

What I Do (feat. Plies)

Chris Brown

[Shout]

Just incase you forgot, we go by the runners, hold up
Chris Brown, this what we do, we do this I be throwin' up my cash, actin' like money aint a thang, yeah (yeah)
I'm just speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they mad cause they cant, yeah
I'm Feelin' like a can't lose
And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and the cribs
I just tell em' it's what I do (its what I do)
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do Everywhere I go they show me love, so I give it back
Throw a couple stacks up in the air cause imma get it back
See somethin' sexy up in here, imma bring it back
They keep on runnin' back, they keep on comin' back Everybody knows CB see me, sittin' in the front row,
playa
Stuntin' with my J's on, and it's all for them haterz, yeah
We get into that Guap boi, my money to long boi, we do this for fun boi. I be throwin' up my cash, actin' like
money aint a thang, yeah (yeah)
I'm speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they mad cause they cant, yeah
I'm Feelin' like a can't lose
And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and the cribs
I just tell em' it's what I do (its what I do)
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do
NaNaNa, NaNaNa, NaNaNa, NaNaNaah
NaNaNa, NaNaNa, NaNaNa, ey ey it's what I do Single once again, I'm bout to go where I never been
Gone with the wind, cause that ish irrelevant.
We can get it in, I mean get it in
And I got stamina so don't forget to bring a friend Nah bring ten, but they gotta be tens
Now that's a hundred them, let the runners in, yeah yeah
So I give it like an elegist, my CD's sellin out you aint married to the game you celibate I be throwin' up my
cash, actin' like money aint a thang, yeah (yeah)
I'm speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they mad cause they cant, yeah
I'm Feelin' like a can't lose
And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and the cribs
I just tell em' it's what I do (its what I do)
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do, yeah
NaNaNa, NaNaNa yeah, NaNaNa, NaNaNaah yeah
NaNaNa, NaNaNa yeah, NaNaNa, ey ey it's what I do I keep cash on me, no black cards
They don't know what dem is, I deal with hood brauds
That's a nine on me, that's no ipod, you want my watch homie gimmie five bricks for it
I got the mazerati, I had to lick for it, we all luv to talk, that's what I paid for it
He say I bought fleet, and all of em mine, four brauds with me, and all of em dimes

Six chains on me, and all of em shines
I got my bread right, feels like im 6'9
Aint just hot in mine, I'm hot in every city, she want a pretty boy I brought Chris Breezy wit me I be throwin' up
my cash, actin' like money aint a thang, yeah (yeah)
I'm just speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they mad cause they cant, yeah
I'm Feelin' like a can't lose
And when they ask me bout the cars (cars), and the girls (girls), and the cribs (cribs)
I just tell em' it's what I do (it's what I do)
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do, yeah
NaNaNa (nana), NaNaNa (nana), NaNaNa (nana), NaNaNaah
NaNaNa (nanaah), NaNaNa (nana), NaNaNa (nana)
hey hey It's What I Do

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