

I Do It

Lil' Wayne

Phew, phew, yeah
If you weigh me down then I gotta remove you
If you in my way, then I gotta go through you (Don, don)
Look, look, look, funeral

I don't talk shit bitch, I do it (Huh)
They say, "All facts," but don't prove shit (Huh)
You in my way, need to move, bitch (Huh)
Shut the fuck up, no excuses (Huh)
This a win-win, swear I'm so choosy
Money spread on me like Boosie
Real ones ride for me, no cruise ship

I don't really sleep or take naps, no snoozin'
All these burners real hot, but we coolin'
I was playin' dumb, everything that I was doin'
My accountant just called, said, "Shit been movin'"
I'm postin' hell, no gun, I got two of 'em
I never remind a nigga, what I'd do for 'em
I was dead broke, sleep on the futon
Now I'm up, now I'm big as a funeral
Everyday I'm lit, my life like a re-run
If I take your shit, can't give you no refund
Ten mil for a deal I agree on, I put on for Atlanta like Dion
Chrome heart glasses, I can't see 'em
From the apartments to an arena
Where that 'lil boy been? I ain't seen him
Look at God style, drivin' the demon
Fuck what you earn

I don't talk shit bitch, I do it (Huh, yeah)
They say, "All facts," but don't prove shit (Huh, yeah)
You in my way, need to move, bitch (Yeah)
Shut the fuck up, no excuses (Yeah)
This a win-win, swear I'm so choosy
Money spread on me like Boosie
Real ones ride for me, no cruise shit (Yeah, yeah)

I don't talk shit, bitch, I do shit (I do shit)
Soft top on my car like it's Jewish (Like it's Jewish)
Catch a body like Ray Lewis (Ray Lewis)
Blatt, blatt, blatt, blatt, blatt
Lil Tunechi, I'm in the bitch, I'ma cook it like Lucious (Yeah, yeah)
I'm gonna sip out that purple pollution (Yeah, yeah)
I get the checks and just do it no swooshes (Yeah, yeah)
Flex on my ex then I flex on my new bitch (Yeah, yeah)
No disrespect, I bust down the noose (Yeah, yeah)
Put it on my neck, now my neck a nuisance (Yeah)
I am a mess, I am a mutant (Yeah)
Bullets go through your vest like it's translucent
I smoked up best exclusive, I'm somewhere else secluded (Secluded)
Fly to death, and your bitch just flew in
You a ref, my nigga you blew it (You blew it)
I don't sketch, but the pistol, I drew it
Told myself to continue my duties
I got money from 2002, that I ain't seen it since 2002
Me, Sean, and Brazy, my nigga we boolin'

Money so brazy, I dribble and shoot it
Just like I play for Emilio Pucci
I treat the real like that bitch is Suzuki
I need a favorite women like The Fugees
It's me, Sean, and Baby, we lit as Three Stooges (Yeah, yeah)
My skin says, "It's bougee," my bae ass is stupid (Yeah, yeah)
No fake, I just toolie, I'm makin' her moon me (Yeah, yeah)
Blatt, blatt, blatt, blatt, blatt

I don't talk shit bitch, I do it (I do it)
They say, "All facts," but don't prove shit (I knew it)
You in my way, need to move, bitch (Move bitch, huh)
Shut the fuck up, no excuses (No excuses, yeah, yeah)
This a win-win, swear I'm so choosy (Yeah)
Money spread on me like Boosie (I swear to God)
Real ones ride for me, no cruise shit (Yeah, yeah)

I don't really sleep or take naps, no snoozin' (No snoozin')
All of these burners real hot, but we coolin' (Yeah, snorin')
I don't play dumb, everything that I was doin' (Brr, brr)
My account just called, said, "Shit been movin'" (Yeah, yeah)
I don't talk shit bitch, I do it
My account just called, said, "Shit been movin'"
Money should keep you choosin' (That mulah)
Catch a body like Ray Lewis (Yeah)
If you weigh me down then I gotta remove you
If you in my way, then I gotta go through you
Funeral