

## Witch Doctor "The Ancient Sahore"

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(lady talking)

No matter how advanced medical technology becomes  
many people still believe in the ancient healing arts

\*fades out\*

Verse 1:

I had a dream I came up on a key

Busted it down, nic'ed it all up and brought back forty

G'z

We put a big trap on the map

Talkin' in code in case "twelve" got the phones tapped

We got down wit niggas wit all types of skills

From gun runnin', cookin' dope, stolen wheels

That cheese was comin' in wit a grin

We all up in the club, straight to spend

And 'bout a hundred sippin' Mo'

Didn't know that cooked swine tasted that same but just  
cost more dollars

Let my nigga's ride my Impala

Let's see if these hoes gone choose me

Without thinkin about dollars

Had a dream them keys cost a half a mil.

Moved away, found a bitch and a crib

Now I feel like God, talkin like a man whose face had  
the scar

Ugh, We all know who you are

If I only had twelve dollars i'd still feel like a star

I tried to stay up in my bankin', listen close to this  
dream

Dont run off and smoke no dank-in

I dont use cocaine but in this dream I was totin'

Got ta' scrappin' at the club and went ta' shootin'

Blood runnin down my nose, caught that nigga who  
swung on me

Pointed my gun and he froze, He said: (it wasnt me, it  
wasnt me!!!)

Ugh, It was you, pulled the trigger he was through

(chorus)

Sahore, Sahore Sahore, Feel the doctor cure-ure-ure

(Feel the doctor cure)

Sahore, Sahore, Sahore, Fell the doctor cure-ure-ure-

ure-ure-ure-ure

Verse 2:

Months later got rid of that bitch  
But she wasn't no crook, got rid of her cause she  
couldn't fuckin cook  
I'm from the south so you know I cuss a hoe out  
I had to tell another hoe to straight roll out  
My outlook on female burned that summer  
Thought every bitch was a hoe but my momma  
The dope game got strange within seconds  
And as the third day, done ran off wit my other  
package  
I gotta do him when I see him,  
Aint gone ask no questions, just gone draw out and  
bust it  
And wit this sixteen shot Baretta  
Wit my initials E.J. ingraved in big ol' muthafuckin  
letters  
Learn, you can have money and not be at peace wit yo'  
self  
Now-a-dayz you gotta watch every muthafuckin' step  
Every move is costly, see in this drug game any  
muthafucka out here can croos  
me  
I told myself I gotta retire wit this eighty G stash  
But I had a lust for makin' cash  
A lil bit more then what I need, I think they call that shit  
greed, as I  
proceed  
I'm southern po' nigga, but in this dream I was a fiend  
for cash  
Fancy clothes had my ass  
Was my own clan gittin' shady? Buckets, Team , Buffy,  
do they wanna stuff me?  
Livin' wit a gun, never livin' at ease, almost everybody  
'round that street  
sleez  
You lucky if u make it out alive  
Ask that nigga that been robbed before and didn't die  
And that dream about them key, the police one day  
gone hollar freeze

(chorus)

Straight from the southwest S.W.A.T.s  
Y'all niggas dont know what's in these, yeah  
Collage, Collage Park, E-Pat  
Like dis here, yeah (ahhh)  
We gone do dis here like dis here wit it, yeah

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