

O.G.C., Suspect N

(Starang Wondah)

Yo it's that real nigga shit
That make the real niggas get
Buckwild, jumpin out they whips
So I been Fresh like the Prince ever since grade 6
Can't turn back, I ain't been the same since
You know how bitch niggas in the industry
Pretend to be a friend of me
In the long run, becomin enemies
R.I.P. Wet Capone, who got jooked up
Looked up, my nigga had mound, this be he hooked up
Got niggas out on the Av., they all shook up
Me and Henny think this O.G.C. is booked up
Fuck your wack sound, say the word, get backed down
Got my nigga Henny mad, yellin in the background (fuck them niggas)
They better ask someone
Because paranoia got me ready to blast someone
Yo ass get down, Starang say blast them son
Yell out, M.F.C., and here they come wit massive guns

(Louieville Sluggah)

Aiyo some chick asked her home girl "Who is he?"
She said "You don't know Henny, V-I-Double L-E
That's that nigga that's full blowned just like a celly
Bill real nigga shit, tell ya how the hell he feel"
G.C. til the day I D, all night but it up, M.F.C. for life
Niggas I looked up to, turned out to be Suspect alarmin
Grab ya kids, niggas is Barney
Yo they able gettin money, they laughin, but ain't funny
They gonna stay hungry, cuz our days gettin sunny
Aiyo I put it down, for my people knocked down and locked down
G.C.'s can't be kept down, we keep on, till the sound is full blown
Pops, I'mma see ya when you finally hit home

(Starang Wondah)

Yo, who hit Starang Wondah, Relation and Stevie
Hennyville, guns buck to M-O-B-B
Should ya work hard, to us comes easy
Don't want beef here, no prob come see me

(Top Dog Big Kahuna)

Straight flashback, clearin ya field, lookin for cash back
That's fucked up, you was in debt, know you done lucked out
You bugged out, take up this year and get the fuck out
My amaze, rollin that green weed up in my leaf
I'm not havin that, just replace wit the black
Check Judo or Knitty, or June for the 50 cent
Look at that, my niggas wanna be where the hookers at
So where we at? Bucktown muthafuckas
Who are we? M.F.C., bitch niggas
We hold it down, hold it down, hold it down

(Buckshot)

Let's take a walk through Park slow, not what you eat
But we practice the art of chokin these streets of Brook-LAN
Is similar to Vietnam, so be it to bomb
We never calm especially when we get illegally searched
Stereotype, you know they from Brooklyn, so they bound to fight
That's right, what, ya niggas ain't shit
Cock back the double barrel and spit seed
Buck never quit, I walk the streets wit a bunch of O.G.'s, who know me
Pass that nickel bag nigga from 93
Buckshot, that nigga wit the red dot, pointin at ya knot
Cock quick, nigga watch this

(Havoc)

I heard your sayin, purposely spillin the beans
On the street, rockin paper, now you playin the greens
Khak's sacky, don't wanna get the fuck out bad
Know the sim whilin on the street is all in ya fad
Twenty stitches, collect call stressin mad bitches
Got you in the home or house of snitches
Dick thatta dug you, only hit for Mom on the humble
Four building, what 'em crumble
I hate these muthafuckas, got the heat in the stash
Just prepare, shit ready to cock
Did he wobble in and watch roll eyes
Number one fan, to po nine
Talk behind my back, come quick to blow minds
I'm quick to blow strike wit the gold nine
Ask my mother, God bless, that was quick, to hold mine

(Starang Wondah)

I wet my man, Big Hav from the M-O-B-B
Hennyville, Buckshot my man D-O-G
Should ya work hard, for us comes easy
Ya want beef, no prob come see me
O.G.C., Mobb Deep, Brownsville and QB
Pocket change, mack alone the whole M.F.C.
Bob Marley spliff, crack open the hennecy
You want beef here, no prob come see we