

Yo it's the Ox in the flesh, of course I'm fresh
Yes, I'm livin for the funk like I was Lord Finesse
Last night I screamed till I lost my voice I guess
Had a few things left to get up off of my chest
Like I'm, facing the fact that I'm not, what my mom wanted
Only gold plaque that I got, had the Qu'Ran on it
I flipped your eviction notice over, wrote a song on it
Like to hear it, here it go, light your spirit, clear your soul
If I would've known that tonight was Ladie's Night
I would've stopped and swabbed my balls with the baby whipe
In the van, Hold your sorry little life in my hand
Watch me toss it in the sky and swing right for the stands
Battling me is like trying to ride your bike in the sand
I'ma eat one more helping, then I'm, whipping my hands
And you frustrated rappers, must hate the fact
That I walk in first class, have so much ladies gaspin for breath
Tryin to catch me, with the ass and the chest
I ain't tryin to be rude lady, I'm just passin a test
Got enough hustle and stress, with one woman cashing my cheques
I'll take the compliment and pass on the sex

We like

Brother Brother Brother, how ya making 'em get down
Come, straight to your town, vibrating the ground
Keep the people out there scared, of making a sound
Thats our policy, we step out there on Star Quality
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