

Do It Again, Pt.2

Asian Doll

Tapaz on the tape
Ayy, J1, that's flames, my bro

Ayy, we gon' do it again, pop out the cut with a beam on the knocker (Grrah)
We gon' do it again, spin on his mother and shoot up his father (Boom, baow)
We gon' do it again, three hundred demons, they robbin' the robbers (Robbin'
the robbers)
We gon' do it again, flock at a opp 'cause a scene, I can probably (Blah, bl
ah, blah, grrah)

We gon' do it again (Do it again)
We gon' do it again (Boom, boom, boom, do it again)
We gon' do it again (Grrah, do it again)
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Spin your block and then do it again, can't test a bitch 'cause I'll do it a
gain
IVD, I ain't one of their friends, yeah, took the phone and I'll do it again
Take your man and I'll do it again, make you wish you won't do it again
Slidin' out in this blacked out Benz, go check the wrist, yeah, that cost me
ten
In LDN, I set trends ridiculous, see the opps, why they act oblivious?
Sexy bitch, yeah, them bitches hideous
When-when a bitch get fast and furious, I'm killin' it, put-
put her in a spliff then I'm billin'
Drag-drag her by her wig then I'm flingin' it (Drag her), bet you won't do t
hat again, period
He wanna fuck 'cause I'm wearin' Gucci
Too wet-wet with the kitty, that's the reason that your man wanna do me
Big fat breast and booty, all the mandem tryna dive for coochie
They all want a London girl, come to my hood, I don't kiss and tell, real ba
dman from ATL

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I'ma shoot him all dead (I'ma shoot him all dead), tryna bruise him again
Get knocked, come home, but I'll do it again, broke up with her nigga, she s
moochin' again (Glah)
I can't ride in a whip with no tints, gotta lay back 'cause I know that I'm

him

Went down, but I'll focus again, went down, but I'll focus again (Glah)
I can focus up, that's on bro, I'm a twin that's gon' blow it up
Ski mask on, so the police don't notice us
If I don't got the knock, I'ma poke him up
No cap 'cause I'm on that for real, might take a trip to the hill
That lil scooter got camp, and we still get the drop and I slide on that dri
ll (Glah, glah)
Tryna find us a gunner (Tryna find us), I got the knocker on me every summer
(Like, what?)
Try catch him and bun him (Try catch him and bun him), he goin' bitch, I tur
n into a runner
And I ain't have none, swear I was lackin'? Put that on my mother (Dummy)
And I ain't have none, swear I was lackin'? Put that on my mother, God!

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