

Do Dat

Rio Da Yung OG

(It's a Wayne beat)

Ghetto Boyz shit, nigga, Money Is Not Everything, nigga, yeah
Boyz Ent, you know what the fuck goin' on, yeah
(Fuck the fire, we got grease)

What the business is?

You be with them niggas who be killin' kids
Bud asked for the Percs, he a skittlehead
I'm a skittlehead too, and a six of red
I was in the feds
I just did a fed bid with my nigga Reg
Ay, Mike, who was that lil' bitch over there in your bed?
Looked like the same one was in here givin' all us head
Five thousand dollars for some jogging pants
They like, "Rio actin' stingy with the pape', leave your dogs some bread"
Nigga, I ain't got no money, hahaha
Hold on, nigga
Nigga, I ain't got no money, how that sound?
Sealed eight of Alpharma peach-mint, how that was found?
Dude ain't really drop shit, go ask around
Mike on some cop shit, he gotta pat you down
And Bud just got into a fight with Pat and Ron
And a Percocet
Baby, split a mushroom, let's have perfect sex
It's only two things guaranteed, that's birth and death
Yeah, I'm right-handed, bitch, but I can work the left
The black truck hit a right, so we took a left
We just did a pint of Quay' bad, nigga, look what's left
Stop askin' 'bout a fuckin' Rio show, I'm booked to death

Like, I'm booked 'til I die, like

I'm booked to death

Like every year, every day, every month, nigga, you know what I'm sayin'?

Fifty bands in my pocket, how you do that?

Every time them niggas shot at us, you know we blew back

I beat her down from the back, she need a new back

Can't believe these goofy lean drinkers think it's new Act'

C got a glass pint, how you do that?

It's a six-hour flight, but he flew back

You the type of nigga ask your brother for his shoes back

Put anything in the pop, I wouldn't do that

Whole ounce in one night, how you oot that?

Last nigga bitch pussy pooted, I might poot back

Twenty racks each ear, they on screw back

My nigga Trey went to bust a play and got a new hat

Four K's at one time, how you shoot back?

Baby girl got a swimming pool, I'm finna backstroke

We was fuckin' for two hours, think my back broke

Bitch said my dick little, but I cracked, though

If you ain't out here scram scrapin', then what you rap for?

Hundred thousand dollars off one song what I rap for

Still tryna decide, is it Hi-Tech or Act' more?

I know a nigga up an M, he just act broke

I'm with a redbone thicker than crack smoke

Try to use your thinking cap to get your hat broke

I only hang with slimy niggas with no backbone

This the newest iPhone, but this my trap phone
Wouldn't even talk about no dead bodies on a TracFone
I'm tryna text my other bitch, I used Track phone
I listened to your lil' tape, it was wack, dog
But at least you got a listen from your baby, I ain't cap, though
I love rap so much, I even listen to the opps
Where the fuck would I be if I'd listened to my pops?
He ain't even say shit
I ain't even see the nigga 'til I was eighteen
I seen Kyrie make thirty thousand off fake green
The way you niggas pourin' up, it make me hate lean
Made my bitch drink a pint, ate her pussy just to taste lean
Lil' bro'll stamp somethin' for me and he eighteen