

## Forsaken

### "Dolla"

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(feat. Styles Of Beyond)

[Mike:]

Yeah, like that Y'all  
Uh huh, whoo, like that  
Fort Minor, S.O.B.  
Yeah, like this, listen

Attention please, I only need a second  
To make a mental impression directly on any record so  
Give me space to move, room to prove I'm stupid with  
the P's and Q's  
Ladies and gentlemen I'm sending you bending  
Pretending the pen is a needle, I'm injecting the venom  
And I'll be damned if I let another man get to me  
I'll bruise you with a shoe to the family jewelry  
I'm back with fury, attack quickly  
Sick with a BIC pen, all up in your shit man  
You never knew the flow was sick as this  
Bitch, listen when I'm letting you know  
Got a grip on these tracks that you wish you got  
Got a clique full of assholes, I kid you not  
So when that mixtape's done and that album drops  
Ryu and Tak and me got it loaded and locked, believe  
it

[Ryu:]

You still breathing? I'm cocking and squeezing  
Tucked still? Nope, I don't give a fuck who sees it  
Broad days sitting sideways, stuffed in a small cave  
For three fucking weeks 'til you reek like dog waste  
Ugh, really, I put a punk in his place  
Let's see if he freestyles with a pump in his face  
Got something to say? Please, better keep it a secret  
The streets got hideous ways of handling beef, bitch  
So eat shit, hate it or love it, the underdogs on top  
Getting faded telling people to suck it  
Bucking 'em down for real while you fucking around  
I'm stuck in the house for months tryin to sharpen my  
skills  
So how does it feel? You lames want to claim my throne

You got a better chance getting Danny Hayes on the phone  
Good luck, I flame suckers 'til they're black and crispy  
Sneaking heat up in the club like a flask of whisky

[Tak:]

Yeah, I'm here to crack the roof in  
You got a nice watch but your raps are useless  
You better cut the crap 'fore i snap some nooses  
And leave you all snoozing' on some afternoon shit  
I hit the streets with a cake and batter for fun  
Just to spit bleach in his face  
It's lunchtime punk, open the face  
Hit you with a punchline 'til you choke on your teeth  
Catch me at the show rockin' in that tipsy mode  
Like Angels and Demons unlocking DaVinci's Code  
One drop in the cannister, people split the globe  
Blowing every planet to shit once I hit the road  
You in the tight bitch, cut you with apathy  
I'm on the night shift see I hustle like cassidy  
So kick that shit sound and let the west coast see  
One of the illest names, Ribkat from S.O.B.

[Green Lantern:]

That's right, Fort Minor  
We Major, Mike Shinoda, S.O.B.  
Heavy Guard, Machine Shop, Linkin Park  
You know, man, this is an...

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