

# Doctor (feat. Young Droop)

## Playalitical

CHORUS: Why do I do these type of things addicted to commotion/ overdosin off emotions/  
doctor bring my new results in. REPEATx1Verse 1 [Playalitical]

Either you get it or your thrown in jail  
so our jewels are like our show and tell  
to show when lifes goin well  
or down the tubes and slow on sales  
our whips are like our purple hearts  
the honor for war wounds and marks  
some are sleepin from the shoots  
some are blinding by the sparks  
our chick are cherrys on the cake  
faces vary for various ranks  
real ones roll wit dude tryin  
fake ones always mary banks  
our raps are our tales from the jungle  
lions tigers cops and junkys  
the kings of course are always humble  
cowards is always actin punchy.

CHORUS: Why do I do these type of things addicted to commotion/ overdosin off emotions/  
doctor bring my new results in. REPEATx1Verse 2 [Young Droop]

I maintain wit a military state of mind  
personal vendetta my niggas got structure  
true life Mafioso muthafuckas  
the neighborhood im from taught me all that rucus  
keepin my ears to the concrete glisten  
homies in the house cookin birds in the kitchen  
my people they call me little dennis the menace  
first to start shit first one to finish  
im comin up outta the cut and ready to buck a nigga that's slippin  
Devon the Don King gangsta pimpin  
pound for pound im putin it down town to town never gangsta simpin  
and don't make me call up my squad  
killers that shoot to the shank to the squad  
sick to my gut when it comes to the law  
we banging on police nigga this the mob/ what.

CHORUS: Why do I do these type of things addicted to commotion/ overdosin off emotions/  
doctor bring my new results in. REPEATx1

Verse 3 [Playalitical]

Im like 2012 to mayan cults  
this ratchet here don't tighten bolts  
you know the drill I buy in bulk  
see the sniper hide your gulps

life is short so time is precious  
stop the clock hes being reckless  
take me off your sucka checklist  
time to leave dude pick an exit  
what a stupid move to make  
your gonna see the light over 16 ounces  
all you had to do was wait  
your lousy at this write your spouses  
try hard not to piss your trousers  
I hate doin these type of jobs  
all these little slimy schmucks

always try to heist my mob.CHORUS: Why do I do these type of things addicted to  
commotion/ overdosin off emotions/ doctor bring my new results in. REPEATx1Verse 4  
[Young Droop]

My brain contained wit so many things  
sometimes to much it got me over the edge  
wicked thoughts stuck in my head  
got me walking around town like im half ass dead  
still callin shots still poppin glocks  
still smoking pot still runnin game  
everybody and they moma know my name  
yea they wonder if I still gang bang  
play the role as a beast in the streets  
wit most the type of niggas that el spook ya  
them kritikal individuals that will do ya  
don't let that cool guy image fool ya  
I came from the gutter just ask my mother  
you wana verify just ask my brothas  
if you don't believe it then what can I say  
fuck the world im on some otha.CHORUS: Why do I do these type of things addicted to  
commotion/ overdosin off emotions/ doctor bring my new results in. REPEATx1

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>