

# 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 booked 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 blownd 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