

D.I.T.C.**"Themes Dreams And Schemes"**

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featuring A.G. O.C. Ghetto Dwellas

[O.C.]

Even if the Chosen One's frozen inside ice

I still rise like the spirit of Christ it's all right

I'm a let you niggas know I'm still nice

With this voicebox made of gold larynx priceless

What the fuck y'all niggas thought?

I done seen niggas sold and bought for what my
ancestors fought

Was taught to drop Jewelz (Word life!)

You will respect mines or else feel the fragments of
gunshot shells

I will rock well for the rest of my days on this God-
forsaken planet

Splitting niggas wigs like I'm slamming 'em on granite

Niggas can't manage whether Jamacian, Hatian

Dominican, white, or Spanish

Fuck all that freestyle shit, I think shit out

If it's coming from the top, make sense of what you're
talking about

[A.G.]

The E&J got me wetter than a nigga hit with a nine
Beretta

Your rhymes is dope, but mines is better

Let us divide this cheddar, O.C. and us three

Tighter than niggas that did time together

It's only right we shine together

I'm a rhyme forever, while you the worst

I see it now: I'll be an old cat with a fat verse

Unless these streets get me first, want a few mil

But y'all can never give me what I'm worth, we got the
flavas

I'm whipping honey shit, the cherry Blazer, my pen is
real

You feel the blood touch the paper, cause now I know it

And I'm a blow it like I knew it for years

Like my peers through childhood

Was a wild hood, did anything a broke black child
could

Even robbing and stealing, but that's not foul, that's the
hood

Even money knew it when he cracked a smile and
passed the goods

Ayo the theme is to stay sick and have 'em fiend

The dream is to make hits and stack cream

The scheme is to get that cash for new trucks

Ass at the bar for us to scoop up

The beam, infrared on you, beamed up

Come out the club, spill bub and scream "What?"

D.I.T.C. and G.D. teamed up

Bases loaded, the place exploded, we cleaned up

[D-Flow]

Ayo I touch pistol, shine like crushed crystal

Fuck what I sift through, insane in your membrane

These cuffs I slip through, when I bust, trust I won't miss you

A killer like Kam, I send your whole fam with you

Addicted to Dro, sipping on Mo

Tell you if you didn't know, G.D. be ripping the globe

Whipping the Range Rove, dough will never change Flow

If you lyrical I'll cripple you, that's how the game go

Get the fuck out of here with your plain hoe and small chips

We all rich, only players score more than six

Gorgeous chicks, quarter licks, blow a pound before we started

It was more than this, hold it down

Keep my head up, for ignorant niggas around me

Front on my fam, son, better dose is what you tell me

I keep it tight, you weak when you write

And get beat, you light player

It's the flavor I save for your neighbor

My niggas died for this money and I'm a try for this

Gotta cock the six, spit shots, shit, and drop hits

We be the Bronx's finest, honeys got to rewind this

G.D. and D.I. shit, now change the topic

[Party Arty]

Yo fuck a Bently, I push a Benzi 500

Like the Indy, got too many Benjis to be stingy

Skin complexion of a penny, skip the Henny

Hit the Remi, spit the semi-automatic at anyone that static

It's Party Arty, cardy with premium

Trust me, for us three, I bust three

Triple teaming 'em, Show & A.G. and 'em

Without a doubt G.D. and 'em

Bout it, bout it like Master P and 'em

It's the machette swinger, I got plans to fuck every singer

I already bring the ruck like Jerry Springer

Bless it, for refreshment, I'm a senior

Felony charges, y'all niggas is misdomeanor

Like when I first shot the milli, or when I first copped the philly

Ace Buchanan, a.k.a. Poppa Willy

Flows knock you silly, rock above you when it's chilly

Show love when the hoes jock to grill me, fill me

The rasta in me make me wanna kick shit like I was socked silly

I'm not the Willy to fuck with

Cocked the milli on some rough shit, you want it, it's yours

Get lost, cause y'all cats don't want to brawl with the big dogs

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