

Gaby Berger

"You and I Know"

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(Mr. Doctor)

Be havin niggas stooled
See what the rhymes will do, fo soon
Gallons of 94 proof wit cha crew
I pacc low...too
That's where the lyrics 'll keep you
Ya scrapin' wit cha dogs about hoes
and who want the tightest load
It's like control
Me and my niggas got put on and stapped with a mac
And let the world know that
With that Blocstyle tracc and that locced out rap
It ain't no bitches around when i'm like blazin in the
bacc
With my "kaks"
Stuffed with the world's fattest dope sacc
I smoke that bomb in Juice's Cadillac
I'm...a crazy ass, lazy ass nigga
Drinkin let these bitches move and bring the money
through
And fucc Sicx, that nigga ain't shit
See real niggas like Jerome from the Creek know it
If I ever see his ass split the mutha fuccas lip
Twist his mutha fuccin shit and take that bitch niggas
grip

(Chorus: Mr. Doctor)

I met niggas like you and Foe
Know to act wild cuz you and I know
What really go (background: Shanita)
The question is who bang like me O-E...Odyssey
The truth is only Odyssey

(Mr. Doctor)

Now what you know about this nigga
Me in the low with the homies with the chips nigga
C, Reg, and Foe
With a fly ass bitch nigga

Be in control with the plot to make my poccets bigger
Them real niggas
I set shit straight with a .38
At the gate, intensions to move weight
Without them niggas that's fake
So one always hate the one nigga that ovewr weight
Like me and my nigga T.D. from the East, and Tyri
Who make beats like Griff
And who got chips
And who ride like Blacc Market
Me and X in the Lexus
And the bird, so nigga fucc what you heard
You get served like dope in the set by the curb
See none of ya'll niggas wanna fucc with me
And aahhh, none of ya'll niggas wanna get blazed like
weed
Like a key, to get blazed by Odysea
And Blacc Market in the bacc of the same Lex with the
beat nigga

Chorus

(Mr. Doctor)

Like this, dog I'll smoke out with you homie
Act like you know me and knocc bacc a 40
Tryin to get your shit right
Get your shit tight
So close to midnight and the way I excite
The way I recite gangsta lyrics and you hear it
I see you load on keys and I'm quicc to commandeer it
Like the term, to bust straps and drink Cogniac
To spit rhymes for Twamp till my nigga get bacc
I heard this triccc tried to scream my dogs name
So what you say?
Come around my way where mutha fuccas don't play
The "Rose", where niggas loc and drink Bombay
And flip niggas domes like dope saccs every single
day
It's odd ya see, Odysea on top of shit
And I told your ass before about them lyrics worth a
grip
Worth the chips, sideways like this nigga
I did a fuccin licc, had you spottin me his shit nigga

Chorus

(Tre Eight: talking)

Yeah man this shit is rightious
That's it for these wanna be G's
Wanna be gangstas', wanna be thugs

Wanna be pimp playa punk ass underground rappin
ass niggas
For ya'll mutha fuccas
This is that real shit
Odysea shit you know what I'm sayin

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