

What It Do

Red Café

It's movin! 0 to 150!
Roll like I wrote the code back in the 60's.
Straight no chase, shawty. Get tipsy.
Dutch to the fizzace, piff gon' lift me.

Chicks movin' real fucking shift.
Wherever I go my strap is going with me.
Shorty said he miss me, leaned over to kiss me.
Grabbed me by the waist and felt the 4-5th piece.

Hold up! This me, the g you heard of.
The nigga that be taking off your La Perla.
Breaking you off with the thing you thirst for.
Deep in your waves like a surfer. Gone!

Now we can go to your crib, on the couch and curl up.
Drink pink Moet till we sick and url up.
But I don't wanna have to beat your girl up.
Have you deep in a sleep by the 3rd nut. Gone!

So what you saying, huh? (Little momma what it do?)
Do you like it? (Little momma what it do?)
What you saying, huh? (Little momma what it do?)
I'm a let the world know I'm tryna get at you.
So what you saying, huh? (Little momma what it do?)
Do you like it? (Little momma what it do?)
What you saying, huh? (Little momma what it do?)
If you tryna do me then I'm tryna do you.

Yeah the girl hood.
I ain't scared of nothing.
Your ice grill make me feel you see something you want.
See you giving me that look like you looking for something.
And I'm a give it so good you wanna cook me something.

Easy! All I cook is yay.
From the Brooklyn bay.
Hard white, that oil of olay.
Alright if it's good I might stay, spray.

Tell that to them chicks from around the way.
See with mines I don't play, I have you ready to breakdown.
Take down my clothes, really give me a shakedown.
And that even based on the money you make now.
That's off old paper, call me later.

Later might never come.
Little ma let's get it done.
I'm a do it do it all night like I never, umm.
You know. I'm a always be the better one.
Leave the last nigga.
Where he at? Last nigga.

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(Little momma what it do.)
(Little momma what it do.)
(Little momma what it do.)
If you tryna do me then I'm tryna do you.

It's moving! From dirt to diamonds.
Been everywhere from Paris to Rikers Island.
Land the chopper on the westside they think I'm
styling.
See I hit the block hard let the chips pile in.
It's basic, every week I give my watch a facelift.
The good life here shorty, you could taste it.
I chip your bracelet like dandruff. (And, what? !)
Even when I lay down I stand up. That's what!

Now I done been everywhere from Brooklyn to Beijing.
So like them Coney Island franks you ain't saying
"Nathan".
I lands in [?], we taking them jet planes.
That's what I does when I does what I do.
See I'm telling you the truth.
Not for nothing, I'm the truth.
I ain't gotta lie to you.
When your shirt ain't got sleeves watch these look like
they could make time freeze.
(Ma, please) Ain't met one yet that stopped me that was
not pleased.

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Co-op productions.
Another Dj Envy, Red Cafe banger.
GQ Beats.