

Dr. Dre F/ Knoc-turn'al, Hittman

"Full Scam Plot"

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Man this is the E-D-C all up in this motherfucker
Young Ren and Mr. P
Trained ass D
Yeah, this shit is the smell
This like a full scam plot
Man (E-D-C)

Me and my homies from the D-C nigga
Stompin through like this
Why how the fuck can you figure
That you can never fuck with us
Cause we puttin' it down
Shakin' it down
I mean we breakin' it down
Young Ren

(Young Ren)
Aw yeah well let me spit on a mental tip
Quit bein' a bitch
If you wanna be down with this
Finally actin'
Game lackin'
Man I'm slappin'
Quit playa jackin' off the Doja Klik tactics
I'm out this
Clap this alll you want
But you won't rise
You better realize
I'm goin' to sabatoge
It was never no surprise
When I empty through the cats
Bucked everybody
Bitch shut the fuck up
Rolled up to the hold up
With my nine milimeter
Don't erin what you got
I got a full pack of heaters
Call me a cheater
Cause I'm fully equiped
Out smarted by Young Ren
Pee Body from the Doja Klik

Me and that Doja shit
Smokin' on that grip tonight (yeah)
And all my niggas ready to rip the night
Old school Gladis Nypse
We ain't fuckin' with the clip
Six fingers in the air
Cause it's that eastside shit
Yeah, you better flip no script
Or write a new page
Or have a gadget point to your cranium
Cause actin' like you
We fade em'
Eighty-one shot
Murder one with my block
Think I got
Will I get caught
(??)

Chorus x2
We bust shots at the cops
The full scam plot
Just you never get out
Juck gettin' caught
A lot a hustle
And lots of jackin'
Shit ain't change, we in this game
Keepin' it real shakin' the lame

Move get away on my mind
Still holdin' on my nine
But theres no witness droppin' dime
So I'm kinda hard to find
Got no blind
Vision bury
Try to pop me in a hurry
Niggas turn scurry
All because I wouldn't serve the
No D or no weed
Because his heart was full of greed
Keep fuckin' with these g's
And catch top of the line hittin'
No heart beat
Got you frozen from you head down to your feet
You've been served by E-D-C
Young Ren and Mr. Pee Body
The man with all black shot
Had to be my nigga
Actin' like his name was Scott
I shot him
Did it long range as I got him
Left him in the dungeon

Razor one told me to ride it
Can't stop him from bein' deal
With multiple wounds to the head
I guess how we feared
Since we did him in and fled
Off in the Chev
Whole town turned bloody red
We can't stop
We took the full scam plot, huh

Chorus x3

My homies from the D-C nigga...till fade

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