

# Let's Do It

Sticky Fingaz

(featuring Columbo & X-1)

Fuck niggaz though it was man?  
Right, right, uh-huh  
I'ma holla at 'em dog  
Nah mean  
Got my nigga, Mike be  
South suicide Queens  
X-million, bout to tear it down wit my nigga  
You know? Stick holla at 'em dog

[Sticky Fingaz]

I'm gettin tired of the war stories, kid I heard 'em all  
And before they could fake and make up another one that's false  
I'ma take it and break it down, so y'all could knock it off  
It's my call, in my corner they too soft  
Mr. I-Don't-Give-A-Fuck, don't need much  
But heat in the truck, weed in the dutch, beats I'm beatin 'em up  
Streetsweepin 'em up, niggaz deals is suckers  
More than the game, don't let the fame go to your brain  
I'm still in the rain, where lives get caught in the drain  
It's nothin to me, niggaz ain't fuckin wit me  
I dump at your v and leave you niggaz slumped in your seat  
Jump if it's beef, but wolves need somethin to eat  
Nigga dollar signs cover my eyes, gucci material  
Bottom line, hand on my nine wit no serial  
First class flights and TV's is digital

[Chorus]

You could bust guns and get it right homey  
Up in the club, we came to get it gully  
Smoke weed, drink henny, man get it ugly  
Hard liquor for sure, cause we don't pop bubbly  
Load up your steel, nigga dump it only  
We don't talk, true story, all about our money  
From the streets we ride, you know our style homey  
If shorty want to bounce wit us then she out homey

[X-1]

Shit, cause it's all official  
Load your pistol, I ain't right and I'm sure to hit you  
Shoot through walls, you could die with your bitch too  
So ladies, get out the way first  
You gotta be kiddin dog, I got to spray first, nigga  
Turn your promotional van into a hearse  
Oh, bitches love the way I sit in the drop, pull up in the spot  
They suck cock off the strength of the watch  
Lil' homey, and that's alone  
Fuck you got guns for if your gats at home?  
You need to have 'em on your waste like me  
Run, duck, hide from the jake like me  
Been around the world on fake ID  
I got businesses, shot witnesses  
Bottom line: X-1 is hot with this shit

[Chorus]

[Columbo]

Yo woozy, googly and cookie  
Roofies and usually on two-three  
Luny, disrespectful and moody  
Stupid, I hate the world I'm too into me  
Drink until I throw up and smoke until I tweak  
Can't see me settle for less until I peak  
Two milly, I'm too willy  
Fifty thousand pills a week, I'm too filthy  
Stocks and realty, crops and feel we  
Scotch and wiskey, I pop til I'm twisty  
Talented and gifty, fuck til I'm limp D  
I'm so empty, everybodies finish