opm, Trucha

Masked with nylon with a can of krylon while on point see you through the walls we write on ride strong with a crew whos considered sly cons high on this rush provided my wrong cops try to put a stop to my art and hip hop but they knock what we rock we got the streets locked juras dont mix with pinturas catch us slipin and try shoots us were looters of virgin walls the no gutters writers reign supreme on the street art scene my team goes by the OPM kings rings and tight cliques we mix to snipe hits and be the uppest thats the main thing catch graffitlwreck on my city set my committee gets respect well known with a gritty rep who step to the bomb yard with a fat tip tryin to get a name in this world and thats it

[chorus]