

Mr. Doctor

"40 Oz & Chronic Dice"

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f/ Brotha Lynch Hung, Foe Loco

(Hook) (Doc)

Finally the sun went down in the hood and I was
budded

Dice game and fat sacks a indo

Service with high times and made it

Rainy days blew me away, so I drank the 4 everyday

Matter fact it was a murder present

One-eight-six point duece that was ridin wit one-eighty-
seven

(40 ounces and chronice dice)

Yeah, I stay high muthafucka

(Lynch)

On my briefcase is some crumbled weed

Buckshot shells from a dead body

Got a whole bunch a 40's and a couple a hoes

A '95 Fifty sittin on Trues and Vogues

Plus I had a nine in my glove compartment

'Cause everywhere I go niggas love to start shit

Five pound chronic dice, in my mits

Fifteen teflons, in my clip

Heard about a lot a sick shit in the block, so

I stay locc to the brain and remain incognito

With my twenty sack a the bomb

Money back guarantee, if you hit that shit and don't
wanna kill yo' mom

Got the clip, glock, Chevy Impala to dump

Stop the glock, no you can't the Doc from the
gangbang nigga

So up goes yo' trigga

Stayin high off the ccess, I'm in

And my nigga say

(Hook)

(Foe Loco)

So fuck ya, rippin off ya forehead and down yo' cheeks

You in the ??? Doc shape 'cause I drop seven by you
feet

And ya broke, my pockets are no for load all day

'Cause that eastside slangs 'em in effective ways

And amazing thang

Is the gangbang'll come up off a crap game, poor
some mo' drank and dank

Then hits the stain, where my frozen Ides is

Twist off a cap where my liquid suicide lives

Frostbitten from, that Crooked I, I'm lookin through

We get sick, Foe Loco, the mark eastside, ridin on you

He comin at me wrong, damn, we between the sheets

Is suicide on yo' mind, must I leave you on these
streets

Raise up off me, but really realizin the strength

Had him readin the ?? and the serial number on this
thang

Peep the slug, toke the reefer, let the barrel meet 'cha

Mean mug in the center of the street and the reaper
then

(Hook)

(Doc) (talking)

Yeah, and a special shout goes out to all the playas on
the southside

It's a Garden Blocc thang nigga, stay rippin, know what
I'm sayin

And everythang

Muthafuckin homies on the eastside, Foe Loco, Buggy,
Lil' Sky and shit nigga

Y'all muthafucka's handle that gangsta shit

And I'm out 'til the duece-nine, Garden Blocc, ride 'til I
die

Oh yeah, FUCK YO' ASS SNITCH, you know who I'm
talkin to bitch

Fuck yo' ass nigga, some brand new news a nigga
picked up on

You never know who you can trust

Sometimes you can't even trust ya big homie

I'm out

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