

Dr. Ama f/ Block McCloud "Be Serious"

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[Dr. Ama] Bredren, let's play to win or don't play at all
Hustle hard ya'll cuz welfare don't pay it all Doc Ama,
stay on call to brawl Frauds lift at the applause, sell
leads over wars Show that rage on stage when asked
to engage They bitch made, stay with shit in they
drawers Ya'll clowns funny like MadTV, cop the bootleg
of your sad CD But what really sad is me M.C.'s ain't
M.C.'s no more, and hip hop Turned into a two dollar
whore And New York niggas trying to be coutry to score
I'm here at the industry door with the four to wage war
Would love to sign a deal with Def Jam, but what's left,
fam? Can't quit, promote my own shit til nothing left,
fam Walk my own to the bone, that's how it's going
down here Two MC's, don't clown here, don't come
around here [Chorus: Dr. Ama (girl)] 50 Cent's the
hardest? Come on (be serious) Ludacris the livest?
Come on (be serious) Lil' Wayne, be serious South run
hip hop? You can't be serious [Block McCloud] Be the
worse to wear it, and the church won't care Search and
find ya body in the dirt somewhere Let the darkness
begin, my style harvest where the sharks grin
Sharpshooting time marksman Find your hollow
carcass in the park, pigeons Starving each your
armpits, maggots part ya lips To partition your skin,
scars and digits, hard decisions Fucking with my
squad or live it You artificial niggas, the target is you,
play my bottom issue Desert eagle miss and marks
your tissue Gotta kiss you, mwuah, Satan's gonna spit
on you You a joke to him cuz son's done little you And
slug something pitiful, put the hit on you That's how I
make hits, my tongue shapeshift to make the snakes
hiss [Chorus] [Dr. Ama] You not the man-man, crush
your life in the palm of my hand, man We grand stand,
out to stick up bitch, then escape in the van, man
You'se a fraud, even your broad like Ama you can-can
Bang the gooshy, she ready to push you out the plan,
man Doc a/k/a the Sandman, put clowns to sleep with
the blam blam The hammer pop, put dots in your Trans
Am Go head flap ya gums, must of forgot we got guns
Snitch home, blocks is hot for putting work with the
black one I'm nice, B, even your favorite MC recite me A

hype V, grapple the mic device ignite excitedly You
don't excite me, who give a fuck if you icey With the
poker, poke holes in you like the IV I'm sheisty, with the
moca blow holes in your white tee Quick to stroke ya,
fill up the holes in your wifey Play the strip nightly,
S.I.C., the night breed The mic fiend, peace to the God
Rakim and Prince Rakeem [Chorus]

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