Things U Do

Slum Village

Yeah
I got a rhyme for those dudes who lie about me and mine
Yo run it back, run it back
I got a rhyme for those dudes who lie about me and mine
I squeeze them nines, from behind the blinds
I leave flat in ground in the pine box! I'm not a killa wit mine
But I get rid of nigga that get piece of mine
Well if you got the bar separate me from mine
I must be dope for you to steal my style
Tryin' to take my sound yo run it back, run it back
I must be dope for you to steal my style
Tryin' to take my sound you don't want those pieces out
Better yet you better kneel in church
Don't these hurr, put a hole through your detrik fur
Your little style that you got is subminimal
Is you ready to swing, blows wit a criminal
Things we do to you
Things we do and doing
Things we to do you
Things we doing
Things we do to you
Things we do and doing
Things we to do you
Things we doing
Things we do to you
Things we do and doing
Things we to do you
Things we doing
Things we do to you
Things we do and doing
Things we to do you
Things we doing
You heard the click, pushin' scurshin' whips
New sherlings kicks, two words I'm sick
Run it back, I'm sick every verse I spit
That I curse you rib I find the words that fit
They come together like hoes on the curb for dick
On an urge to trick, for them services
Call me sir or if you prefer to diss get turned and twist

Whoa nervousness
I curse and piss, on any nigga that's lame
Call me sick and insane talkin' chickens for brains
Shift the stick in the range when I click and I bang!
Niggas pick up your frame, till you lifted in shame
They goin' down quite quick like a [Incomprehensible] flame
I'm in the wickedest game
Run it back, Wickedest game don't get stick for ya chain
It's the Slum to the Villa, your head unda the pilla
Why? We're coming kill ya
Things we do to you
Things we do and doing
Things we to do you
Things we doing
Things we do to you
Things we do and doing
Things we to do you
Things we doing
Things we do to you
Things we do and doing
Things we to do you
Things we doing
Things we do to you
Things we do and doing
Things we to do you
Things we doing
Introducing the world famous, Slum Village!
Are ya ready baby? Let me know if ya ready!
All the way from Detroit!
Yeah, yeah you look and stare
I see you shook in prayer
I bust at you, bang they cuffing who?
What you wan do? 1 2, you wanna
For sho ya do, if ya hold a crew
I don't need a clip, to bust ya lip
I run ya shit, wit a swift fist
If you gon talk the shit I'm aiming quick
You better run 'cause I don't miss
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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