

The D.O.C.

"45 Automatic"

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Like that, welcome to the brand new world bitch, put it on them like this, from the motherfucking home girl in the house to be new trip world and it's the P-A-S-S-I-O-N.

See I be flipping like Tina turning with a burner running through your hood yelling lyrical murder its dark outside and these niggas try to hide, I glide through your crew like glide to glide, see i aint letting shit ride watcha wanna do when I come for you and your bitch ass crew strap nine lose your mind on the verge of destruction blood starts to boil you like a lyrical combustion eruption it aint no pressure no pain niggas falling off the strain the maintain I got the cream team and gunning for the riches so many wack bitches posing for pictures everyday same papers I regulate my papers cause so many spectators trying to imitate us they be walking by walking mocking my persona they wanna be like passion but they don't want the drama they be killing me trying to preach to me teach to me I got the p.h.d in funkology you got your blasters and your masters of the field of dramatic attic the lyrical one bringing the static from the attic so cock your automatic I've had it up to here you niggas are in danger you better stand clear up no love and notice mainstream America they just stay ready for this

Nigga didn't wanna pass the weed left me stuck everybody be telling me Daz fucked up but I never gave a fuck though it's all about the cash or you walk the river like trash and I'm about to get a brand new one puff puff it really don't matter cause now I got the batter now sticking it in my sock jet straight hit the dope spot bet no just us just me in Atlanta where you wanna come and test me real the real new whatcha wanna do cause all I got to say is all arcade put it another way of criminal you could be the original mark of bliminal wiminal get wet can't forget my niggas in the lake Westside project on the line once upon a time in C.A I met five niggas all they did was bomb shit I mixed the completely leet technique together with the knowledge of a Compton street but weak Nigga fucked

up mo town one by one everybody broke down I'm out
it's about money cash but me I'm about to do a Jordan
on that ass.

Yeah one time for your mind do a motherfucker like
that Mally g

I got my eye on the motherfucker coming out the back
cause that trick bitch wanna see me on the track and
it's so good that they want it like that cause I'm a Nigga
bro and kick the trigger flow screaming 6-1 to the
grave big drug sellers bitches and money you can't a
motherfucking tell em a thang about this gang
Philadelphia niggas got to let the gats bang we come
equipped with glocks and flips in the pocket and
straight lock shit and that's the way it's gonna be from
95 until infinity mally g I beat that loony ass nigga
landpin and now I give a fuck who the fuck is ??? I
scream my shit I love my shit fuck flipping positive I get
my living negative motherfucker it don't stop ha and
my Nigga erotic got it ???on deck what motherfucker
he got the track weed and the set I drop it on the one
for my dogs who was with me y'all keep it tight for a
Nigga don't forget me y'all see I got my niggas and we
got guns and beats like that we always stay strapped I
represent the Philly four pound pack be quick to smack
a tramp bitch jaw jack a felon like hard jack is flipping
my thing down with my Nigga erotic what you want next
and the D and to the O-C with the lunatic lyricist its
mally g the unfuck with the full individual leaving mc's
in the condition that will be critical ha and niggas know
that I don't give a fuck about a trick ass ho never trick
in my dough and that's the way it's gonna be from 95
till infinity its mally g

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