

## Do It 2 Death

### Statik Selektah

Do it!  
We, we, we do it to death  
We, we do it to death  
(Showoff! Showoff!)  
Come on  
Do it!  
We, we, we, we, we do it to death  
(Say what?)  
We do it to death  
(Showoff! Showoff!)

Get down with the Mash Out (Mash Out), don't throw rocks in a glass house  
Nigga act up if you want, I whip your ass out (what?)  
(Keep your distance), what up? It's murder, murder  
For niggas don't learn, yo, the hood is in the burner  
It's filled with fiends, hoodrats and raw dog  
Niggas that kill for real, Slumdog Millionaires, (what it is)  
And I got one life to live  
I'll start by holdin you back and have you shittin out your ribs  
Ain't nothin holdin me back, in fact, this is for the kids  
With stomachs touchin they ribs, tuggin, grippin the fifth  
Covered, spittin the fifth until they empty the clip  
Cause one in years, the root of evil, envy as shit  
On the boulevards, the streets, avenues and PJ's  
We hustle hard and rock clothes for like three days  
Nigga fuck around and grow a beard like Freeway's  
Without the kufi, (you're killin 'em Fame!), absolutely

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Yeah, I'm so a showoff, blow the dome off  
Wipe the chrome off, yeah the four long  
I cut a life short, yeah that's Muggsy Bogues  
My money grow, get it by the drug load  
Ain't nothin funny 'bout that, you niggas' Marlon Wayans  
Lookin gay, get a Mohawk, put a part in your brain  
QB to Southside, please allow me  
To outline things that you think you knew about me  
Hav a womanizer, yeah, I use her for the setup  
I admit it, I'm a bastard, I could never put the TEC up  
Much less, pass up the offer  
You feel how I feel, then my nigga just Hoffa  
On the grind, lookin for that steak and lobster  
Surfin and turfin, the hammer go blocka (blocka)  
Shouts to my partner  
Free P, 'til you touch down, I got ya

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Ain't no need to act stupid boy, you niggas know the name  
I'm the 2009 Jesse James, ain't a thing  
Get at lames, off the chain, off your brain, get 'em slain  
I'm like America's great theft, put a bird in the Range  
Spend my time pullin off Hennessy caps  
50's slingin energy drinks, I'm swingin energy crack  
Keep your head down, four pound, any minute, he back  
Play in Queens on some fly shit, the live spend  
Five hundred dollars Kings, Rockstar rhinestones on a fly bitch  
Roll up, fly chicks, stuck to his dick like a fly switch (what up ma?)  
Model mami ridin a 2005 six  
The money team in Queens don't be window shoppin, we buy shit  
And tell the waiters bring two baked potatoes with jives lick  
Northern Bully, my hood rules  
I'll whip your ass like my son playin basketball in his good church shoes  
Hammerin down any one of those wood work dudes  
Come on boy, everybody in my hood burst tools, come on

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