How We Do It

Jazz Cartier

(This is how we do it)
I need some weed and some liquor for all of my bitches
(This is how we do it)
I came here to party, to mob out with all of my niggas
(This is how we do it)
I step in this spot and they screaming out "guess who's back"
(This is how we do it)
Cause you know I never come whack on an old school track

Mama ain't raised no saint, no way
First big check nigga went and got gold chains
House full of hoes so you know I'm gon' slay
If my nigga go raw then we all gon pray
Gotta love the kids these days
Mama we don't get high we get lit these days (you know it)
I don't even trip these days
Thank god I ain't gotta hit a lick these days (you know it)
It's 6 in the morning
Been gone and your girl still calling
In love with the money and music
No need to prove it, girl you know

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Once upon a time not long ago, a couple niggas on road tried to stop my glow
They was all up on the gram trine post for show
Meanwhile Jacuzzi getting ten racks a show
I mean that's what's up, shorty back it up
I ain't really tripping baby, you know they acting tough
I heard they putting out a tape and got a record for me
I know they mad cuz everybody checking for me
Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Who is the golden child of them all?
Then the mirror replied, as I held up my last
She said: 'Nobody in the city really fucking with Jazz, nigga.'

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