Juelz Santana, Okay, Okay

[Verse]

I make music I consider a challenge

Like this here, reminds me of Gilligan's Island

And that reminds of Harlem, where my niggaz is whylin

The only borough that was built on an island, woah

You fucks probably ain't know, if they cut off the bridges

We'd be stuck, forced to live on the Island

But we gangstas, riders, 9/11 survivors

Niggaz still want beef than holla

You think you bout it, get your piece and holla

Squeze the piece when I think it's problems, do you follow?

A young Muhammad Atta, no plane lessons, cocaine lessons, just a plot of towers

Before they crashed and divided the towers

I'm hurtin' working hard to reprovide the towers, like

Bring 'em back up, lift 'em back up

Niggaz back up, or lift us back up

[Chorus: x2]

Okay, okay, okay

Okay, okay, okay Okay, okay, okay

Y'all can't fuck with me, okay

[Verse]

Now let me hear you say, OKAY

It's Santana the great again, tie him up, bandana his face again

I tried to tell 'em it's no escaping the basics

And no escaping the hatred and no escaping the matrix man

Only Neo is me, no Cleo can see my future, if she did I'd shoot her

They tried to say the mission was impossible

Lcame through, crew did it, got it poppin' too

Two bitches on my side both prostitutes

Gray smoke, mobster's suit, yeah they get it poppin' too

I get my ace holes chopped in two, dimes, quarters, rocks in two

The fiends cop it too

Yeah, look at 'em rockin' two, rockin' boat, Rock n' Jock

Stop and plot, hot a BLDAT

Fucka, this nigga gotta stop, out of sight, out of mind

He gotta go, he out of line

[Chorus: x2]

Okay, okay, okay

Okay, Okay, Okay

Okay, Okay, Okay

Y'all can't fuck with me. OKAY