

Don't Do It

Nasty C

They gon' tell you bout the high, don't do it
They gon' make you smoke that loud, don't do it
Don't do it
Grab on and hold on baby
Grab on and hold on baby
Don't do it
You know the devil gon' test you
Don't you fold under the pressure baby
Don't do it, don't do it

They tell me that this good guy shit is not working out
They say I need a different plan
I need to get one of these famous niggas' girlfriends naked
And put the video on Instagram
Trust me if I pour her up a bigger glass
Then she'll show a little ass
And she might put her hands up in a nigga pants
To make up for the little ass, cause she got a little ass
I was in the club getting, a lap dance from a big one
But I was on my phone tweeting bout his other song
You would swear I couldn't feel nothing
Like I couldn't feel her ass
I was at the club getting, a little too drunk for a little man
Thinking bout how God can take it all away
Like "Fooled ya, it was just a prank"
Should've listened to your dad when he said, he said

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Look, Pops told me I am not the only nigga out here with a talent
Had to do whatever just to make it happen
Now I'm in the penthouse with Italian bitches, throwing it at me
And telling me how I really, really have it
I don't know a fuck nigga in my whole squad
People asking me where I got all this gold from
"It's rose gold nigga, ask me where it rose from"
She never come to me when she got all her clothes on
Don't do it, you know how I need you naked
I know two glasses of that white wine gets you faded
Your best friend always been lying to your face
Why you think she tell you every night out get some pay
See ya both check it
Yeah fuck yeah
Yeah fuck yeah
Come, come, come you know that I got the real stuff here
What's a ballerina to me, I've been on my toes all fucking year
This is something that your ears must hear
Cause them other niggas well you know...

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(Tellaman ohhh)
They tell me that this guy good guy shit is not working out
That too I'm quiet, I need to loud in my mouth
If I hit it I'll elevate to a higher grade, no play fair
They tell me that I'm a stoner
Should be gliding on top of the clouds
It's easy to get lost in the moment
With all this liquor we've been pouring
The smoke in the air got you choking
This thing got you pretty historic
Your man is calling but you ignore it
Tonight you're the one I'll be scoring
You'll regret it all in the morning
Your mama ain't raise you that way
Know what she said, baby she said....

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