

Dr. Ama

"We Run It"

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[Intro: Dr. Ama] Yeah, New York, Down, Bottom, Let's Get it [Dr. Ama] Love the glock nine, Quick to cock mine, Make the block mine Official heat holder, Dog believe I got mine War, Is that what yall clowns looking for Strap up son, Better back up or get clapped up Street gangsta from day one, Love to act up S.I. we live wires, Creeping in them black trucks Do the math, You run with nine niggas in your crew Plus your sister, Two brothers, You and your boo Subtract the sixteen shot glock, Remainder two Incase your Mom or Pops got something to prove Reload, Throw another clip in, Cock back slip'n One in the chamber, Start flip'n Rip'n muscle tissue when the lead start spit'n We cook beef, Keep the heat hot in Hell's kitchen Listen, Hard head bitches I get my slap on Hard head bitch niggas, I get my clap on. [Hook 2X: Dr. Ama] Buck-Buck, Gun em down Big trucks, Run em down Fake thugs, Son em now Hip Hop, We run it now [Dr. Ama] Me and my constituents burn haze, Plead innocent Pull out them instruments, Put holes in Sean John Bong-Bong, S.I.C. the campaign, We let our balls hang here Till the day I'm slain here, Remain Grain Bastard child walking a backwards mile, Fuck what you thought Twenty cents, Dip the Newport Linger round here get your crew caught Seven two ohh, Four fours then back to the fort, In the Newport working sacks, We out for the stacks Outfitted in black, Ratchets, Black mask, The jux master N.Y.C. Housing breeds crooks, Where the keys cook Got the fiends hooked, The V's hooked up Goose with juice got the D's shook up, Fifth borough semi-retarded Staten, Police presence thick cause we start shit Black hearted regardless, Throw lead at the target Throw lead at the target for real [Hook] [Dr. Ama] Some niggas only bring war in a rap song Front likes it's just rap then you heard the rap wrong Who the Don, Get your knaps gone, Get your nap on It's on, Try to out run the gun get your back torn Sleep forever, Give a fuck if your Moms and your bitch weep forever S.I.C., We the terror, Doc A.M.A. A.K.A. Doctor Lector The bone collector, The chrome tote and lead injector The microphone profector, S.I.N.Y. Stapleton Project protector Down for

whatever, Known to handle my biz, No stranger to a bid
Wanna split a nigga wig scream at the kid Gun for hire,
Got your team scream'n son it's fire Made your Queen
my personal bun supplier I ahh, S.I.C. nigga [Hook]
[Outro: Dr. Ama] Smoking, Drinking...

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