

Do That Shit

Chip tha Ripper

I love it when you do that shit
Girl go on head and get it
Move like you move it if you don't
I love when you do that shit
Girl go on head and get it
Drop it down bring it up and let it roll
I love when you
Do that shit yea
Do that shit uh
Do that shit yeah
Do that shit
I love when you do that shit uh
Do that shit yeah
Do that shit uh
Do that shit

I wonder how she do that man hold up
Lil momma almost got my thing swold up
Spind a couple dallors on ya chan so what
Gotta hunder ones we can hit the damn truck
Wait did I say I had a hundred ones my bad.
A bitch will never evea say she had a dallor I had no
The only bitch I prolly ever spent cash on prolly
Was stupid head to see if I could last long
Hit the ass gone puumm me so fly
Gettin blowed in the back of the g 4
Grap a towl hurry up skeet skeet ohh
I said my bad what cha lookin at me foo
I want a bad bitch caz I'm a damn fool
Girl you gotta do somthings them hoes can't do
Come to my till room 129 I just gotta see ya one more time

[Chorus]

Let me know you ant scaard girl don't be acting like that
You know what I came to see gone trough that ass back
What chyou thought it was just me and all fats
It's a hundred slab niggas where the f*ck your friends at
I tell a bitch get down then get down

I'm a stand up you can set down
Pull up to your house not so fast we f*ckin in here right (yup) got your ass
I am so cool, locos on boo if you think you was gettin paid the jokes on you
Open up my hotel don't look on tha floor
You'll see one pair of pumps and 4 pair of shall toes
Yeah I share hoes bitch I'm from the slab
As soon as they heard the name they aske like me now
I just want to grab don't worry about me you just worry about stayin on beat

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne:]

Money to be made best belive a nigga clockin
I runned my self like a quarter back option
I pictured 10 gs tell the bitch to go shoppin
She buy her self some cloths and she broght me back a chopper
See a nigga tryin to kick it but you know I don't play soccer

I am all about my cake I am tryin to marry betty crocker
A package on the way and on my whip game proper
And enough for one keya see 70 thousand dallors
Now I was shootin dice smokin on a joint
I bet with yo gotti he hit 5 stright points
And yo we keep hustlin yo we keep grindin
You rap about money and a nigga might sign ya
Rap about me a nigga might find ya
But now nine in ya ass with your head right behind ya
Dope game bitch let his momma worry bout em
You can halla at me