

Do My Thang

Meek Mill

I do my thang, you ain't got no red stripes on your kicks
I do my thang, you ain't got no Audemar on your wrist
I do my thang, you don't walk around with stacks on deck
Looking flyer than a pilot put your diamonds on your neck
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I do my thang!

Gucci hat to the Gucci sneaks
Gucci watch to the Gucci belt
Wear a lot of Gucci cause it make the bitch's coochi melt
Ya I do my thang I stay on bread just like a tuna melt
Phantom door, suicide like that shit gon' shoot itself
Diamonds diamonds in my chain
Dollars dollars on my mind
Money in my pocket got that patent leather Prada shine
Play the cut like iodine
Laughing in my cutest coupe
Coming through the hood killing shit just like the funeral
O to the schi nigga you know me
I'm flyer than a bird move some birds on T
Been an og I've been getting guap
All the money can't fit in no Timberland
I won't stop 'til I cop a house as big as your project block
Plus I like to shop a lot so I got to get this guap
Grind grind all the time 24/7 365
I think I'm going blind cause all I see is just a dollar sign
Dollar sign, dollar sign, dollar sign, dollar sign, dollar signs

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I be on some shit ya I do my thang
Ask your hoe about me ya she know my name
She say I'm the shit cause my flow is flames
And she report to me I call her Lois Lane
And I'm her Superman ain't no telling what coupe I'm in
I swoop up in, in a souped up Benz
Twenty-two dark rims, what you do nothing
Puffing on that kryptonite I'm gon' feel them lift tonight
If she don't suck my dick alright I just tell that bitch get nice
You ain't got no red stripes on your kicks
Them diamonds they look like a red light to a bitch
Make her stop, freeze, and everything's a go
We got that purple by the pound we got that work all by that O
You already know, this gon' ball the Audemar the way it glow
I keep them stacks in my pocket and that's all just for your hoe
Now let's go, that's when she stay

When it's light camera action
Pussy so wet and slippery I need traction

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Drop top, flip flop, big knot, Chris pop
Broke is just a joke and I ain't feeling like Chris Rock
Clocking like a a wrist watch that Lambo make a bitch stop
She be hypnotized, hypnotized like I'm Big Pop

Like you Big Pop well I'm like Shakur
I just dick her down I don't wife the whore
She say that I'm cool smoother than velour
I let her mop me off like she trying to wipe the floor
Money over bitches is all I know
Much as I trap and hard as I go
Bitches I fucked and the money I spun
I do my thang you already know
You already know, it be me my nigga Oschi
I'm Pradaed down he be double G'ed
That's why your bitch been fucking him and me

I don't now what you been told
But the money too thick that shit don't fold
My flow is hot my wrist is cold
My strip is hot like an oven stove
Do my thang nigga I suppose
Money on [?] is all we know
We do our thang you ain't know, you ain't know

I do my thang!