

Do What You Do

Drake

Stance on lean, leg up on the wall
My niggas chill, why you niggas wanna ball
I'm satisfied with a little, why you niggas want it all
You waiting for the spring, and I'm gettin' it in the fall
But uh, do what you do what you, I do what I do
Do's what you do, I do what I do

Getting down tonight if they say you cuttin'
A lot of dudes in my city, they ain't saying nothin'
A lot of records from here, they get no play
And these labels don't give advances so you get no pay
Them little rims on the ride, Imma let those stay
So these nosy niggas don't know that I get checks all day
'Whats he worth?' Fans keep trying to guess it
My record ain't even finish, they keep trying to press it
Boi-1da and Drake if it's beef I address it
And the black Phantom is here soon as Visalia exit
Both of the deals, nothin' under a mill
We know you got it to give and we trying to collect it
Long as I got me some heat through the winter
Drake known as a pro, I'ma teach you beginners
'Bout to ink with a major like sheets through a printer
For features, y'all better get me while it's cheaper than dinner
'Cause me and 1da trying to get at your girl
If you see her tell this nigga got some beats Imma send her

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Check, the verses I'm writin', you might wanna learn it
You hatin' my song but your wife wanna burn it
So now you at the store for some blank CDs
You can't see me, for your sake, might wanna return it
'Cause, if you bring them discs home to ya girl
She'll forget you and I'll be the only one she concerned with
To the people that ignored me before this
This one is for you as a song re-recorded
Funny thing is, you just notice me now
But I was here along, your vision's just been distorted
I'm so throwed, wilin' in this, you ask me what the business is
And I'll write a sixteen and record it
The waiting is over I think music needed
Drake cuttin' his records without gettin' weeded
People in the South want it chopped and screwed
I got this dude they expectations I'ma exceed it
Like a single with only backgrounds
Y'all record and when it's done, ya lyrics tend to mislead shit

Finally here I'ma star with the timin'
My swagger is chill, and my flow is reclinin'
This for anybody that's searchin' for cash
And purchasin' fast, you only get the dough when you grindin'
And so I grind like I'm listening to I Wayne
My pain, you can experience through the rhymin', boy

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Two years ago, a friend of mine
Asked me to kick some new school lines
And so I sent him a rhyme, it was fresh to death
Now not signing me is somethin' that the rest regret
Then I, hopped inside the Cadillac
The chauffeur drove off and we never came back

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