Do Sumptin

Comp

[Verse 1]
Do Sumptin, Do Sumptin, that's right nigga
You left the burner at home? Let's fight nigga
Hold up, stand back, where your man at?
You want beef with Comp, you can can that
Back up, back up, clear the hole nigga
I can arrange to have your shit swoll nigga
I don't give a flyin fuck, nope
My iron tucked three inches below the gut
I mean, don't try me, you don't wanna die man
I'm aiming at his head, send bullets through his eye, man
Lights out, fight's out, I knock your lights out
We bring the knives, bats, and metal pipes out
We can (we can) do it (do it) rumble (rumble) raw (raw)
Hit him in his face, watch him tumble (tumble) fall (raw)
Watch him run and make a phone call (call)
I look at your crew and say "Fuck all y'all!"
[Chorus]
He disrespected you, you gotta do sumptin!
He waved the tec at you, you better do sumptin!
Don't be a bitch now nigga, do sumptin!
Dont' stand and look around nigga, do sumptin!
Your man beefin with dude, you better do sumptin!
You said hi and shorty got rude, you better do sumptin!
Don't be a bitch now nigga, do sumptin!
Don't stand and look around nigga, do sumptin![Verse 2]
You either do nuthin or do sumptin
You in the club with that silver on, bitch you frontin
And my niggas not havin that
Don't wear nothin nice, they be grabbin that (give me!)
Sometimes in the streets, but really in the club
And these types of niggas be really in the club
High and drunk, ready to fight
Bumpin into everybody, steppin on their Nikes
So watch out, watch out, they pull glocks out
Everybody yellin "Duck down, nigga, watch out!"
Guns pop out, hearts pop out, macks slappin at backs make her's pop out
And baby (baby), knock (knock), tell 'im who to shoot (shoot)
Little (little), guns (guns), fit into their boot (boot)

But your man is weak and he ain't used to beef
He got approached now he's scared to speak
[Chorus][Verse 3]
Don't play with me, I ain't him, I shank him
Dude better watch his mouth
Yeah, see the (???) comin out the pouch around my waist
Barber shop knife cut around your face
And when them guns out, guns out, like a four-four
Some hit the floor-floor or run to the door-door
I hate to see a man hit up
Everybody yellin at him like "Bitch get up!"
He on the floor with a hole in his got, on his back and his butt
Layin lifeless, his eyes be shut
Girls get accidentally knocked out
Everybody runnin to their cars but they locked out
They lost their keys, they searchin around bush
And the (????) be hittin the ground
So when you tired of gettin bitched for nothin
Try to earn your respect next time, nigga do sumptin[Chorus]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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