

## Do It B.I

Yukmouth

Til the day that I die do it B.I.  
Since I was born I was taught to keep it P.I.  
I'm that nigga thugged out in the V.I.  
And I've been slangin major "D" since I was knee high When you was br  
eak dancin and back spinnin on ya nolium  
My niggaz wrap a thousand grams with patrolium  
Jelly like like Belly, it ain't shit that you can tell me  
Once you trapped in the belly of the beast  
With niggaz waitin on the commissary  
Locked in solitary confinement, no more grindin, wifey pondin diamond  
s  
I'm a frontline soldier like a lineman  
Guns firin', sirens, that's all in my environment  
Gangstas, pimps, thugs, that's all in my environment  
Niggaz that's slung drugs with no thoughts of retirement  
Ballin, timin, grindin, that's all in my environment  
Expirement, when I blaze you up fuck the firemen  
Call the coroner, set up shop on the corner  
With rocks and marijauna, make it hot as a sauna  
It's just another day in Oakland, California  
I touch G's and never had a diploma, like that  
When you was learnin how to boogaloo and pop lock  
I was baggin opium and bloons at the hop spot  
And slangin double ups to goons at the rock spot  
We got the block locked, and give a fuck if the cops watch  
This chop chop and turn ya car into a drop top  
Just like a chop shop, blak blak, make a cop drop  
Keep ya mouth shut, our neighbors don't talk to cops about us  
They know we'll come and shoot they fuckin house up  
Rock ya ounce up, with ya little arm and hammer  
I'm breakin pounds up, with jack knives and sledge hammers  
Some of my niggaz in the feds locked up in the slammer  
Some of my niggaz got bread then headed for Atlanta  
My family put the murder game down like Alpo  
I hate my algebra class but still love to count dough  
Niggaz is breakin like turbo and o-zone  
I was pushin O's on the block until the dope gone  
When you was spinnin techniques learnin DJ shit  
I was tryin to touch and hundred ki's like Freeway Rick  
I was rollin with a mossberg like DJ Quik  
Out here the Feds and the D.A. hit over he say shit  
The block hot like a heatwave hit  
But I'ma bubble on the low just like Freeway shit  
I'ma follow all the codes, never be a snitch  
Just concentrate on this "D" I whip and this "V" I flip  
I stay Fila'd down in mobsta suits  
If you talk to cops I shoot, let the choppa loose  
Rest in Peace to Tupac and Big Poppa too  
I never boogaloo like shaba do, I'm a mobsta, dude  
[Hook 2x]