

Doap Nixon "Tis The Season"

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[Doap Nixon:]

Most of you rapper are lame, this game's pussy
And I'm off my twist so don't push me
I think it's time to get knee-deep in this conflict
So sit when a dawg spit or live where Saddam is
Don't make me plant this foot right in ya ass fucka
And make you clean it off like we ate at The Last
Supper
From being known to QB, more realer then Kool G
European joint with two speeds
The times betta then Breitling
I stack off the strip money
Splurge all the change from writin'
I stay in the day cause tomorrow seems frightenin'
Got two nieces, one smart, other one dykin'
My lil nephew gotta hands, so now he writin'
My lil cousin tryna spit, so now he bitin'
Uh, ain't bout shit, cause we keepin' it street
Lead will stick to ya rib, tis the season to eat

[Hook x2: Good Money]

Tis the season, the season, all four seasons
Hear Nature callin', Doap got 'em leanin'
Paper all the time, Good Money what they screamin'
It's real till we fall, then we leavin'

[Nature:]

Ayo, guns in the Pacifica, choppin' another witness up
Scared of the whole Police force
Rush it up to Commissioner
Lieutenant's in the white shirt
Perpetrators all black
Six foot one, white Tees and New York hats
Smokin' on the best kush, tucked in the yuck
Old end, 08, in the hood show face
In the hood, home base, overcrowded, no space
Every murder, cold case, where we learned to coke
paste
Play rap on a cassette then, just to get a rep then
Just to get a rep now, runnin' with ya head down
Shootin' at the crowd, pregnant ladies tryna get down
Stories in the hood, newspapers neva print out

Go lay ya life, you neva know how it's gon' end out
And keep a nine for whenever you in doubt
Cause it's the season that I sucka dudes
Fuck a dudes, flyin' on me, you've just become food

[Hook x2: Good Money]

[Doap Nixon:]

Yo, if I spit about bricks would you receive me?
So if I told you a secrete would you believe me?
I'm the hottest in this game by far

[Good Money:] (Plus ya lil brother here dawg breakin'
'em off)

So let's take 'em to the next level

[Good Money:] (Ice, tech, bezel)

Bread stretch long enuff to change the weather
When it's cold in the city, we out in Apucarana
With the red umbrellas and the Piñ±a coladas
Dawg my bars mad warm

(Good Money: And I'm just makin' it hotter)

[Both:] (They go to jail or get saved, or they take their
Shahada)

Yo, I need that hard body villa out Palm Beach
You know bout to eat when ya victim's in arm reach
Palm Suites, room floors with the hot tubs
And we all break bread cause niggas got love
I'm bout that change nigga, tis the season
As long as I'm breathin' G-Money is eatin'

[Hook x2: Good Money]

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