Do It

Rasheeda

[Chorus]
Do it, (come on now)
Do it, (come on now)
Do it,
(Come on) Do the damn thing

[Verse 1: Rasheeda]
Come on let's start this shit
Shawty let's crank this shit
A little something for them hatin' hoes
Who gets nothin' but them knees and boes
Why y'all all in my grill,
Why y'all can't keep it real
Always tryin' to plot and scheme
Want to live this life is just a dream
Ain't no I in teams
All the real niggas know what it mean
Catch me y'all just to slow
Hatin' hoes gotta let y'all go
Don't never try to stop my flo'
Won't tell you this shit no mo'
The baddest hoe that you ever seen
Two triple O, shawty bout that green

[Verse 2: Que Bo Gold]
Naw they don't understand
These niggas don't understand
These muthafuckers think we playin
See they don't know what we sayin
Fake niggas in our grill
Fake niggas all in our grill
These niggas don't want to get to it
These niggas don't want to do it

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Re Re]
You can tell a real nigga from the fake fake
A trill nigga that's down in the cake cake
A hot girl that's clean not stank stank

Some bad weave for somebody
So you took a little drank
So I guess it made you think that you could when you can't
Wit the N with the ain't
Ain't nobody got time round here to playing round
Sucker with the big sack nigga better lay it down
Comin' through ain't bout that shady shit
Boy I'm mo' dirty than Dusty Rhodes
I drop the beat and rock the flo'
Representing that Que Bo Gold
So don't you try to test us out thinkin' we country wit no skills
'cause I drop the bass and tame the bass
Put this fire to yo grill

[Verse 4: Rasheeda]
Well I was born in Illinois okay ah
Raised in Atlanta, G-A yah
Lived in New York and L.A. yea
My nigga I'm da shit no matter where I stay
cause, uh, I was cut like that, lil buddy I'm stacked like that
From the front to the side to the back, Rasheeda, and I'm tight like that
I ain't never been worried bout another
Cutter her buddy, lil buddy I don't studder
9 double lock chrome for the lame lame
Big faces in my pocket not the chump change
Ride the Benz with the wood grain, grilled out, smoke frame,
With the knock knock
38 pop pop all you haters just stop
Or you gone get dropped

[Chorus]

Verse 4: Pastor Troy
Uh, Stick em, ha ha ha, stick em
Fuck them pussy niggas and who ever wit em
All I say is sic em
And there go my boys
D-S-G-B, Pastor damn Troy
Boy you ain't ready
Boy you don't want it
Boy we ain't ready, bitch get disappointed
Shit, all I know is southern blo'd not lower than a dime
From thirty piece to quarter ki we strictly on the grind
No time to spit no evidence, no evidence, no charge
Since they ain't got no evidence

I gave them my lil boy
The scars from my hand as I crank up the speaker
Drop the bomb on you bitches, Pastor and Rasheeda
Bitch, do it!

[Chorus]

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