

Ed O.G., Right Now!

scratches

"Ladies and gentlemen"
"Never been seen before"
"Let's get down to the nitty gritty"

[Verse 1: Edo G]

I know what's missing from the game
I gotta listen to names
Too many young cats wishing for fame
Them young cats wishing for chains
I'm wishing for change
A new approach, a different exchange
The question remains
How to pressure the game
While we all dressing the same I'm blessed with the name - Edo G
How many times you let the tech blow?
Yelling and screaming up at Flex' show
You only on cause to get dough
No ?body? hold on tight and when to let go
So I'ma ride it til the wheels fall off it
Cause when I'm dead and gone they still gonna profit
Bring it back to the golden age, when we would run up on niggaz and
overthrow the stage
You young at heart, but know your age, while Edo G and Pete Rock just blow
the haze

[Chorus: Edo G] + *scratches*

Right now
"right now"
Right now, right now
"right now"
Right now
"right"
Right now
"Right now"
Right now
"Right now"
Right now
I'm talking bout now

"Getting to the point"

[Verse 2: Pete Rock]

Yo, I'm still doing this, relentless
First class music pa, non-resistant
Calm with the mic control, blast you rappers
Saying nothing in your records, y'all more like actors
I coincide with the real and state the factors
Pete Rock with this rap, before and after
Seen niggaz come and go, some chase the cheque
Seen niggaz on the street get hit with the tech
Seen niggaz lay they life down just for rep
Sometime I think back to when rap was rec
Time, for all my people to shine
Climb down on my vine, chop down, define
Quote that as my rhyme off the books and ledgers
Keep faith in my team and we do it together
It's Edo G, Pete Rock and we roast whatever
The time is right now, fuck past endeavors

[Chorus]

"Ladies and gentlemen"

[Verse 3: Edo G]

Yo, a-yo, my diction fits in with his friction
Spit non-fiction without contradiction mixed in
Cause Edo G got a sick pen that'll flick men
Out they jurisdiction when it kicks in
I'm bout to rain like monsoons upon goons
Immune to the pop tune cartoons
They repeat theyself, defeat theyself
But me I compete with self nigga
I tweak and critique every word I speak
So it leave a mystique like an antique
You and your mans weak, been ahead of it
Smack you with the mic give your ass a speech impediment
I do it for the betterment
Y'all chiropractor cats is only good for a settlement
You got beef? Settle it
I roll where the ghetto went
Edo G, credit it
C'mon

[Chorus]

[Edo G - speaking]

Edo G, Pete Rock, haha
2005 stupid