

Mr. Doctor "Fucc Yo Side"

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f/ Babe Reg

(Reg)

As the adrenaline flows to my dome, it's on!

Them niggas posted up so I bust in the murder zone

Them chromes out the window as I bust from the bacc
seat

Flags on my face incase they wanna see the Babe

They crazy thinkin they could fucc with Locc 2 Da Brain

Doc gave it up and spilled his guts with the gauge

As C.O.S. sprayed, nigga with the Tec

I busted the tre-8 three times for my set

Yes we crept on them niggas straight knoccin em out
the blocc

Mo murder mo murder ears ringin from the gun shots

(Doc)

Try to peep this 29th Street Garden Blocc, Mr. Doc,
gangsta shit

Locc 2 Da Brain with a Mac nigga tapped out 40 in the
cup

(Reg)

"7-8-1"

(Doc)

Then it's Redrum locc

and I'm on the trigga with a twitch nigga

No ride by tunces

Hittin dumpin slow

and I took a drag up of my "port"

Lit up the cushe rolled in them blue zags

Foe jucies faded out the field from all of the smoke

Twist up anotha sacc of puff up

before we roll up in they set

(Lynch)

NIGGA, WHAT UP WITH THAT DANK CHECC (Doc: yeah)

(Reg)

Then roll it fat

The Hard-top hit the corner

(Doc)

Mac 11's out the window of the Chev

(Lynch)

Off brans gettin tapped

(Doc)

That's what you seenin cuz they didn't peep the hit

(Reg)

We had the lights out

(Doc)

NIGGA

(Reg)

Pop anotha clip

(Doc)

They tryn to break

I'm yellin how you feel about Loc 2 Da Brain

Bitch ass niggas

Then I let some more spray

Until they blood stains the street

No witnesses, no paybacc tricc

Loc 2 Da Brain

Nigga L-O-C

(Reg)

Beatin slugs out the cut

Nigga tell me what

You aren't steppin out to cut

Yes are flags is flown

I gave it up

L-O-C 2 Da Brain

No we outty

Hittin a couple of corners Vouge spokes

Gettin hi-e-i-e-igh

Yes we're bout to ride

Some niggas bout to die

Toni-e-i-e-ight

Indo smoke

and may locs ride

(Doc)

Oh it's the, Bomb high

No handle our bi-is-ness

(Reg)

3 2 1

(Doc)

Nigga tell me now what is this

(Reg)

Indo smoke

(Doc)

You gettin held 'for we ride

Locc 2 Da Brain nigga insane

Fucc Yo Side

(Lynch)

I'm sittin in a pitch blacc room

full of keys

a indo lightin up ya flame

shootin, bunchin up the weed

and ready to get real high

Up in the sky, it's a gang it's a game

(Doc)

LOCC 2 DA BRAIN

(Lynch)

Shit

Them niggas that kill they mama for some fame

It's called the sicc shit

Loc is kinda catchy

When creepin in yo set loccin up like Joe Pesci
Yo catch me lightin up your set like a point 9 G-B-C
But L-O-C sportin blacc so you can't see me
Nigga so call it what you want
It's that B-A-B-Y K-I-double L-I-N
Many niggas are dyin
Shit, from that 12 gauge pump
Featurin that nigga that's from that 4 blocc
But Loc 2 Da Brain all up in the funk
(Doc)
The bomb high so let's handle our bi-is-ness
(Reg)
3-2-1
(Doc)
Nigga tell me now what is this
(Reg)
Indo smoke
(Doc)
You gettin held 'for we ride
Locc 2 Da Brain nigga insane
Fucc Yo Side

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