

Dr. Ama f/ Blackk Starr, Stretch Strong Arm

"Lay 'em Down"

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[Chorus 4X: Dr. Ama] Roll up, load up, cock back, dude
yelling Hold up, pop that, lay a nigga down [Blackk
Starr] I'm back, the six three, brown skin, tragedy Off
line, block and hate, don't get mad at me Slap ya face,
take ya face, expose ya buns to be You'se a cock lover,
snitch loving cock sucker I got more pull in this street
than a tow trucker I'm feeling full cuz I'm eating and I'm
so gutter I hope ya number one gunner got his aim
straight We ain't all sitting targets, sitting, watch you
pick our plate Flow retarded, back to blow you bubble
wrappers All you ucking rappers, show you what this
ucking mack is I'm a lover and a fighter got the total
package Got the jam jammers, leaving all my fans
bananas My music bring together red and blue
bandanas They rep they set, but enjoy the show, toke
they hammers All the honeys quick to pull they panties,
know they love me I look good but violate and I bet I'm
ugly The way I spit this track, you get so touchy Wanna
know where to find me, where I be's at I'm talking to all
niggas, sticky like some bees wax A fan feedback, to the
crowd you can keep that When they pull the thang, the
thang, no hesitation G-O-D, birth of me, I know hell is
waiting [Chorus] [Dr. Ama] Pigmentation black as night,
my heart's blacker Bastard child, son of a bitch that is
to clap ya I fiend for a killing machine, that's my
addiction Doc Ama, the room in affliction, I clean the
friction One sick fuck, live for the quick buck Rather get
my dick sucked for that quick nut, then I dismiss
smuts Married to the streets, but you know I cheat on
her Just cuz she's a freak, let other niggas eat on her
Spread her love, that's why I dump slugs, make thugs
leak on her Hate it when I see NYPD beat on her A
love/hate affair, my thugs anxious here We drug
paggers here, masked gloves scrape ya hair I load up,
roll up, cock back, fuck where the cops at Pop that, blow
off a nigga crown Keep the four pound, cuz so often
niggas clown S dot I dot C dot see gwop Beat twat,
squeeze glocks, snitch niggas, please stop [Stretch
Strong Arm] This is a vintage, malicious thoughts of
many existence Equipped with the heart of steel, of
many apprentice Whose job is to seek and destroy, any

resistance Feet, head, hands chopped off, fuck
forensics Earn a closed casket, dream team is
different from you bastards We dumping at the wake
at the masses Nothing in the, myst of traffic Bitter in
the sadness, I love ones life forever taken Or I love
ones loss, lives forsaken As long as these pigs ain't
getting scammed for the bacon Kidnap they kid, drop
'em off with they neck rung Back like Asian, Puerto
Rican, it ain't a race age Love/hate situation, it's based
on the way you thinking So bomb me, body language
speaking Most got fever, fuck by the decon See what
happens the jeans leaking, emphidemines creeping
The smell of crack burning every weekend The smell of
back burners, steady heating Play the back burner, the
youth is speaking Or feel back burners that move you
weaklings Born and raised in the constant struggle I
ain't glamorizing shit, just exercising muscle If I ain't,
get it legit, I got a jooks and I fuck with fire Get at ya
bitch, I got a bitch with a bubble Fuck boo, fifth tucked
under the snorkle Gon' ride when the beast up on you
H.K., B.K., when she pop up on you Boy, you swear
something sweet up on me, til she release that M.P.,
and ride on the precent for you [Chorus 4X]

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