

# Intro (Doubt It)

## RJmrLA & Royce The Choice

(RJmrLA)  
Ay Choice!

(Royce the Choice)  
What up bro?

(RJmrLA)  
Bro, where the fuck you been?

(Royce the Choice)  
In the wind, turning 5 into 10  
Took the L outta Black  
Turn they back on a pimp  
Fuck that tho, tell me how you been?

(RJmrLA)  
You ever felt your stomach touch your back bone? (I have)  
On God, I was lowkey down bad with it (Yeah?)  
It was harder than reading a text on a cracked phone (Tell me mo')  
I had to get it out a bitch to keep my rap image  
Even ran up on a trick, it turned out it was a motherfuckin fan  
I get to pattin a nigga pockets, he want a picture for the 'gram

(Royce the Choice)  
Damn  
I could understand what you sayin  
From the North, I was in the trap like a neck vein  
Now rule number 1 is to never be number 2  
Second rule, shit on em without stepping in number two  
Rule 3, if you do, get that shit off your shoe  
I always got it out the mud, but what I know ain't what I do  
Used to wop out the smokers with the B12's  
Came in with a blower, we sold him the real  
Came back for more, we sold him the fakes  
Threw some Orajel on it, he needed a taste

(RJmrLA)  
Ay  
Rich Off Mackin, we done gave them niggas blueprints

They ain't worth a penny tryna add they two cents

(Royce the Choice)

And you know we bout a dollar, kept it hunnid since a nuisance  
Back to the story nigga, tell em where the juice is  
Is you back independent?

(RJmrLA)

Yeah it been that for a minute

(Royce the Choice)

From Seattle to the Millas?

(RJmrLA)

In they feelings like a dentist  
Rap Caviar, they done listed two of the realest

(Royce the Choice)

Now they all poppin this pimpin, so we had to reinvent it

(RJmrLA)

Quarterbackin in the backfield  
Introducing my hoes to zo up in Maxfield  
The pimpin in me gets so cold, get you back chills  
Count a hunnid a night, it feel like an x pill

(Royce the Choice)

On to the next thrill

It might be your year, but its not yo day  
Like she might say she care but that's not yo bae  
They gon hate you when you on  
Love you when you gone  
It's Rich Off Mackin nigga play the next song

(Bridge)

Ay, you ever been out to the show me state?  
Quiet down if you don't relate  
Let me be great, hold it down, don't need to hate  
Did you doubt us?  
Weakest man is the loudest  
I really do like when you doubt us  
Pull up on me baby, don't hesitate  
Keep the party goin, don't make me wait

(Royce the Choice)

Know it been a while nigga  
You know my vibe, know my style nigga  
Hard to trust  
Crooked like my dick and my smile nigga

Put you in these size 9's you couldn't walk a mile in em  
Can't nobody reel me, I'm the only real me  
You still gotta hunnid dollar bill me when you feel me  
Lost everything but my trust so I'm still me  
Pillow talking to these bitches, boy you niggas kill me  
Sell this shit too long, you get immune to the scent  
Serve pills, hop weed, transition too legit  
Shot 3-5-7, .45 long clip  
Told her lie to detectives when they got up in my shit  
Right hand to the Bible, if I sin then I repent  
For the Gangstas I just put the G inside of Gentleman  
Fuckin treat her like she treat herself, that's proper etiquette  
Got a strong Black bitch  
Still gotta call her bitch (bitch)

(Chorus)

All feels, I bet on my self  
You can't tell, I'm feelin my self  
You ever got it out the ground yo self?  
Oh well I doubt  
I doubt it  
I doubt it  
I doubt it  
I doubt it  
I doubt it  
I doubt it  
I doubt it  
I doubt it  
I doubt it

(RJmrLA)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>