

Doing Good

Larry June

You need to check up from your neck up
Bitch choose up, play the red carpet, hit New Orleans
Take it overseas, we can cross the border
Give her 30K, playin' craps with the trick
All my bitch like to do is hit licks
Orange Chanel bag match her fingertips
Night vision on it so I won't miss
Goin' through the shit, still sellin' dope
I don't wanna hug, rather just smoke
Nigga won't choke if it ain't dope
Bitch hit for six, meet me in the Scope
Ridin' through the city with a scale on me
Hope these fuck niggas don't tell on me, damn
Salad with the kale on it
Bust down lemonade, sellin' some', goddamn
No plates, VIN number covered up, that's an unknown (ups and downs)
I thought I fell in love, nigga I was wrong (eyes closed)
I can count a hundred thousand with a blindfold, ice so cold
It's probably 'cause I got this VVS chain on (you're doing good)

It's early in the trap but just hit for sixteen hundred
You're doing good (yeehee), you're doing good (yes lord, shit)
Bitches shaking ass, on the pole doin' tricks
You're doing good, you're doing good (one, two, three, hit it)
Doing, good, doing, good, doing, good, doing, good
Doing, good, doing, good, doing, good, doing, good

Call of Duty choppers, Grand Theft Auto
Theory live the city, no pity
Soft nigga, why the fuck you speaking on me
Told the lil bitch you wanna rob
More money more problems, handheld revolvers
My nigga just had a daughter, I work harder
If rap don't work I'm probably back sellin' hella hard
Don't give a fuck, run it up
Fuck the judge, I ain't showin' up
Put my lawyer on it
I'm havin' money, I don't feel right if I don't got a hundred
Never had a hit, just a white bitch
Sellin' hella twat, bring her to a pimp
Livin' like a king, bought the bitch a lil spot North Beach, I'm a real P
You a house nigga, puttin' all your money on the Gram nigga
My money so long can't fit in a picture
But still lookin' like a regular nigga
Just in case money (shit)
Buy a lake money
Beat the case money
Real estate money (good job)
Make sure my son straight money (yeehee)
I'm lovin' how that new Jag run it
You the type of nigga buy that bitch a bag but tell her gotta keep the tag on it
Six hour flight, touch down Hawaii, know I had to get the car service
Snuck a half on the airplane, that good kush, good job Berner
Four straps on me, that's four burners, I'm a road runner
Ayy ayy ayy, ayy ayy ayy

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I ain't finna have the ho int he show givin' out no blow
I'm on Snapchat though, but I swear to God though
I'm kickin' it with my grandson though
Really though really though
I'ma let that go (sock it to me)
And everything, sock it to me, lil bitty bitch, you under-
Good job 1st