

How We Do (Ft. 50 Cent)

The Game

This is how we do
We make a move and act a fool while we up in the club
This is how we do
Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love
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We make a move and act a fool while we up in the club
This is how we do
Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love Fresh like, Impala,
Chrome hydraulics, 808 drums
You don't want, none
Nigga better, run
When beef is on, I'll pop that, drum
Come get, some
Pistol grip, pump
If a nigga step on my white Air, Ones
Since red, rum
Ready here I, come
Compton,
Dre found me in the, slums
Sellin' that skunk, one hand on my gun
I was sellin' rocks when Master P was sayin "Unnnh"
Buck pass the blunt
These G-Unit girls just want to have, fun
Coke and rum
Got weed on the ton
I'm bangin' with my hand up her dress like,
I'll make her cum, purple haze in my lungs
Whole gang in the front in case a nigga want to, stunt I put Lamborghini doors on that Es-co-lade
Lil pro so look like I'm riding on blades
In one year man, a nigga's so paid
I have a straight bitch in the telly goin' both ways (Ah!)
Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me
I give it to ya just how you like it, girl
You know I'm rockin' with the best tre pound on my hip
Teflon on my chest
They say I'm no good
Cause I'm so hood
Rich folks do not want me around
Cause shit might pop off, and if shit pop off

Somebody gon' get laid the fuck out
They call me new money, say I have no class
I'm from the bottom, I came up too fast
The hell if I care, I'm just here to get my cash
Bougie ass bitches, you can kiss my ass This is how we do
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This is how we do
Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love I put gold Daytonas on that Cherry Six-Four
White walls so clean it's like I'm ridin on bulbs
Hit one switch mang, that ass so low
Cali got niggaz in New York ridin on hundred spokes
Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me
I give it to ya just how you like it, girl
You now rockin with the best fo' pound on my hip
Gold chain on my chest (Ah!)50, unh
Bentley, unh
Em came 'n gotta nigga fresh out the, slum
Automatic, gun
Fuck 'em one-on-one
We wrap up ya punk ass, stunt 'n ya done
Homie, it's Game time You ready? Here I come
Call Lloyd Banks and get this motherfucker, crunk
It took two, months
But Fifty got it done
Signed with G-unit
Had niggas like, "huh?"
Don't try to front
I'll leave yo' ass, slumped
Thinkin' I'm a punk
Get your fuckin' head, lumped
Fifty got a, gun Ready here he come
Gotta sick, vendetta
To get this, chedda'
Meet my Ba, Retta'
The dra-ma, setta'
Sip Am-a, retta'
My flow sounds, better
Than average
On tracks I'm a savage
I damage

Any nigga tryin' to front on my clique (G-Unit!)

Songwriters

ANDRE ROMELL YOUNG, CURTIS JAMES JACKSON, JAYCEON TERRELL TAYLOR, MICHAEL

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