Ed O.G., Sayin' Somethin'

Yeah yeah, Ed O.G.
Two-thousand, Primo
Yeah, niggaz claim they runnin this house
they just runnin they mouth
You ain't sayin nuttin

(Verse One)
Yo..
If the opportunity was to present itself
I might just have to go and reinvent myself
Hook up a chick and advance, don't stick whenever the chance
Sometimes I hit, most the time my dick in my pants
It's on dogs, put your life on pause/paws
Get heads wrapped up in bras and drawers, fightin a lost cause
We break laws, give gauze when we break jaws
Findin flaws in stars and keep the even with the odds
In head-nods, from Spanish red-head broads
And stay Trump tight, with the cards
Went from a meter to a yard, livin my life scarred
Cause every minority grow up hard
Blow up hard, illin get you banned and barred
Soon as you start sleepin catchin you off guard
The very thing, is a 'Bury thing
Either everything is workin, or you workin for everything

(Chorus: DJ Premier scratches)
"Boston niggaz don't play.."□".. live and direct son"
"The crew is sayin somethin.."□".. you know the deal"

(Verse Two)
Will them dogs that smoke blunts witchu, throw a punch witchu
or hold it down when you down and the mutts hitchu?
We all got tools -- I hate tellin good people bad news
Everybody livin by they own rules
Niggaz make me so sick I get nauseous
When I'm in the streets I always remain cautious
You can get rolled up, like a ounce in some Garcias
Compare my accomplishments, to my losses
Everybody wanna wonder what the winner does
On my worst day now, it was better than it was
Cause money kept, is twice as good as money burned
And money won, is twice as sweet as money earned
Will there ever come a time, when the cryin ends?
Cause death is just a moment when the dyin ends
The very thing, is a 'Bury thing
Either everything is workin, or you workin for everything

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)
Alcohol and weed is my vices
to see my daughter smile is priceless
I leave the nicest lifeless
Return like Christ in a crisis
Take this +American Pie+, and distribute out slices
Like enterprisers, who take it to the wire
And shine so bright, niggas need a sun visor
MC's search the seven seas and wind up fishin
There's little to no competition
when I appear like an abberition
Your repitition, kept you in the same tradition, same position
Same ol' rapper, same ol' mission, the game won't listen
We got two thousand new ways, to shine and glisten
Ed O.G. is to rap, what Pedro is to pitchin

Nowadays if you dissin, you could wind up missin
But if you ain't under God, you goin under hard
And we gon' be the main event and y'all are undercard
The very thing, is a 'Bury thing
Either everything is workin, or you workin for everything

(Chorus)