

## Dukedagod

### "Street Pharmacist feat. Hell Rell & A-Mafia"

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Okay, Hell fuckin' Rell man  
Dipset  
Uh-huh, yeah, yeah  
Uh-huh, yeah, yeah  
Uh-huh, yeah yeah  
Let's lock in, what it is nigga

#### Verse 1

Hell Rell:

What the fuck B

These niggaz think I'm getting special bread  
Cuz my watch stupid, face retarded like this is special  
ed

And my rims they go ring-around-a-rosie  
I ain't the type of nigga you wanna bring around your  
homies

If he icy, stick him, rob him, slap him, or jab him  
Grab the Uze and just ooze him or cock the Mac and  
just Mac him

Yeah, you know Rell catch a body on it B  
Ya know how Dipset do it, bring the party to the streets  
And the bitches be like, look at all these cars  
Must be outta space, look at all these stars  
Damn, now they star-struck, down on they hard luck  
Fresh out the shower only way I could be washed up  
I tell a hoe, "Yo go powder your face  
Ma, I'm lookin' for fiends, I got powder to taste"  
And there's still a lotta niggaz tryna be me today  
Can't see what I'm doin', must be Stevie and Ray  
Yeah (yeah)

#### Hook

A-Mafia:

I'm a pharmacist, I move heroin in bricks  
40 Gs on my wrist, bitches is on my dick  
I heard them 40th niggaz is on some shit  
Fuck with A-Mafia and I'ma spray off some clips  
I'm a pharmacist, I move heroin in bricks  
40 Gs on my wrist, bitches is on my dick  
I heard the Dipset niggaz is on some shit  
Fuck with Hell Rell nigga and I'ma spray off some clips

## Verse 2

A-Mafia:

Waddup Rell, the black mobster in here, yeah  
And all we do is pack choppers in here, yeah  
We can get it crackin' or poppin' in here  
Or take it back to the scrappin' or the boxing in here  
You fuck wit' Maf', blow a shot in the air, fuck the frail  
shit  
I've been free for a while but I'm still on some jail shit  
You wanna act big, holla at the kid  
I got some gangstas that'll spank ya and push back ya  
wig  
I spit like a split Mike and half a B.I.G.  
I used to pump packs but now raps my gigs  
Light the water up, light a quarter up  
Put 50 up, 100 stack a OZ's, y'all know me  
The O.G. who sold keys, only roll wit' them Rollies  
We don't fuck with the police  
Front on me and they gon' bleed  
I know you wonder how I sold 500 thou  
And still rap like a backpacker and sound underground

Hook

## Verse 3

Hell Rell:

My life is based around traffickin' and violence  
I'm young but I'm old school like them African  
medallions  
Troop shoot ya spot built  
That shit you talkin' can get ya whole block killed  
Believe me, you are not real  
I'm buster-proof, you can't do nuttin' to me  
Have 100 niggaz in hoodies in ya crib like what's  
goodie  
Yeah, goddamn, all these muthafuckas hate us  
I don't take orders, I ain't no muthafuckin' wiater  
I'm a boss, so here's my ring, kiss 5 karats  
Killing snitches, moving birds, those are my habits  
I heard you run a town  
And your connect was giving you the run-around  
Well here, take my number down  
I got coke for days, yeah blow for days  
I like to rhyme but I love crime cuz I know it pays  
I winked at her cuz I know that dame wit' you  
You don't feel what I'm doin', you got Novocain in you  
nigga

Hook

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