



Do the

Bitch please, six threes candy paint with the triple gold D's  
Big drums, load clips, close range with the hollow-point tips  
Twenty cars, ten bikes, chuck Taylor's or the air force nick's  
Throat peelers, get scrilla my whole crew ex-cons and killaz  
Inglewood is my hood represent and it's all to the good

Fast cars, big stars hundred thou on every 16's doors  
Fuck you and yo' crew, whattchu bitch-ass niggaz wanna do?  
Let it rain and make ya pay, get money nigga do the damn thang

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See, you do the damn thang if you still gon' sleep witcha baby mama

'Cuz you know it's gon' be drama but you take care of yo' kids

You done the damn thang, when you go back to the hood

knowhamsayin and lay it down, buyin' cutlass's

And all that kinda foolishness whatever, you do the damn thang

Knahmsayin'? See how I'm sayin'

If you a ugly dude and you got a whole lotta money

And the chicks jock you, then you do the damn thang

And you know you ugly and you got some bad chicks

You do the damn thang, you feel that?

If you a ugly chick or you was fine once

You know where you was fine and then ate it

And you might bust right now and you big ya dig?

In the two thousand, if they still jock you, then you do the damn thang

Y'all see's how I say it, do the damn thang

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