

# 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