

Dr. Ama f/ J. Maul**"So Close"**

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[Intro: J. Maul] Yeah, it must of been the money Cooking reverands and Q sevens We were so close [Dr. Ama] Cooking cash, had niggas moving too fast Thinking it's how we chase bread, pursuit ass G life, that's how we both give it up Ass butt cash, see ten live it up Go against the grain, for his blood stain the pavement Mental enslavement, send motivated Q for your purple haze, gin motivated But then slowly hatred, poison our thugs Miss trust cause in our force, damn We were so close, no room for infiltrators No room for haters, now doom confiscate us View change, Henny got me thinking you change Hang with new niggas in your new blue range Envy us, yes, that's a wrizzy, put an end to us Next time I see you, best believe my little friend to bust Fuck our past homey, a sand in the hour glass, homey Move with your gun and act like you know me What, move with your gun and act like you know me [Chorus 2X: Dr. Ama] The dream, pushing hundred thousand dollar cars Prada, antique, life like ghetto stars Patron, twisting kush up in cigars We were so close, but yet so far [J. Maul] So now we on the block like Dikembe Son, I cross the street trynna flash a couple Benzi's Son, from up the block he cousins with little Timmy He coming round my way, trying to front like my strip empty Don't care who your family be, he showing off a long Tammy seed We gon' catch 'em slipping like bananas be Right before he peel off, I be right back Butter pass the steel off, we gon' get it sealed off Get the bandana work, remember this is broad day Hurry up, he ain't gone be here all day I'm good money, we good, let's get our dough up Hold up, that's when the black Cadillac rolled up Soon as they leave, young buck is finished I'm trying to see who in it, but the whole truck tinted It's been like ten minutes, I'm getting a little impatient Whoever in that truck out to get it, I ain't playing And whoever getting between my paper I'm bout to do it now, we can talk about it later I ran over, hand over the jammer I saw his girl, homey, you look a little familiar Forget the small talk, run ya pockets and your jewelry Take it all off, ain't your name 'More Dough' ? That's a negative, and tell your peoples

be cool Before they cheddarless, don't try to make a
better brick Turn my back, jogging off, pocket full of
shine Next thing you know, feel something hot up in my
spine The rental in the street, I dropped in the yellow
lines And couldn't even turn my back to look behind I
was so close [Chorus 2X]

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