

Do Sumthin

Uncle Murda

I know Big, looking down homie
If he was still here, he tells Flex he proud of me
Yeah, I make Brooklyn look good homie
And I patiently waiting to kill Suge homie
I ain't even know Big but I'm Ason
Told French tell Diddy drop the bag son
They probably like you heard what that nigga said [?]
When they come to I city that nigga dead
When I come to ya city I be prepared
They breathe the same air as me I'm not scared
I'm from where they wake up drinking Hennessy
Your best friends'll smoke you before your enemies, uh
I didn't tried to hug your baby mother
I grew up around some ill motherfuckers
When don't kill me make me tougher
Seeing niggas serve crack to their own mother

Whoever don't like me, DO SUMTHIN'
Purp yourself up, DO SUMTHIN'
Me & my crew they ain't gotta DO SUMTHIN'
We heavyweight you ain't gon DO NUTHIN'
POP OFF or get POPPED ON
POP OFF or get POPPED ON
We gon POP like micro wave POP CORN

They say the South winning cause they all get along
It done changed that none of 'em dudes don't get along
Gucci beefin' with Jeezy, beefin' with Yo Gotti
Beefin' with Yung Jock, he beef in with everybody
Ross beefin' with Jeezy, Yo Gotti ain't full of Plies
Jeezy & Blue Fella just tell me who got the pies
They tried to smoke Rick Ross in his whip
Was it the GD's or Jeezy & the Crips [?]

If this ain't the hottest record of Flex's tape
Then Ray J & Kim K make a sex tape
I said what you won't hear from nobody else
Flex, who they mad at, me or theyself?
This is not what they expected
They thought this was gon' be a strip club record (This ain't Cali)
Instead I got niggas acting wreckless
In the stip club, stippin' niggas with their necklace

Real recognize real
I don't get along with the fake
Oh I must be doing something right
Cause I'm the one everybody hate
Bite my tongue for no one
I be saying what the fuck I want
I'm ready for the problems
We can do it however you want