

## **Doap Nixon f/ Good Money, Nature**

### **"Tis the Season"**

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[Doap Nixon] Most of you rapper are lame, this game's pussy And I'm off my twist so don't push me I think it's time to get knee-deep in this conflict So sit when a dawg spit or live where Saddam is Don't make me plant this foot right in ya ass fucka And make you clean it off like we ate at The Last Supper From being known to QB, more realer then Kool G European joint wit two speeds The times betta then Breitling I stack off the strip money Splurge all the change from writin' I stay in the day cuz tomorrow seems frightenin' Got two nieces, one smart, other one dykin' My lil nephew gotta hands, so now he writin' My lil cousin tryna spit, so now he bitin' Uh, ain't bout shit, cuz we keepin' it street Lead will stick to ya rib, tis the season to eat (Hook) Good Money 2x Tis the season, the season, all four seasons Hear Nature callin', Doap got 'em leanin' Paper all the time, Good Money what they screamin' It's real till we fall, then we leavin' [Nature] Ayo, guns in the Pacifica, choppin' another witness up Scared of the whole Police force Rush it up to Commissioner Lieutenant's in the white shirt Perpetrators all black Six foot one, white Tees and New York hats Smokin' on the best kush, tucked in the yuck Old end, 08, in the hood show face In the hood, home base, overcrowded, no space Every murder, cold case, where we learned to coke paste Play rap on a cassette then, just to get a rep then Just to get a rep now, runnin' wit ya head down Shootin' at the crowd, pregnant ladies tryna get down Stories in the hood, newspapers neva print out Go lay ya life, you neva know how it's gon' end out And keep a nine for whenever you in doubt Cuz it's the season that I sucka dudes Fuck a dudes, flyin' on me, you've just become food (Hook) Good Money 2x [Doap Nixon] Yo, if I spit about bricks would you receive me? So if I told you a secrete would you believe me? I'm the hottest in this game by far (Good Money: Plus ya lil brother here dawg breakin' 'em off) So let's take 'em to the next level (Good Money: Ice, tech, bezel) Bread stretch long enuff to change the weather When it's cold in the city, we out in Apucarana Wit the red umbrellas and the Piñ±a coladas Dawg my bars mad warm (Good Money:

And I'm just makin' it hotter) (Both: They go to jail or  
get saved, or they take their Shahada) Yo, I need that  
hard body villa out Palm Beach You know bout to eat  
when ya victim's in arm reach Palm Suites, room floors  
wit the hot tubs And we all break bread cuz niggas got  
love I'm bout that change nigga, tis the season As long  
as I'm breathin' G-Money is eatin' (Hook) Good Money  
2x

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