

Doap Nixon "Get Dirty"

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[Intro: Reef]

Whadup Doap?

We here now, fuckin' onionheads

Fuckin' smash ya grandma with a vase

I'll kick that bitch down a flight of steps

I'm tryna talk shit like you Doap

Yeah, AOTP, Lost Cauze, Doap Nix

I don't know if I was supposed to start rhymin' soon as
the shit drop?

We gon' try it like this

[Reef the Lost Cauze:]

Yo, let's get dirty like a thug hammerin' that buss

Like the sand and the dust, like raw blood on animal
tusk

Niggas think they sweets till they strangled and
slumped

Real niggas don't fold, I neva ran with no chumps

They demandin' from us, dunn we need to go check
that

Bring hell to any mothafucka who don't respect that

Their hands is vicious, right cross connect that

Try me and my fam, you stand where you left at

West P, till the death where I rep at

Youngaz is bangin' and sellin' crack where you rest at

This a death trap, but it's how we survive

Neva take my kindness for weakness, it's highly unwise

I show love to people who took advantage

Look me in my face and lie, now you gotta face the
hammer

It's dead in ya face, I put 'em dead in his place

I'll leave 'em dead and disgrace

Cause what he said outta his face

Talk shit, best believe we won't repeat that

It's Doap Nix and Lost Cauze

Sour Diesel, where the weed at?

Talk shit, best believe we won't repeat that

It's Doap Nix and Lost Cauze

Sour Diesel, where the weed at?

[Hook x2: Reef (Doap)]

Let's get dirty niggas

(From the block to the stage)
Let's get dirty niggas
(From the glock to the guage)
Let's get dirty niggas
(From the corners that pitch)
(To the kids out the 'burbs lovin' life cause they rich)

[Demoz:]

Ayo, keep a nine on you and watch niggas that learn
off you
Keep ya mind open cause mothafuckaz will turn on you
It's funny how I put my words together
I burn the track like Nascar that's how I earn my
cheddar
You earn plaques off a simple raps
Look I can't go commercial I done been thru scraps
Try turn on me, neva see me talkin' to rats
If it's my turn to burn I'll think the coffin is wack
Put an urn on me, keep my name outta ya mouth
If ya man a bitch keep his date outta my house
Cause I'll turn on you
Look my flow been past you, neva try to test me
I'm so ready, nigga ask whoeva
And my hood's shady, still bars couldn't save me
Born crazy, I was torn as a baby
My pops left me, so my postbox empty
Box lefty, right hand glock empty
Do not tempt me

[Hook x2: Reef (Doap)]

[Doap Nixon:]

Blocka! Hit 'em up, give it up
And everything in the crib, we bout to split up
The break is over for the glarin' spittin'
The hood needs me, niggas bout to handle they
bizness
And the streets want Nixon to break jaws
For that change, I'm a give more bars then the state
charge
Still smack niggas for eight bars
Got vets in the game, tellin' me it's bout time that I take
charge
So suck it up, or see the butt of the ratchet
Helly Hansen and Gore-Tex tucked under the jacket
I'm a made men and I'm not from SP
But I still drag ya ass 50 miles on a Jet-ski
Nickname Nicko Pesci, been around killers
Spendin' their days gettin' pickled off wet leaves
So show love or show ya pistol
You went out like a puss'

So I'm a cock it back then kiss you
And Reef knows right where to put you
Somewhere out in South Philly
What's I'll ain't nobody gon' miss you
Yo it's QD and AOTP
Add D O A P and Reef the nigga that spells beef

[Hook x2: Reef (Doap)]

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