

## **Dr. Ama f/ Blackk Starr, Young G**

### **"Keep it in Da Street"**

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[Chorus 2X: Blackk Starr (Young G)] This for all the gangstas, hustlers, liars and the cheats Killas on the block, twisting up with the heat For all those who cop coke and got beat First rule to the game (keep it in the streets) [Blackk Starr] Blackk Starr, a.k.a C-K-K-K I've been doing this since Shaft days of black spades Where that trey eight, poppa recline ya mindstate For that big eight, about face, open a safe No cat or mouse chase, leave not a trace, two from the chrome Bad on the dome, rip out the phone, grabbing her dope For the heater flow, no one to know, this is between us Team what, think I'm locked up, still getting swoll up Patrol what, things done change, since I've popped up You owe what? I'mma jooks that, burn that shit up Your girl bitch, that bitch shackled up, dick in the guts Ride the buck, reverse cow girl, gargling super nuts Smoking shit, that'll creep up on ya Like Sisqo, make you keep your heat up on ya Won't miss ya, when I cock and blam ten on ya I told ya on ya, like sket Kelly and be called a sipper Hot melo, skept caught on my liver Expose the pussy, getting paper and air triggers I'm official, my verbal four-four blow missiles Niggas sound like white record bitches on instrumentals Check my credentials, see while you bitch niggas were poppin' pimples I was, poppin' at niggas with them nickel plated pistols Owing bread in the streets, whole different effort We play for keeps (the code) best respect it [Chorus 2X] [Dr. Ama] First of all, I thirst to brawl, I'm the first to call Ted Bundy and Gacy can't face me, I'm the worst of all Niggas can't see me, they like Stevie with shades on Gay like Trey Songz in the gray thing Pussies catnap, ignore the fact that I'm napalm Thugs hunt, dogs cuddle under these nuts to stay warm I'm hot, Dr. Ama, no stranger to drama Go to war with Osama with a rusty old llama Tell ya man, I'm more dangerous than the Taliban Sell these units quick, even quicker to sell a gram Feds keep my name in them telegrams, tellin' scrams To snitch on me, send his bitch on me, to make 'em switch on me Counterfeit clowns, more fake than funny money Cock the four pounds, scrape son, take off your sunny honey Deadly

Rhyme Alter Man's Attitude, suck a fifth of Absolut  
Chase that with 99 bananas, face facts I'm bananas  
Stay strapped with 99 hammers a nine for each of your  
99 bammers [Chorus] [Young G] This Young Goon,  
don't watch no cartoons I'm on blocks with gwop,  
exchanging shots with the cops Operation get money,  
listen homey, don't be no dummy Little nigga, you can  
move these bricks for me Fuck being up in some bitch  
tummy, let them hoes know It's about the dough but  
you can suck the dick, honey Ain't got no time to waste,  
on grind Got grams to erase, mad paper to chase Here  
one's fact you should face While G down to catch a  
drug case, got mad slugs to face Jealous niggas try to  
stop a nigga from eating Cock the hammer, pop 'em,  
drop 'em, leave 'em dead leaking My dude, beware of  
that slick who, trynna have 'em seed Always talking  
how she need the dick more Suck a nigga off til her lips  
sore, jaw tight She get tight, ask her how much she  
sucking dick for Born poor, but got plans to die rich,  
you can talk to the cops But I'mma pop off and watch  
you die, snitch If your bitch fucking with your head,  
slap that ass If a nigga plotting on your bread, clap that  
ass Jealous niggas wanna see you dead, blast that ass  
This for niggas snitching, to the feds, blast that ass,  
I'm out [Chorus 2X]

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