

# Dr. Demento

**Boldy James**

(And you know it's sewed up)  
Few knocks at the window (Half ounce to double up)  
Where we at? (Spigs big as rods)

I'm just a D nigga selling dope in your town in hopes to take it over (Blocks)  
Magnum twenty shots, half-empty box of baking soda (Where we at?)  
Never colored outside of the lines, Maybach grain mocha (Uh-huh)  
Ravioli seats in that GT, but the paint Crayola (Let's get it)  
On that corner all night, break of day, just tryna make my quota  
Youngin just got served his paperwork versus the state Dakota (SD)  
Niggas out here tryna ride my wave, but never faced the floater  
Glowstick on my hip, might get on tip, somethin' like Baby Yoda (Brrrt)  
Diamondback spitted, get you slid out by them paper soldiers (It's on)  
Like, how much that you wanna bet? Bet I can snake a cobra (Uh-huh)  
Speakin' venom on my name, mad at me they can't get over (Yeah)  
Know I'm in that HOV lane, ten bricks of grey October (Skrtrt)  
My remaker makin' a bend, feel like I'm playin' poker (Remix)  
All these pissy Huggies make the pluggy look like Baby Joker (Yeah)  
Brand new vision where I scrape that pot and make that yay do yoga (Blockworks)  
I'm from Belvedere, but the block I slap, it say, "Mendota" (That's what's up)

Few knocks at the window, two spots on Sorrento (Where we at?)  
Glock in my Kenzo (Uh-huh), yops and extendos  
Watchin' for the kickdoor (Yeah), live from the six-four (Blocks)  
Tied in with Distro (Let's get it) and Dr. Demento (What else?)  
Few knocks at the window (Uh-huh), two spots on Sorrento (You know it)  
Glock in my Kenzo (Glicquot), yops and extendos (It's poking)  
Watchin' for the kickdoor (Uh-huh), live from the six-four (The Jackson)  
Tied in with Distro (Blocks) and Dr. Demento  
Let's get it

Cut rocks the size of Mentos, half a pound of gumbo  
From Outer Drive to French Road (Yeah), it's trappers Alejandro (Eastside)  
Don't even know your pedigree, shoutout Gammy and Mambo (Mambo)  
Big Buford with the extra cheese, look like a Rally's combo (The extras)  
Welcome back, baby Pablo, long live my brother Spanto (Where we at?)  
Most niggas would've been fold, BXR 'til the crossroad  
GXFR mi jefe (Bossolini), two-way, deuce, siete (227)  
From Schoolcraft to Joy Road (22), we move that bag in Morse code (X gang)  
That's my MO, you damn right (Heavyweight), ML express the next day (Where we at?)  
From 94 and Van Dyke to the Van Wyck Expressway (NY)  
Go-go Gadget watch, my strig look like a Battlebot (Yeah)  
I mix the Off-White hoodie with the Bo Jacks, but they Travis Scott (Uh)  
Catchin' pops, you can tell I'm up just by my ice game (I'm up)  
Baselining Challies, doin' ninety-plus in the bike lane (Skrtrt)  
Ain't do shit to them niggas shot your brother, you is not no dumper (Pussy)  
Have my shooter pull up on your bumper, you ain't got no jumper (Pshh)

Few knocks at the window (Knock, knock), two spots on Sorrento (Where we at?)  
Glock in my Kenzo (Uh-huh), yops and extendos (I ups it)  
Watchin' for the kickdoor (Duckin' rec), live from the six-four (Where we at?)

Tied in with Distro (Uh-huh) and Dr. Demento (Bo Jack)  
Few knocks at the window (Tap, tap), two spots on Sorrento (Trap, trap)  
Glock in my Kenzo (Yeah), yops and extendos (Stick a ton)  
Watchin' for the kickdoor (For the jaguar), live from the six-four (Yeah)  
Tied in with Distro (Blocks) and Dr. Demento  
Let's get it

I'ma just—  
I'ma keep doing that because it ain't 'bout me trying to be something I'm no  
t  
I'm naturally, just, I ain't got no haters over there, type shit  
I rule this city though, whole city  
You know what I'm saying?  
Even the niggas that cowered us out  
The niggas that don't move for us  
Keep winning more, nigga  
Mafia