

Do It Again (Freestyle)

Fabulous

Live from the 702, y'all know what this is
Ta-ha, thank God it's Friday
Felt it was only right
In case you ain't think I could do it again
Oh, I'm a do it again
That Brooklyn flow, nigga, ha

Throw they hands up (Yeah)
Throw they hands up (Oh)
Throw they hands up (Oh)
Throw they hands up (Yeah)

Throw they hands up (Yeah)
Throw they hands up (Yeah)
Throw they hands up (Yeah)
Throw they hands up

You know how your boy come through on a Friday
I'm a smooth operator like Sade
I'll put you in your place like valet
But they ain't really about nothin' like Wale
Yeah, I ain't talkin' 'bout no album
Time to turn up, I ain't talkin' 'bout no volume
Crazy up in here, I ain't talkin' 'bout asylums
You ain't talkin' income, they walkin' outs they outcome
You ex on a nigga, I ain't talkin' bout no Malcolm
Bird from Atlanta, I ain't talkin' 'bout no falcons
No 'Julio' Jones or 'Roddy' White
But she could catch it like them if her body tight
If she walkin', lose her naughties, right
If she stretch it like Pilates, right
If she ride it like Ducati bikes
But you ain't fuckin' everybody, right?
You ain't out here bein' thotty, right?
I mean, I see a lot of thots whenever I'm in the club
I play my cards right, grab a dime in the club
Sippin' Ace of Spade, got my nine in the club
Cause niggas be tryin' to jack a diamonds in clubs
See, you know how I be, posted up on IG
Get under they skin like IV
Check a Internet thug down by IP
He ain't carry guns, all he carry was ID
And, see, now a nigga bitchin' up
Talkin' quick, in your face, now the story switchin' up
How they gon' pray for your downfall, then wish they up?

1 a.m., on my way to the club
2 a.m., it was goin' up
3 a.m., bad bitches with us
4 a.m., now they leavin' with us
5 a.m., at the after hours
6 a.m., now we at the house
6:15, I be diggin' her out
7:15, Uber in route
8 a.m., ESPN
1 a.m., I'm gon' do it again
We gon', we gon', we gon' do it again

How the fuck you gon' talk about emcees on my heels
When all I see is Timb trees on my heels?
New black Spur, them Bs on the wheels
Pull up anywhere, Tim D. in your grill
Don't come at me on some, 'She still my girl'
I'm rich, boy, I throw some Ds in your girl
All I be givin' is some G to your girl
Dick in a box from me to your girl
So, you got a flow, that's cool with me
I hear the freestyles, that's cool with me
I see your little cars, little jewelries
But none of y'all motherfuckers can fool with me
You know that funeral flow spit eulogies
You tryin' to fool a Gs, I'm tryin' to fool a G
Put some gas in the game, few jewels for me
You tryin' to trick us with a fake chain, foolery
I just hit two mil on the Instagram
I should post two mil on the Instagram
Get this on if you ever go against the fam
I sit on thrones, I don't sit on benches, fan
Fuck the snakes, I'm ridin' with Kane
When I bring that Dodge Vipe out, python piped out
The wave is mine, I never wiped out
If you was countin', you would have less to type out
Get your money up, hustlin', grindin' sowin', finessin'
Fuck that, everybody, come on

Throw they hands up
Throw they hands up

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We gon', we gon', we gon' do it again

Y'all know what it is, world-famous DJ Clue
Desert Storm, that kid Loso
Bar for bar, best in the game, nigga
I said it, uh-huh, live from the 702
That street fam
Throw they hands up