

I Do It (Feat. Drake, Lil Wayne)

2 Chainz

Thank God for the first nigga started trapping
Thank God for the first nigga started rapping
Thank God for the first girl to start stripping
And I'mma have to keep it muhfucking real with 'em
I got a problem with these niggas
I got a problem with these bitches
Trigger finger keep itchin'
I pull it, I do it Hang up on a bitch, call it crucified
Time to go to work, no suit and tie
Bumpin' Makaveli, I be trappin' at the telly
My nigga did a dime and he back already
Got that sack already, man we got them racks already
As far as your girl, I hit it from the back already
I tried to get a tan, but I'm black already
Your pockets on a diet, my pockets fat already
Three niggas with me, me myself and I
God don't like ugly, you should testify
My T-shirt come from Bergdorf
I make so much on a I take a third off
Bird call, swerve off
Bust a nut on her, tell her that's a load off
Shorty ass soft, like a Nerf ball
If you don't like what I'm doing, nigga, fuck y'all
Thank God for the first nigga started trapping
Thank God for the first nigga started rapping
Thank God for the first girl to start stripping
And I'mma have to keep it muhfucking real with 'em
I got a problem with these niggas
I got a problem with these bitches
Trigger finger keep itchin'
I pull it, I do it Drank in my cup, hope this shit don't spill
Pull up in the new edition and that's word to Johnnny Gill
How I come up with this shit and all these s that I kill
I have no imagination, everything I do for real
Bitch I'm camouflage down put your camera phone down
If she got an ass and the girl a fan, it's going down
I'mma fuck you like I've been waiting a century for it
Give the pussy up and I'll trade you the memory for it
In the bedroom forever that's what her roommate will tell you

Man I just hear this shit and think about what Tunechi will tell you
He might call up Patricia, she 'bout to call up Melissa
Tell 'em come to the crib and do them both, double dribble
I'm colder than a hospital, she love the dick that I give her
Hit her from the front, back, side, twist her like cigarillos
I put the gun to the pillow, I don't want blood on my clothes
Gotta keep that Trukfit fresh, shoutout to all of my hoes
Tunechi...That's just how my OG would sum it up
I been working all winter just to fuck the summer up
It's just me and 2 Chainz, but the chain's never tucked though
If you don't like what I'm doing, nigga fuck y'all Thank God for the first nigga started trapping
Thank God for the first nigga started rapping
Thank God for the first girl to start stripping
And I'mma have to keep it muhfucking real with 'em
I got a problem with these niggas
I got a problem with these bitches
Trigger finger keep itchin'
I pull it, I do it Well, if you know like I know that pussy pop like pyro
And she know I'm a pothead, that pussy like a pothole
I'm colder than the snot nose, man all these hoes is my hoes
If she bougie fuck her once then leave her hanging, dry clothes
I just built a cemetery, niggas dying to get in
Niggas lying, they pretend
Don't cross that line its paper thin
High as a star, make a wish
I'm a shark, I ate the fish
I got no heart, I hate that bitch You hate that bitch, well I hate that bitch
Will jump a nigga like a chessboard
Do a drive by while you're riding on your skateboard
They ain't even know it
Have Drake sing a song just to get her pussy wet
Then I take her to the crib
Man fuck that bitch right on the step
Put it in and take it back out, then I back out
Hair weave killer known to snatch the fucking track out
Put me in the game coach, I'm the antidote
Pull up, kick, throw and take the money and the dope
True, 2 Chainz, I'm on a plane and a boat
I am so cold I need a cover and a coat
Kick it at the mall, call it football
If you don't like what I'm doing, nigga, fuck y'all Y'all ready? 1, 2, 3
Right now it's me time
A little time for myself, me time
Oh yeah, right now it's me time
Don't want no one else now, me time

Bitch please don't call my phone, don't call my phone
Said I wanna be left alone, be left alone
Please, please don't stop by my home
No, no cause I feel it's just matter of time
Till you people make me lose my mind
I'm 'bout to leave this world behind
Right now it's me time
You need to go kick rocks now
Me time

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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