

Inner City

"Doe in Advance"

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Original bladhead Crooklynite, rudeboy instructor
I came back to lay down law, motherfucker
I'll crush you, because you appear to be a sucker
One more false move, I'll grab my toast and I'll bust ya
And you, stop talking shit and pass the L
Got mad clientel, real niggas know me well
Other rappers go on tour and stay in their hotels
Me and my boys, we're as true as they come, son
We come from some ill life experience and take rap
serious
I'm curious about the fakers and the frauds
About the silly-ass broad and about all the bullshit
going on
So when I step into the club I come hardcore
Rip the mic to shreds plus skunk before encore
And after that I just max (max)
Like Max Julien I'm the authentic Mack
So just relax, and keep the cuts like a lance
We gots no worries, we get the dough in advance

Got to get the dough, got to run the show (Repeat 4x)

Watch me, I got the bitch chumps on the spot, G
And when I rock these fly honeys want to jock me
So copy this one son, you fucking biter
Shut the hell up, you're damn right I don't like ya
I'll spit on your style, shit on your crew with a smile
Fucks no, you ain't wild, we've been in your file
You fantasy ruffneck, go bluff with your tec
But you'd better show respect or blood will drip like
sweat
Check yourself because now there's doo doo in your
pants
I enhance the dance and get the loot in advance

Got to get the dough, got to run the show (Repeat 4x)

"Doe in Advance" is the name of this tune
You know what's up hops, GangStarr's in the room
Soon you'll feel the boom of masterpiece from the East
Nuff respect to where you're from, just don't act dumb

We drop the shit that's classic, you can't surpass it
We lasted, and now we run shit, you bastard
I'm like an ambush, moving on you quick
Got more depth than shallow rappers cause my game
is thick
A thousand MC's in a week I subtract
Cause the market's oversaturated with scrub acts
Who wants to try next, and who wants to die next?
I'm vexed with motherfuckers, whose dome should I fly
next?
Up from the alley, now the riches I acquire
Cats are coming by the wire, rhymes are chariots of
fire
Call me the don, call me the man, or call me sir
But never forget this nigga knows the score
For cometition, yo there's no fucking chance
My troop is popping through clocking dough in advance

Got to get the dough, got to run the show (Repeat 4x)

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