

# I Do

Roscoe Dash

I have all the swag, body bag  
Life's a fucking party, I'm wasted, someone call a cab  
Stumbling to the car but they keep asking for autographs  
I'm going home with girls, girls, girls, yup, all of that  
Tell me is it the fame or the money  
Either way this people all think there must be something about me - stunning  
Ah, everythang (I'm juiced up, I know the truth stuff)  
Cause everything I do is just actually too much  
For y'all niggas  
Oh yeah and I'm awesome over all niggas  
Motherfucking dimes, I can't even see you small niggas  
So pardon me (please)  
I don't mean to brag  
But I just spent 40, 000 yen on these jeans I have  
On baby  
Oh yeah money long baby  
You just your makeup on the waistline of my draws  
I mean oh you can be the inspiration for my next song  
Just motherfucking do with me and bust jimmy johns  
I'm the bomb dot com  
Shout out to my moms  
It's Been a long time coming and we still going strong  
We win it, can't let up  
Cause once these clowns forget us  
It's gonna take a lifetime trying to make them forget us  
So I'm gonna represent us  
From start and to the finish  
I work hard to pay off  
Ball - I gets the play off  
You used to ball too, until you got laid out  
Back in 95s damn I bet that's chaos  
Life's about lessons, sit back and watch me teach  
Like a game of badminton, I'm so out of reach  
I'm at the finish line, give my winning speech  
It goes "ahem, um"  
But all y'all said I couldn't do it  
I hope every time you grab a you forced to hear my music  
You're so cubic, I'm so coolest  
Got your girlfriend playing nudest  
I'm, with no script, but I don't trip  
Trust me I give a bat pri sa, means like aristocrat  
No lady and the tramp but they were gifted cats we tripled that  
I used to have problems, until I learnt to deal  
I was taught to stay positive and always keep it real and I do  
I do, I do, I do, I do  
Oh, oh, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do  
  
I was taught to always keep it real it when I do  
What I do, and I do, and I do, and I do, and I do  
Do It

Stumble in the elevator, drifting down the highway  
Drunk texted all my numbers, don't know who the fuck is calling  
Feeling extra reckless I could probably use some counseling  
It's a party at the condo, I don't really feel like talking  
Feel like killing the party and these hoochies in Air Jordans And pissing of  
f all the bitches who wish that they could afford them, See um Don't brag a

lot  
Cause when you, have a lot  
You don't, talk about it  
You just, laugh a lot  
And you just, walk it out, pop it out and stock it out, but ya'll bitter bitch  
ass haters don't know what I'm talking bout  
Do you? Cause I do  
The best I can me and my crew - the best of friends  
And the niggas that ride for me will put to sleep the best of me  
And stay in your place, pass the ace, and put a smile back on your face  
Cause it's a blessing to be next to the best dressed bitch up in this place  
But I failed to mention that, um, I do this shit  
While you other candy-coaters on that other box of goober shit  
I rap sing and do it on another box of shit  
And if you ask my haters probably tell you I'm a super bitch  
Yeah, uh huh, that's cause I do this shit Cause I do it so right, and I do it  
so good  
And I do it just like I said I would  
Cause I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do  
I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do  
I was taught to always keep it real it when I do  
{What} I do, and I do, and I do, and I do, and I do What I'm Supposed To Do