

## **Dr. Ama f/ Blackk Starr, Block McCloud, Castro**

### **"N.Y. Get it In"**

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[Chorus: Dr. Ama (girl)] Staten get it in, Brooklyn get it in Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle Bronx get it in, Queens get it in Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle Harlem, get it in, Y.O. get it in Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle L.I. get it in, Upstate get it in Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle (Cash, cake, bread, gwop, feddi, dough, hit that block Cash, cake, bread, gwop, feddi, dough, hit that block Get that money, get that money, get that money, get that gwop Anyway you gotta see it) New York get it in (please believe it) [Block McCloud] New York been always born with the swagger Throw the rocks, so you might get torn with the dagger Doc Ama and Block on the same track So lay it back, but you know they both want the drama Cuz when heat pop, pop corn ya If you softy like a condom, and we'll hang you like an ornament Thought I was a nice guy, killed 'em with kindness Screw on the silencer, killed him in silence It was on the health, kid, I filled 'em with iron Eating off the '90's, I'm still on retirement I don't got a day job, I just network Don't have a boss, my middle name is Yessir Might get hurt or lay up in the dead dirt Dumb nigga running out the club with a wet shirt And today's sweatshirt, yeah summer in the city But no water gun when the tech squirt [Chorus] [Castro] Black block assassin, fuck asking you laughing You niggas step way over your brackets You gon' feel it before you see us crack this heater Heavy breathing, we just scoring the three Finish then lead it, teaching what the benzo wait Smacking your face, taking your plate, robbing your gate Said fuck it, monster the eight, bitches who wait I ain't never seen a dead man read clan for taste Scared of your waste, I'm raising the stakes, changing the pace Giving them one to taste, give you haters something to hate Keep it gully, bringing it gully, shiesty get bubbly Grimy and hungry, none of ya'll witness, touch fuck The ice, buy me a gun or a knife Embarrassed, stay up north, had ice, please believe Beats is there, see you twisting the leaf Stay on my feet, stay on the creak, stay on the creep [Chorus] [Dr. Ama] On it like I need to be, chasing greedily Make no mistake, got a taste for the cake Face off with jake,

police be like our dudes zoo full of apes They feel like I  
do, down ass broads G for the ride, to great wit the  
rhyme thing, greater wit the crime thing Haters die,  
invade the brain when the nine bang This is all in mind,  
then ya boy got issues Official, got pistols that dispatch  
missiles Gridlock, make ya shit pop, make the strip hot  
Snitches, keep ya lip lock, bitches, eat a stiff cock  
Gunning, keep ya fifth cocked, getting bread even if  
the lead gotta lift cops We don't give a fuck here, you  
can get a nut here Death before dishonor, that's how  
we give it up here Sacrifice your smut here, block block  
let the glock rock [Blackk Starr] Murder vacating, we  
busting that gat Fuck is you doing not busting that  
mack Niggas is wack, real to the five To a nine ID, let  
me kidnap that Let me get that strap, kinda like brat,  
rat-a-tat-tat Brrrat, mini mac that back Living a lie,  
haters wasting my time Now we spraying my nine  
Niggas don't know me O.G. more, less low key Ring  
around the rosey, pocket full of chromey Be where the  
girls be, murder ma Kept co co co co d [Chorus]

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