

Gon' Do It?

Down With Webster

Chorus

How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)

Verse 1

So chill, dressed to kill
I hate it to say it, but I'm so ill
Sex appeal, major deal
Lemme show you how we do dis here
'Cause I'm [incomprehensible] than a couch potato
With a purple napsack full of alligator
Get up like an elevator
I got the flavour behavior becoming over your friendly neighbourhood town
Flier than a helipad, or a pelican
Or dem crazy cartoon pink floatin' elephants
'Round here, act your age, less intelligent
You smeared out, lost your job, up your gentlemen
Kick it to the wood, I'll show you her town bar
Kick it to the crib, we call it the Town Hall
Sons of bitches tryin' to get into Town's draws
If she lucky, she gonna go down on town's
Ballerific G on the scene when I'm dipped like batter
With the moderate fruits on executive meat platters
Holla at your boys, when you see me, we gon' do it up
[incomprehensible] bitch, you better not screw it up

Chorus

How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)

That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)

That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)

Verse 2

Girl, let's roll, let's party, no parents

It's apparent that you're hot

You ain't gotta be embarrassed

Yeah, we hookin' up but it don't mean marriage, shit

You know I got more chirps than a parrot

And I know that the ponies like carrots

But the kid's so nice, I don't even gotta wear it

Sub's just blaring, so she hop up in the carriage

Roll it up then share it until we spin like fairies

Girl, move to the hip hop, hip and [incomprehensible]

It's the bitch with the flip-flops, check the wristwatch

It's about that time to Ddub design

S to the L'low, make you shake like Jello

Yeah, my first name (Cam?), and I'm doing the damn thing

You grabbin' the wang-tang, we playing the bang game

Gets much brains, they call it the crane bang

And I'm sorry if you're lost, you know that my slang change

Me and your man, we not in the same lane

I come from the same cloth, we ain't in the same vein

On the next level, we still on the same plane

I'm always switchin' it up while he doing the same thing

Chorus

How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)

That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)

How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)

That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)

How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)

That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)

How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)

That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)

(Sorry if some of these lines are foolish and incorrect; I judged these lyrics by my hearing, not a lyric booklet or website.)

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