogz} We getting up where we fall
{On dogz} EDO's bout' to let y'all know
{On dogz} If we got to go then we got to go

[Verse Three]

Yo, I'm from a lively-hood
This rap thing be my lively-hood
Everybody want a ride cuz' they can't drive that good
You couldn't fade me like a (?)
Write my rhymes on wood and turn them shits into paper
In the face of all you haters
Because when it comes to Boston you couldn't find a greater player
Take your breath away and leave you winded
ED O.G. the only major on the independent
If it's worth fighting for then defend it
Y'all want to start we going end it
And have a ball when we spend it
It ain't benefiting me to spit on your shit for free
In the future I foresee
Put your little single out and spit your greatest rhyme
And can't get played on "Eighty-Eight Nine";
And smoked off the shit I wrote in Eighty-Nine
The industry done gave me mine, while y'all still knockin'
Niggas can't front they know I be rockin'
From this point on there'll be no stoppin'

[Chorus]

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