

# Where They Do That

Blac Youngsta

(Tahj Money)

I'ma zip one of you pussy-ass niggas up, nigga, pussy-ass nigga  
I'm on that murder shit, pussy, fuck up, nigga, bitch, I'm still thuggin'  
(I got Hitman on the beat)  
Uh, uh

What they shoot at? Who they shoot at? Where they do that? (Uh, uh)  
Where my tool at? Fuck with me, get shot like "who that?" (Uh, uh)  
Body for a body, where I'm from, young niggas, they do that (Uh, uh)  
They didn't shoot at me, so who the fuck they shoot at? (Uh, uh)  
I'm in competition with the opposition 'til they dead  
I don't fall asleep on pussy niggas, pistol by the bed  
My lil' nigga retarded, he give no fucks, he shoot you in yo' head  
My lil' bitch so tough, she hold her tears in, but for me, she shed  
Fuck 12, I ain't been the same since the crackers beat me in my head  
Free Killer Keith, free Blood gang, free my cousin, he still in the feds  
Pussy shot me in my leg, should've shot me in my head  
He ain't gon' make it on rush hour three, I ain't stoppin' 'til that nigga dead

Yeah, I know where my opps stay  
I'm gon' pull down, shoot them niggas broad day, on Parkway  
S-O-U-T-H, yeah, Parkway  
Don't play, lay him down day, get your shit straight (Rrr, gang gang)  
When I catch my opposition lackin', you know he gon' die  
I can't let no drugs take me out, I can't go out like fly  
Multi-million dollar nigga, aim my pistol to the sky  
I put hundred G's on yo' head, young nigga, he gon' fye  
Fwah, fwah, fwah, headshot  
When that money on yo' head, young nigga, hit you with that red dot (Bitch)  
When you runnin' from the feds, they gon' look for you on every block (Gang gang)  
Million dollars on yo' top, that's a dead block (Uh, uh)

What they shoot at? Who they shoot at? Where they do that? (Ooh, uh, uh)  
Where my tool at? Fuck with me, get shot like "who that?" (Uh, uh)  
Body for a body, where I'm from, young niggas, they do that (Uh, uh)  
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I'm on that devil shit, yeah, I'm on that stepper shit, yeah  
Big stepper, I pull it down, shoot you and yo' shit while you tryna bleed  
Code red, code red, so bloody, my pole red  
Code red, code red, and my Glock stay loaded (Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh)  
I'm not from yo' city, but I pulled up like I run yo' lane  
Memphis, we shoot shit up, we don't give up 'til we gun that man (Uh, uh, uh, uh)  
I don't think they understand, I can't do the show if I can't bring my Draco

in that bitch

I don't do security, take them shooters every show I hit (Uh, uh, uh, uh)  
Fuck with me, I get you hit (Uh, uh, uh, uh), put money in yo' shit (Uh)

What they shoot at? Who they shoot at? Where they do that? (Uh, uh)

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Uh, uh

Uh, uh