

# This Is How We Do

Big Tymers

This how we do it, where I'm from  
Thuggin in the club until I see the sun  
Shi-ine, on my face, got the gun on my waist  
Walkin to my escalade, tellin niggas im not afraid, to let the nine  
sing out, let the ring out.

Got one more minute till last call  
2 Drunk players leanin on tha wall  
3 crazy niggas screamin alcohol  
4 More niggas claimin that they ball  
5 Bartenders and they all want leave  
6 ugly bitches with some hooked up weaves  
7 dyke broads and they all look rough  
8 niggas hollerin don't fuck with us  
9 bitches runnin off at the mouth  
10 bitches tryin to hear what they talkin bout  
11 cute shorties in the whole damn club  
12 wannabe, gonna be, nuthin but scrubs  
13 fights, niggas, bitches and dice  
14 police reading niggas they rights  
15 minutes on interstate-10  
at the strip club, we gon' do it again

Comin thru my hood on spinnin blades  
mommy know my name, niggas know I don't play  
hop out the whip and we blaze in the shade  
cuz I gotta get straight, got an ounce of that hate  
early birds dont play, makin drops at the spots  
we stuggle but we hustle, man we hustle round the clock  
go in to the club where the bottles gon pop  
we VIP niggas so them bitches gon jock  
ay, ay  
back on them 23s, Escalade all green, Cadillac lean, who that be nigga? (Hel  
lo)  
oh, you know it be Baby, he going to the club in somethin updated  
Porsche trucks, Infinity graded  
gotta give props to the man that made me  
Red Gold, I start it went crazy  
Afford to stunt, niggaz, stay in y'all places

Picture me and yo misses, lit up like Christmas  
I look her in her eyes and ask her can she kiss me  
I do you, but never ever him  
He is a wimp, and you is a pimp  
Then she go down, to my brown  
One eye big guy hear that sound  
Slurp Slurp, take that spit  
Turn everything off bruh Check out my outfit  
I'm in the club, smokin buzz with my thugs  
Hoes show me love and I never been a scrub  
I'm walkin out, thought Lil One had a grudge, she only wanted love, so I hit  
em' with a dub  
(thats nuthin lil one)  
I'm in an Escalade faded, waistline crazy  
The yellow gold stealth, faded  
Glock packin, with the chrome cocked back  
the hood gon' luv it, but them busters gon hate it.

[music fades]