

Dr. Ama f/ Blackk Starr, Haxaw

"Get it Straight"

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[Chorus: Dr. Ama] You know it's S.I.C., and we gotta get a plate Feddi fiends, steady green, got to get it great Tired niggas better get involved, get in shape Haters mention me, spell it right, get it straight [Blackk Starr] If you're a g, rep your set, love your whore From cap king worldwide, let's get this shit in the store Who do it like this, pray I don't fuck with Crys' Now only thing that shine is the sked on my hip Keep running your lips, like you Boss Hog or something I rob you playa, leave you in the morgue or something S.I. tradition, making niggas swim with the fish We turn the heat up, we like to scorch it hot in this kitchen Ya'll niggas is bitches, stop fronting, duke, play ya position P.Y.P., we lust, gets money and weed Cuz ain't no P.Y.T., gone ride for free She dealing with me, the above average nigga Any chick I fuck with, spend cabbage nigga Live lavish, nigga, my trust gone rugged and sucks Scuffed Timbs, wifebeaters, sweats oldy as fuck I'm starving to truck, don't catch me in the back with a duck And you can, keep the movie, black bury you duck [Dr. Ama] Let that thang bang, he a snitch, be sure his life your aim clamp With the copper, the dime dropper, under a strange name Last month played the same game, real talk The hustle game changed, find that rich nigga, twist his main frame For you make that snitch brains hang, dump two inside his main dame Execute the broad, and watch the lame sing Wanting to explain reasons why he dropped our game's name Scream at me, I be tackling like Terry up in these lane's thing You already know, life's like a game of c-lo Two choices, bend like a bitch and let your heat blow OG's told me, boy, get money Old heat your homeys, may get funny Remember in this wilderness, wolves get hungry Better gun me down, you can't sum me Rock lover, 24/7, block hugger Black glock rubber, grip tugger, sick fucker [Hook: Blackk Starr] New York, we getting money, and trap it in the south And Cali-for-ni-a, bought game banging out New in M-I-A, spit chick Trina out Before that, how Akinyele say, put it in your mouth [Haxaw] We not hot, we ashes ya'll Heavier than ten tanks when we mash ya squad Trash get charged

merking the handcrafted card Haters flossing,
ammuninating, need to pass the BAR first Come out
your face, I will blast it off Other than that, cop the
album, the tracks is war More or less it's that pure you
been asking for You know, hot punchlines over classic
bars We on some S.I.C. gangsta shit, masks and arms
Run in your place of residence, gat slap ya mom Snatch
your valuables, eat up all your snacks and I'm gone
Haxaw, bitch, let me hear you repeat it, it's on Let's get
it straight, I'm a G with a capital G Couple of little r's,
dead stiff, I'd rather you be Cocking a hammer, 13,
chopping bananas Then kept my head inside the
books, cuz I was proper with grammar Now I simply
display the story, let it unfold slowly I do my dirt soly, I
ain't looking for no co-d Cut a nigga quick, have him
running with a slow leak And dip, no DNA left for the
police To get, I'm a smooth that be ain't a cat doing this
Whisper two rounds at your chest, for your foolishness
Send a couple more, wrap them cats that you moving
with Watch how you moving, kid, your life I've been
ruining it I don't give a fuck, I've been tight on some
stupid shit Driving my vehicle through the p's, pumping
the newest hits Scarf on, license got the slammer and
the poodle in This is me, raised by the streets, staying
true to it When I'm in the booth, it's the truth that I move
you with Drop a couple jewels, give you tools to
manuever with [Chorus]

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