

## Tryin 2 Do Something

Fiend

Ugh ha, do that to one of tenderonies  
And uh, that mean you trying to do something  
I'm trying to do something, y'all hear that

Say black, the eye contact that you and I share  
Make me wanna be real and make these niggas disappear  
If I could I would and I ain't even frontin'  
I'm gonna be real with ya, look I'm trying to do something  
Say black, the eye contact that you and I share  
Make me wanna be real and make these niggas disappear  
If I could I would and I ain't even frontin'  
I'm gonna be blunt with ya, look I'm trying to do something

Maybe it's the bud in me, or the thug in P  
Got these ghetto hotties wanting to put they love in me  
I'm a G from the CP3 and dedicated  
Screaming, No Limit Soldiers and these playa haters hate it  
Relax shorty, hit the blunt, drop the Ruger  
Come close to a nigga, let the P seduce ya  
Work it like a Solo Flex, say you wanna a ruff-neck  
Cristal and strawberries, weed smoking, rough sex

I want you to open your legs as wide as you could  
So I can hit you from the back with this nickle plated wood  
Up and down like a roller coaster  
From your stomach to your back let a gangsta poke ya  
I ain't trippin', never slippin' 'cause I got straps  
9 months later, we ain't bustin' no caps  
Crispy clean, no strings attached  
Little bump-n-grind, miss thang are you with that

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I heard you want a romance  
Won't you lay up there and give me the chance  
I ain't saying romance, now what you to be enhanced  
I'm matured enough, and I ain't approached you for nothing  
And the reason I came up off 'cause you workin' with something  
Now I done had a little herb, now I done build up the nerve  
On top of that my head tight from everything the boss serve  
I'm pitching, 'cause your curves got me wanting to slide home

And prove that I flip other things besides ounce  
Tell your girl you're gone, baby you gots to Rome  
He leaving with things, he get it on, get it on  
You cold make me moan, so you up for screwing me  
Please use ingenuity when you doing me  
Damn you, jazzin' blues with you matching handbag an' shoes  
Pretty legs but knees gone get bruised  
There's no one gonna get used nigga [Incomprehensible]

Straight to the point shorty look I'm trying to do something

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Back stage at the concerts peepin'  
You wanted me to see you and I'm thinking about creepin'  
Far from home, destination unknown, rock bone  
Hotel booked and I don't wanna be alone  
Maybe it's the tone got me visualizing this song  
Camouflage love all night making me moan  
Thug passion, in the back seat ripping off your fashion  
Run and tell your girls about your night with the assassin

I'm here tonight and the vibe is right  
Red and blue lights are glowing over Brian McKnight  
But tomorrow's my flight, and I'll be outta your sight  
Take my address down so you can write  
But for now let's do something  
Fuck the frontin' and the talking my dogs just about barkin'  
Take your outfit off and put the soldiers shit on  
And go to the war with me Pager number's on the desk  
Hit me when you trying to do something

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