

Dr. Ama f/ Block McCloud**"Move Me"**

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[Dr. Ama] Clowns told me give it up, caution to the wind
I don't give a fuck, ML 450 need a bigger truck Don't
set up now, bitch, my bitch, let me get a nut Wash your
teeth when we got beef, I see you'se a bigger smut
Figure it's MC, the pedigree, I'm mistakable Basicall
you envy me, just cuz I'm out caking you Keep doing
what them haters do, for the sake of you While ya'll be
knocking on the door, I be breaking through Battles you
be may win one or two, I be scraping crews Never loss
it, really never knew what it takes to lose Principal in the
school of hard knocks, crazy Joe Clark to the hard rock
Lean on me, if you want to Me and my team keep a little
gleem to taunt you Jooks what, nigga, S.I.C. we crooks,
what 50 first album, hot, second, aight, the movie, not
Book sucked, third album took luck [Chorus: Block
McCloud (Dr. Ama)] On the strip getting that gwop (that
move me) In the V banging hip hop (that move me) SK's
and P's and glocks (that move me) Fake tough talk on
the block (that don't move me) [Dr. Ama] I'm not your
average Joe, on the block, I'm battling more G-O-D with
the savagery flow Swagger for sure, skeet a stage,
engage in war comfortably Half of ya'll fun to me, other
half cunt to me You losing when ya feds hunt for me,
N.Y.C. None pararel or perpendicular, D-R dot A-M-A
Spray words that be ripping ya MySpace, iTunes,
eMusic, use it Connect minds, polite recite, D5X refine
Connect lines, two G, respect mines, swine's off the
menu Nines toss the men, duke, 7 to the Cypher Divine
Cross the venue, rhymes for the mentals Two hundred
eighty gig, external hard drive Wisdom's moist
sweating what the God drive, focus Queen Scope the
scene, ma use the double D's, promote the team Sex
sales, so I'mma boost the game like Nextel Force feed
you raw hip hop til ya neck swell, vicious vermin Parrots
in ya T-Rex frail, yes hell we gon' keep doing crime, so
set bail [Chorus] [Dr. Ama] Get it together, now why
would you wanna lock the game Run up in the label
office, quick, cop the thang Contemplate, should I sit
and not pop the thang Doc's deranged, hard for me to
see the block the same Stop The Grain? MCA tried that
shit before S.I.N.Y. is back, muthafucka, been through

war With battlescars and war stories that'll rattle stars
Tarot cards couldn't see the future Staten Island
Criminals, came together strong like the sutra Shoot
ya, anyone of us will, everyone one of us real And we
all lust to kill no need to brainstorm Accumilate like
grey clouds, you know how rain form Fans tired of the
same song, that's like a nympho brain warm Last
debating off the same poem Unlikely, search the
globe, find nothing like me Google Doc Ama slash
Nightbreed, aight B? Mic device held tightly, long slang
precisely It's a fact, D&D tracks leak through like
anthrax So all competition stand back and hold ya man
back [Chorus]

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