

Do It

La Coka Nostra

Do that shit, do that shit, do it

Here's a little story that must be told
About a crew that'll fuck around and kill your soul

Fourteen carat junkie mouth
Forty-deuce let the monkey out
Flying guillotines drunk and loud, buck em down
Too powerful for these cowards who
Rely on power tools like smart cards for buying food
You liars is soft, I'm like that MIT professor that got caught
The Unabomber right before he first popped off
Ill Bill, this is for the glowing eye on the pyramid
For the cinnamon we copped from them Dominicans
It's him again, the broken 380 that popped twice then jammed
The boom [?] right cop twice then scram
We the lost children of the Babylonian emperor
Sent to war, saw decapitated heads galore
Wore the skin of polar bears and great white sharks
And murdered those that sit around complain about "Ain't life hard?"
We the most despicable, your head is so kickable
Let the pistol shoot splattering all of you little dudes
Listen goons

Yeah, I got these voices in my head, I'm trapped and I can't escape them
My sanity's a body of water whose dam is breaking
Reanimating my hatred, I'm standing holding cannons
Waiting to withdraw an alcoholic and his fucking hands are shaking
Signs and symptoms, hallucinations, delusions
Intrusions of gruesome faces, I'm disillusioned and losing my grip
In between every cocaine drip saying, "Do that shit, do that shit, do it."
I'm a timebomb ticking, ticking, ticking you can hear it tick
I don't need a therapist to tell me that my spirit's sick
I'll fuck any bitch with a pussy and a pair of tits
I'll do anything for any paper, I ain't scared of shit
When the angel dust bone's lit, yeah it smells funky
Walking through the doomsday streets like it's 12 Monkeys
Hell's junkies trail me like a posse of fiends
It's like I'm lost in a posthumous dream with all the demons saying

Back to the future, blast from the past
A brand new religion for your stankin' ass
We pray, we fast, we conducting mass
Gangster pop your gun, hooker shake your ass
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