

F.r. David

"Dot Vs. TMR"

Visit "[Dot Vs. TMR](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: D-Dot and The Madd Rapper

Alright, Fears
Goes Out To My Brooklyn Niggaz
Dis how we do yo
For Da Bitches
D-Dot Vs. The Mass Rapper
I Love The Bitches

Verse 1: d-dot

Yo, can i get a whut whut...like jigga
Crazy cat
Dem fly niggaz, puff wit my niggaz
Went from a low income, to high figgaz
Poppa die now, cuz i supply niggaz
Yo...it ain't my fault...it ain't my fault
I got caught, top of new york, like the war report
To the streets: thank you for your support

Verse 2: the madd rapper

Yo yo yo
I'm known to be the maddest, in the mc field
No respect in 9-8, in 9-9 its real
Got a big record deal, shippin' platinum plus
Hip hopperz and chart topperz, that be us
No more laughin' at us, no more back of the bus
Gettin' hed in the wip, high on crack and the dust
Too hard
My soldierz, locked down in da ??penz??
Yo dat brooklyn bullshit, we on it again
Come on

Hook: Scratched
Who Da Fuck Are You
D-Dot
The Madd Rapper
I've Been Conversing With The Madd Rapper
(2x)

Verse 3: d-dot

Uh uh, see i'm a rich cat, mansion and da yaught,
Dancin' in da hot spot, brancin' burnin' hot
I gotta 9v12 parked in the lot
Drop, shut 'em down, open up shop

Verse 4: madd rapper

Yo, if a bar were a hundred dollarz, baby gimme some
mo
If the pussy is all dried up, baby gimme some mo
Four o'clock in the mornin', you hear a knock at da door
Madd rappers fuckin' your daughter, in the backseat of
the 4

Verse 5: d-dot

Where my doggz at, matter of a fact where my broadz
at
A little nigga, but all dat
Catch me at da hot spots, i dot, ice rocks
Bounce wit a bad bitch, twist her back in tight nots

Verse 6: madd rapper

So ya'll niggaz don't wanna play my records ha
Ya'll actin like my shit ain't as hard as john blaze ha
Fuckin' put me in yo magazine ha
Bitches don't wanna give me my propz ha
Well fuck you ha

Hook:

Verse 7: d-dot

Yo, dey wann sip mo(et) on my livin' room floor
Jackin' my car keys and rippin' my range ro(ver)
Backstage passes, and broads wit big asses
Hed wit crystal and champagne glasses

Verse 8: madd rapper

Uh uh, i know you heard me on your radio
True
And you know i stole your stereo
Ooh
Times is hard, can't find a job
Got wit 50 cent yo, showed ya'll cats how to rob

Verse 9: d-dot

Yo, you don't wanna play around, you don't wanna play
around
For 50 chips, i'll lay it down
Pop number ones, and pop from my guns
Stacks for my daughters, and nots for my sons

Verse 10: madd rapper

Ay-yo hi my name is, whut my name is
And i walk around wit a stainless
Stay wit b-boy, i fly wit birds that are brainless
And one hit record, son i'm about to be famous

Hook:

Visit [F.r. David](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.