

# Doe-Rey-Me (feat. Boogieman & Young Boss)

## Big Scoob

I don't know how you live,  
But how I live, I don't step out the house unless I'm going to get some fucking paper  
There's only two things to do when you step out the house: That's either get some paper,  
Or die trying  
Raised in it, and I lived in it  
No way to win it, but I'm still in it  
Scared money, don't eat, nigga  
Beast mode, so I feast, nigga  
The game's shook, it's Young Bo\$\$ the Kansas City crook  
And I don't fuck with bigs, nigga, the Big Bad Wolf  
Hustle hard, and loyalty: That's all I constitute  
If you ain't talkin' money, then nigga it's fuck you like a prostitute  
But if you talkin' benjamins, I'm cummin' like an ejaculation  
Test me, I empty the whole clip like an evacuation  
Money still the conversation, when money talks, I'm all ears  
Switchin' gears, hit the club, then bottles pop like New Years  
No fear, gotta rush and chop like I'm from Moscow  
Let off five shots with five niggas, I need five towels  
Milk the game like five cows 'till money's sittin' in five 'Pal's  
If I get caught and go to trial, I'm pleadin' amendment five now  
If you a witness, I'm takin' you out of the game like you got five fouls  
Watch your back, cause I-O-U like three of the five vowels  
Fuck that it's time to switch it up  
I'm high as fuck and drunk with a pistol tucked  
I'm in traffic just like the morning rush  
And I'm the shit, when I hop out, toilets flush  
Bo\$\$Doe-rey-me  
Money minded, motivational  
Appetite, I'm insatiable  
Don't blame me  
Gritter grinding, I'm greedy, nigga  
Fuck the talk and just feed me, nigga  
Doe-rey-me  
Raised in it, and I lived in it  
No way to win it, but I'm still in it  
Don't blame me  
Scared money, don't eat, nigga  
Beast mode, so I feast, nigga  
Listen here, let me teach you something  
That nigga livin' don't owe you nothing  
Block niggas, we come from nothin'  
Take these scraps and make 'em somethin'

That's the way it was told to me  
Think about it, it was sold to me  
Laughin' 'bout how these hoes would be  
Talkin' bout how it's supposed to be  
Little buddy, try'na walk'n my shoes  
Shed no blood, I ain't paid no dues  
Fuck with me and I'll fuck with you  
Loyalty for just a few  
Take this package and distribute  
Pay your debts and follow suit  
Link up a team, hustlers with dreams  
Killer gorillas that'll die for you  
Eye for eye, we ride together  
We eat together, we'll die together  
Always, any type of weather  
Blood line can never be severed  
Blood in, nigga, blood out  
We beat these streets 'till they bled out  
Beat these streets to the bread count  
Get your bread out 'fore the feds pounce  
Work this shit like a nine to five  
Hustle, hustle, always keep it in drive  
Hustle, hustle, help your people survive  
Hustle, hustle, get your piece of the pie  
Dream big, nigga, reach for the sky  
Many dreams in these gutters have died  
Spread your wings and take your flight  
Fearin' nothing, now chase the lightDoe-rey-me  
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Beast mode, so I feast, niggaDon't blame me, I'm a product of the painting  
A fragment of a faint dream  
I'm a song that niggas can't sing  
Forty-one-eleven blam team  
Twenty-seven-hundred champion  
Still involved with them same niggas that'll pull up and do the damn thing  
That's all sides, got family ties that'll all ride

Death dealers in different colors, they my brothers, ya'll all die  
No lie I'm truth tellin'  
Got niggas gellin' cause dudes' yellin'  
Snuggled up to them same people that'd shoot you down and recruit felons  
Ya'll can have it, I'm done with it  
Don't [?] me, follow none, nigga  
Do it all for them funds, nigga  
I'm turnt up like a young nigga  
Best to watch your tongue, nigga  
I yank it out 'fore you done, nigga  
That tough talk'll get fucked off  
Touch jaw, and I won, nigga  
I pledge allegiance to the people  
Power to the unequal, courageously fighting evil  
We hustle like it's the sequel to barely makin' a livin'  
For family it ain't no livin', I get it chasin' my visionDoe-rey-me  
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