

Under Control

Dope D.O.D.

These niggas on lock but we got that
Dope by my side, yeah I got that
Straight to the top, can't stop that
Dope D.O.D. got it under control
Bitch on my cock, yeah I got that
p*ssy nonstop, yo we got that
My niggas on the block won't cop back
Dope D.O.D. got it under control

Yeah I got that, tongue like a gun, let me cock back
Fillin' that drum, let me drop that
Even y'all bitches gon' cop that
Nigga I'm deep like Loch Ness
Gimmie that mic, let me rock's it
Rocky Balboa get popped quick
Knocked in the coma for cockiness
I'm in my zone gettin' my cock a lick and I'm toxic
I'mma blow your mind and f*cking face away
I'm on that paper chasin', we don't play today
On that 808 I'm gonna make you fade away
And nigga day by day we gettin' more specific
More hardcore, we don't know where the limit
No shit's given, now you know how livin'
I'm in the studio when my niggas kill it
Yeah and you ain't get no slice
No advice on how to get this nice
Double up the price, nigga check this
Let me take a last look in my check list
That motherf*cking gift, I got that
And my cock black, nigga stop that
I'm tryna' live it to the motherf*ckin' max
With these motherf*ckin' tracks on my stack
I got that

The base is poudin' ground again
Tryna' get my ass across town again
Needle in the haystack, found the pen
Baby got back with the carmel skin
Cards on deck, far from fetched
Goin' all in when my arms go flex
Arnold press, bars I stretched
Looking like there no marlboros left
You might catch me dreamin' of private jets and marble floors
But when I wake up screamin' it's empty biz and dirty drawers
This is a day in the life of a Skits
My wifey is and I pack a nice Swizz
I know they'll be cheesin' like I did the cut
And sold that's the reason that I'm never bluffin'
Guess what? I don't owe you
And better yet - I don't know you
Why should I explain when you hate on a thing
This ain't for local So bitches is strippin' to tease
I'm tellin' you this is a breeze
Ain't no Khalifa but when I puff reefer
Believe me I did it was sleaze

You can't never harm me - stay calm G

Listen close to the sound of this doggy
D.O.D. army AKA still foggy
Got it on lock, it's a private party
Rollin' shotty, on to the next one
I ain't sharin', you won't get none
Invaders die in my section
Yo we got this, now we bless 'em
Get through session, we stay wreckin'
Crawl in my face but I still ain't checkin'
You're not relevant, won't get mention
You're not feelin' it, AM sencin'
I'll keep doing this, no half steppin'
Words the bullets, mic's the weapon
Rappers in the great depression
I'm just here to teach them lessons