

## Do It

Rasheeda

Do it, (come on now)  
Do it, (come on now)  
Do it,  
(Come on) Do the damn thang

Come on let's start this shit  
Shawty let's crank this shit  
A little sumethin for them hatin' hoes  
Who gets nothin' but them knees and boes  
Why ya'll all in my grill,  
Why ya'll can't keep it real  
Always tryin' to plot and scheme  
Wanna live this life is just a dream  
Ain't no I in teams  
All the real niggas know what it mean  
Catch me ya'll just to slow  
Hatin' hoes gotta let ya'll go  
Don't never try to stop my flo'  
Won't tell you this shit no mo'  
Da baddest hoe that you ever seen  
Two triple O, shawty bout that green

Naw they don't understand  
These niggas don't understand  
These muthafuckers think we playin  
See they don't know what we sayin  
Fake niggas in our grill  
Fake niggas all in our grill  
These niggas don't wanna get to it  
These niggas don't wanna do it

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You can tell a real nigga from the fake fake  
A trill nigga that's down in the cake cake  
A hot girl that's clean not stank stank  
Some bad weave for somebody  
So u took a little drank  
So I guess it made u think that you could when u can't  
With the N with the ain't  
Ain't nobody got time round here to playing round  
Sucka with the big sack nigga better lay it down  
Comin' through ain't bout that shady shit  
Boy I'm mo' dirty than Dusty Rhodes  
I drop the beat and rock the flo'  
Representing that Que Bo Gold  
So don't you try to test us out thinkin' we country with no skills  
Cause I drop the bass and tame the bass  
Put this fire to yo grill

Well I was born in Illinois okay ah  
Raised in Atlanta, G-A yah  
Lived in New York and L.A. yah  
My nigga I'm da shit no matter where I stay

Cause, uh, I was cut like that, lil buddy I'm stacked like that  
From da front to da side to da back, Rasheeda, and I'm tight like that  
I ain't never been worried bout notha  
Cutter her buddy, lil buddy I don't studder  
9 double lock chrome for the lame lame  
Big faces in my pocket not the chump change  
Ride the Benz with the wood grain, grilled out, smoke frame,  
With the knock knock  
38 pop pop all you haters just stop  
Or you gone get dropped

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Brrrrdt! Uh, Stick em, ha ha ha, stick em  
Fuck dem pussy niggas and who ever with em  
All I say is sic em  
And there go my boys  
D-S-G-B, Pastor damn Troy  
Boy you ain't ready  
Boy you don't want it  
Boy we ain't ready, bitch get disappointed  
Shit, all I know is southern blo'd not lower than a dime  
From thirty piece to quarter ki we strictly on da grind  
No time to spit no evidence, no evidence, no charge  
Since they ain't got no evidence  
I gave them my lil boy  
The scars from my hand as I crank up the speaker  
Drop the bomb on you bitches, Pastor and Rasheeda  
Bitch, do it!

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