

Evora Cesaria

"Dot Vs. TMR"

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* two versions of this song - the first has a similar beat to the original version, the second is composed of all the beats to the songs that are "remade" in this song *

Intro: greg nice & madd rapper

Yo, dis a boogie down, bk connection
No doubt, it's greg n-i, i'm in the house
Madd rapper
Dis how we do yo
No doubt
D-dot...turn it out
D-dot...turn it out
Crazy cat
No doubt
Dis is da remix

Verse 1: d-dot

Yo, can i get a whut whut...like jigga
Crazy cat
Dem fly niggaz, puff wit my niggaz
Went from a low income, to high figgaz
Poppa die now, cuz i supply niggaz
Yo...it ain't my fault...it ain't my fault
I got caught, top of new york, like the war report
To the streets: thank you for your support

Verse 2: the madd rapper

Yo yo yo
I'm known to be the maddest, in the mc field
No respect in 9-8, in 9-9 its real
Got a big record deal, shippin' platinum plus
Hip hopperz and chart topperz, that be us
No more laughin' at us, no more back of the bus
Gettin' hed in the wip, high on crack and the dust
Too hard
My soldierz, locked down in da ??penz??
Yo dat brooklyn bullshit, we on it again
Come on

Hook: greg nice

P.o.t., Neva eva think of jerkin' me
I work too hard for my royalty
Peace to chickenheads and cash money
M.a.d., Neva eva think of jerkin' me
I work too hard for my royalty
Peace to chickenheads and cash money

Verse 3: d-dot

Uh uh, see i'm a rich cat, mansion and da yaught,
Dancin' in da hot spot, brancin' burnin' hot
I gotta 9v12 parked in the lot
Drop, shut 'em down, open up shop

Verse 4: madd rapper

Yo, if a bar were a hundred dollarz, baby gimme some
mo
If the pussy is all dried up, baby gimme some mo
Four o'clock in the mornin', you hear a knock at da door
Madd rappers fuckin' your daughter, in the backseat of
the 4

Verse 5: d-dot

Where my doggz at, matter of a fact where my broadz
at
A little nigga, but all dat
Catch me at da hot spots, i dot, ice rocks
Bounce wit a bad bitch, twist her back in tight nots

Verse 6: madd rapper

So ya'll niggaz don't wanna play my records ha
Ya'll actin like my shit ain't as hard as john blaze ha
Fuckin' put me in yo magazine ha
Bitches don't wanna give me my propz ha
Well fuck you ha

Hook:

D.o.t.
Coolin' out wit greg n.i.c.e.
Neva eva think of jerkin' me
Work too hard for my royalty
M.a.d.
Neva eva think of jerkin' me
Knock shit out like 1,2,3

Who dat crazy cat up in da tree

Verse 7: d-dot

Yo, dey wann sip mo(et) on my livin' room floor
Jackin' my car keys and rippin' my range ro(ver)
Backstage passes, and broads wit big asses
Hed wit crystal and champagne glasses

Verse 8: madd rapper

Uh uh, i know you heard me on your radio
True
And you know i stole your stereo
Ooh
Times is hard, can't find a job
Got wit 50 cent yo, showed ya'll cats how to rob

Verse 9: d-dot

Yo, you don't wanna play around, you don't wanna play
around
For 50 chips, i'll lay it down
Pop number ones, and pop from my guns
Stacks for my daughters, and nots for my sons

Verse 10: madd rapper

Ay-yo hi my name is, whut my name is
And i walk around wit a stainless
Stay wit b-boy, i fly wit birds that are brainless
And one hit record, son i'm about to be famous

Hook: greg nice

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