

I Do

Rasheeda

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

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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 y'all all in my grill?
Why y'all can't keep it real?
Always tryin' to plot and scheme
Wanna live this life is just a dream

Ain't no one in teams
All the real niggas know what it mean
Catch me, y'all just to slow
Hatin' hoes gotta let y'all 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 muthaf**kers 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 you took a little drank
So I guess it made you think that you could when you can't
Wit' the N, wit' the ain't
Ain't nobody got time round here to playing round

Sucka wit' 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 wit' no skills
'Cuz 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 yeah, lived in New York and L.A., yeah
My nigga, I'm da shit no matter where I stay
'Cuz, uh, I wuz 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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Stick 'em, ha ha ha, stick 'em
f**k dem pussy niggas and who ever wit' '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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