

Square One

Dope D.O.D.

Uh oh, uh oh
Uh oh, uh oh
Yea-Skits-
Shifts on, this song kicks
When you hit bongs and take five hits
You gone, I write hits
I ain't on the hustle, but my boys sell bricks
No snake, ain't no snitch
But I know a couple that they ain't goin' miss
One wish, take your pick
When you get shot though, where's your clique?
Hey Skits ain't no fool
Rap [?] stay in school
This game got some rules
When it don't flip, don't rob them shoes
When it don't click, don't cop them tools
When it don't bling, don't cop those jewels
When you ain't prepared, son
You got to square-
One, two, three come with me
Let me show you how to rip an artery
Let me show you how to rip your mom in three pieces
[?] MC
I'm a beast just ask my dog, my G
Heat, I make it hard to breath
Way too deep, too far to leave
But I keep tricks up my sleeve
Cause I
Ain't playin', ain't jokin'
[?] leave your face open
Angels stay floatin'
Only I be chain smokin'
Make paper, stay focused
Now I'm on a plane floatin'
I got the name growin'
In case you ain't notice-Dopey-
I'm having flashbacks, holes in your snapback
Ain't got a backpack, I'm a clap back
You taking over, no we can't have that

Put numbers on the board and that's that
Stick together like a wolf pack
Dutch flag and the Union Jack
The warden had sent precision attack
Watch how the whole world turns pitch black
-Jay-

Yeah, big Mack, slick cat
I wanna know where my real niggas at
Bitch slap, riffraff
I got some real white boys in the back
They ready to roll up [?] motherfucker
Smoke big blunts, I don't need no binaca
Big Poppa, shocka
What we got for the tribe and shit
Live as shit, you mind your bitch
Lookin' like a dime, I grind those tits-Dopey-
Take a few hits to prepare for the blitz
My name be growin', emotions are mixed
Always stay hatin', you'll never admit
Your system's hacked in just a few clicks
Put it in the box like a corner kick
I was bored of school, you was born a prick
You don't play no more, losers always quit
We stayed focused on how to make it
Face it your mind-state's basic
You can't take it how we just take shit
You unfit and we just goin' get
Rags to riches, I ain't done yet
Cause IYeah
In case you ain't notice
It's a take over
Yeah, Dope D.O.D
We make this shit look easy
Be on the beats
The Reaper, the Vicious, the Rotten
2014
And we out bitch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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