

Let's Do It

DD Osama

Rrah, rrah
Every opp shot, rrah
Grrah, grrah, grrah-grrah-grrah
Get that nigga
It's that Dee Play4Keeps nigga Os up, never Gz, you heard
Y'all niggas know what the fuck goin' on, man
It's that DD nigga
Now look, uh-huh, get that nigga
OY, OY, OY
Grrah, bang
Os, let's do it, yeah (Grrah-grrah)
Grrah, Os, let's do it
Os, let's—, now hol' on, uh-huh, ah

They like Sha Gz, you on what? (Grrah)
Like your mans ain't get shot in the butt (Grrah-grrah)
Keep talkin' on Notti, can't wait 'til I see you (On bro)
I'ma have your stomach lookin' see-through
Woo, Rah Rah (Lotti)
One got poked, and the other got shot in his matha
Like, these niggas is dirty and bummy
Catch me a Bunny, we gon' make him hop
O-O, let's do it like Wa—, like Waka (Grrah)
Cook a nigga like it's pasta (Grrah, grrah)
Heard it's 2 through the 8, they get flocked
They totin' on guns, don't spin no blocks (Boom)
She let me put it right on her titty (Ah, right in her—)
We the face of Harlem, Os up, never Gz, we runnin' the city
Talk on Notti, know Lefty ran Ricky (Ricky), dickhead (Ricky)
And I'm ReywayK (On bro)
Catch a Crip, you know I'ma spray (Grrah)
C Blu a kid, shot himself with the blick (Grrah)
I know Rippy ran Rick and died (Died)
Opp thot, she wastin' my time (Grrah)
Smokin' Nazzy, got sent to the sky (Nazzy)
But C-HII really get me lit
C-HII really get me high (C-HII)

Yeah, like, Os, let's do it
Hop out we gon' shoot 'em
Run-down Gang, we gon' boom 'em
Yeah, like, Os, let's do it
Os, let's do—, Os, let's do—
Os, let's—, Os, let's do— (Grrah-grrah)

I feel lil' DD (Ah), I love him a lot
Try to run up, I flock through the 'cleezy (I flock through the cleazy)
Opp thot, she movin' too kinky (Too kinky)
Hit once, the pussy was stinky (The pussy was stinky)
Let's do it, let's do it
Step in the party, everybody geek to our music
And for Honcho and Notti and Country we do this
We the Os, like, how is we losin'?
Too tact, make that nigga back up (On bro)
Throw a shot if he yellin' out, "Hat's up"
Spin through the Nick, he get hit with the Makk truck (LVK)
Okay, let's see what he on

He was talkin' on bro, now he in a song
Heard it's bigger than that
Nigga run up, then I'm flickin' his hat
Lil' thottie a fan, she was jackin' the opps so that bitch got slapped
No, I can't go out like Matt, I stay with my Gat
Rah Rah, Lotti, Lani, Frost, packed (Ah)
Any opp that I saw, I was quick to react
Lil Mo Kartii didn't get back so y'all need to stop all the cap
Off the liquor she throwing it back
Yo, Eli, what the fuck? Like, how many niggas got put in the blunt?
We smoke Lotti, that nigga runtz (That nigga runtz)
She say I'm cocky, she gotta front
Opp thot tryna line me, she gon' die with me and my gun
Let off two, why they run?
Everything for Notti, this shit not for fun, like

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