

## Doap Dixon

### "Behind the Music"

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(Intro) Doap Ay' Crew...that's ma word Yo I almost ain't make it here (We here that) It's been a long time comin' Da niggas that bet against me Tell 'em what they tickets are That's word [Doap Nixon] Uh, get it, get it, then you make move But da option of making it work is what you choose Betta flip it, flip it, then you betta take it in Stretch it, stretch it, turn it into cake Betta step ya hustle game up wit a clear head And getcha eyes checked cuz these niggas do steal bread Da love of money will make da Pope back funny Cuz when you hungry feel that pain in your tummy So I did it for self, moved at my own pace Record Labels shut da door on my face I'm tryna to focus-focus, betta get a bigga whip Whole family is on stage when a nigga spit Front row dudes peep by da nigga jewels' Mommy right there is a stallion I'm tryna to get her thru You think it's all about gettin' this cash flow I'm tryna to find a way to get around on these assholes They wanna play you, burn you soufflÃ© you Hesitate to pay you, push back your debut I'm tryna to make it thru da week broke Spittin' for A&R's in clouded whips of weed smoke Loco-loco, son gon' crazy Shawty wanna a nigga wit cash go get 'em baby Tryna to juggle shawty and a hustle Rap career plus addiction to a substance It's gettin' ill I ain't seeing no progress Light shut off I gotta crash at da God's rest Wakin' up on da couch no book on my lap Need a good jux just to get back but small problem When you in da hood wit drama Niggas put a price on your wig like Osama I had to get on a route that was all about spittin' heavy Gettin' feddy, plus movin' out Hold up, yo, I know you ain't just say... "When you in da hood wit drama Niggas put a price on your wig like Osama" C'mon Doap, you serious kid? Ay' Crew bring it back to these niggas [Doap Nixon] Paz hit me, Planet been wit me ATOP kept it real and stayed wit me Shows in Poughkeepsie, niggas doin' it Use to be scared to fell but now I'm thru wit it Still gon' shit on a nigga no matter who he wit Still got that thing in da box wit da ruger clips Now these shawty's askin' me to make it rain on 'em I'm laughin' at these jaws pourin' champagne on 'em And that's da life that I live and I

ain't talkin' rap I'm hearin' dudes runnin' they mouth we  
bout to call 'em back Broke their interviews, whatcha  
readin' magazines It's my time fuckaz, I'm bout to wipe  
suckaz clean What's da rumors all these people  
countin' Kenny Cash If I go broke? Wifey can call Planet  
and Vinnie Paz Plus my brother Reef, Mad gon' be a  
star Tell da God meet me at da bar, bring a hundred  
large Don't believe da hype, God bout to blow it there  
My left hook give you a real reason to hold ya head  
Kamachi on da low, heard God blue wit dred Crypt and  
Syze doin' them, matchin' whips - blue and red I feel da  
time is perfect, Pharaohs gave me a purpose Last deal  
was a circus, now I know how to work it Da kid you gotta  
love 'em, forest green gucci buckets Groupies on tour,  
we bet stacks on who gon' fuck 'em Right now my name  
is heavy, option for any move Deadline for da album  
depends on Kenny's move Nobody knows da future but  
I can call da present My spare time I'm wit Divine  
quotin' all my lessons Y'all really think y'all know me  
but look 'Behind the Music' And y'all gon' see da  
bullshit that's behind this music (Outro) Doap What  
niggas!!! I'm here Y'all niggas that ain't eatin' wit me  
step up from da table Y'all done eatin' ATOP what!  
Stoupe bangaz I gotchu daddy, Crew Cut that's my  
dawg right there Sour Diesel

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