

Playalitical "Doctor"

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Playalitical

Song: Doctor (feat Young Droop)

Album: Code Green (2007)

CHORUS: Why do I do these type of things addicted to
commotion/ overdosin off emotions/ doctor bring my
new results in. REPEATx1

Verse 1 [Playalitical]

Either you get it or your thrown in jail
so our jewels are like our show and tell
to show when lifes goin well
or down the tubes and slow on sales
our whips are like our purple hearts
the honor for war wounds and marks
some are sleepin from the shoots
some are blinding by the sparks
our chick are cherrys on the cake
faces vary for various ranks
real ones roll wit dude tryin
fake ones always mary banks
our raps are our tales from the jungle
lions tigers cops and junkys
the kings of course are always humble
cowards is always actin punchy.

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new results in. REPEATx1

Verse 2 [Young Droop]

I maintain wit a military state of mind
personal vendetta my niggas got structure
true life Mafioso muthafuckas
the neighborhood im from taught me all that rucus
keepin my ears to the concrete glisten
homies in the house cookin birds in the kitchen
my people they call me little dennis the menace
first to start shit first one to finish
im comin up outta the cut and ready to buck a nigga
that's slippin
Devon the Don King gangsta pimpin

pound for pound im putin it down town to town never
gangsta simpin
and don't make me call up my squad
killers that shoot to the shank to the squad
sick to my gut when it comes to the law
we banging on police nigga this the mob/ what.
CHORUS: Why do I do these type of things addicted to
commotion/ overdosin off emotions/ doctor bring my
new results in. REPEATx1

Verse 3 [Playalitical]

Im like 2012 to mayan cults
this ratchet here don't tighten bolts
you know the drill I buy in bulk
see the sniper hide your gulps
life is short so time is precious
stop the clock hes being reckless
take me off your sucka checklist
time to leave dude pick an exit
what a stupid move to make
your gonna see the light over 16 ounces
all you had to do was wait
your lousy at this write your spouses
try hard not to piss your trousers
I hate doin these type of jobs
all these little slimy schmucks
always try to heist my mob.

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new results in. REPEATx1

Verse 4 [Young Droop]

My brain contained wit so many things
sometimes to much it got me over the edge
wicked thoughts stuck in my head
got me walking around town like im half ass dead
still callin shots still poppin glocks
still smoking pot still runnin game
everybody and they moma know my name
yea they wonder if I still gang bang
play the role as a beast in the streets
wit most the type of niggas that el spook ya
them kritikal individuals that will do ya
don't let that cool guy image fool ya
I came from the gutter just ask my mother
you wana verify just ask my brothas
if you don't believe it then what can I say
fuck the world im on some otha.

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new results in. REPEATx1

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