

# Do It To Death

Little Brother

Yeahhh... uh

Yeahhh... uh

'Bout a 9 on the Richter Scale  
Wit a whole lotta mixtapes and shit to sale  
Soon as the LB hit the shelves  
Y'all niggaz is ass out like Chip & Dale's  
Not rescue rangers, we don't rescue strangers  
Who jump ship, 'cause they ain't think our ship would sail  
And now they tremblin, cause Tay's the Gremlin  
Who won't let y'all niggaz eat after twelve  
Me and my team, yeah we be lampin  
And let y'all silly niggaz, yeah we be laughin  
Y'all ain't gory fellas, ya'll, are storytellers  
On some, "Well y'know this one time at band camp..." shit  
You don't wanna go to war wit the Cap'n  
Tell ya boy to fall back like he was relapsin

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)

I'ma do it to death! (uh)

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)

I'ma do it to death! (uh)

You can voice your opinion, you could front on my LP  
Criticize all you want but cain't none of ya tell me (what?)  
That I don't deserve this; you lucky that we breathin  
Trust me, there's a REASON I'm runnin wit LB  
And we ain't goin out main crippled by the industry  
Since rollin out the fame triple tremendously  
The hunger still there, must I remind these dudes  
When dinner is frozen pizza and Chinese food  
I'm self-managed, self-made, and certainly self-centered  
Nobody would take the job so I cast myself in it  
(By choice) I'm independent, you'll understand inna minute  
Learn from all the red tape, I went through in the beginning  
(Gimme mine! ) But see the bad side is Supastition  
I'ma, do it to death and here's proof I did it, ja'know?

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)

I'ma do it to death! (uh)

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)

I'ma do it to death! (uh)

Young'n you write cautious, I flow nauseous  
You Datsun, we Porsches; sturrin up losses  
For bosses or so-called bosses  
Runnin back home to you porches, nauseous  
Cause and effect, it's because of me  
You don't get no respect, and you ain't learned yet  
That you are no threat, and I will not fret  
I get more love than you on your own set  
I'm willin to bet you got someone in ya ear  
Tellin you, all the pretty shit you wanna hear  
Like how you gon really put a end in my career  
Keep sayin, "You a beast" Muh'fucker, not here  
'Cause I am the king, and this is my throne  
And all that treason will not be condoned

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)  
I'ma do it to death! (uh)  
I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)  
I'ma do it to death! (uh)

This is the Black Civil War (war); poor vs. the poor  
Hood vs. the block, what's Down South vs. at all  
Small town vs. the big city (city)  
Kinda like Pac vs. Biggie, we get to see the herds creep  
I'm the street, while the labels is thirs-TY  
Laughin and placin bets like, (ha ha) "Who gon have the biggest first week?"  
WOOOW! See James Brown bit the dust  
Everybody said, "Don't nobody speak for US!"  
You cain't tell a nigga shit, turn the speakers up  
Get the freaks for us, light the reefer up  
All that Malcolm X {?} too deep for us  
Yeah, you right so that spells defeat for us  
Naw I'm wearin my vest, and I'm loadin my Tec  
And I'm reppin my set, WHAT DA FUCK YOU EXPECT! BLAOW!

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)  
I'ma do it to death! (uh)  
I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)  
I'ma do it to death! (uh)