You Can Do It

Funky Collector 07

[Ice Cube]
Yeah, yeah
Get your ass up and hurra
Uh, Ice Cube baby
Ninety-nine baby
I'm on the grind baby
All the time baby
Show me something

[Ms. Toi]
You can do it put your back into it
[Ice Cube]
I can do it put your ass into it
[Ms. Toi]
You can do it put your back into it
[Ice Cube]
I can do it put your ass into it
[Ms. Toi]
Put your back into it
[Ice Cube]
Put your ass into it

[Ice Cube]
Tic-tic-boom
Hear me banging down these back streets
Bumpin' BlackSTREET, treated like a athlete
Life ain't a track meet (no) it's a marathon
Fuck the cemetery that a nigga get buried on
We be clubbing till the day we die
Nigga ask the bartender if you think we lie
But if you think we high, nigga think again
Cause when it's sink or swim
You got to think to win
And if I drink this Hen'
Everybody will know it
Cause I ain't going for it
So pray to the Lord that I don't pull out
Cuss out and bust out
Go the nigga route

Make the trigger shout, uh
You can try to smoke an ounce to this
While I pronounce this shit
Baby bounce them tits
Mama move them hips
Baby shake them cheeks
I got dick for days
You got ass for weeks, yeah, yeah

[Ms. Toi (Ice Cube)]
Don't stop get it, get it
(That's real)
Don't stop nigga hit it
(I will)
[Ice Cube]
I'm gon' do it, gon' do it
Gon' do it, do it, do it

[Ms. Toi]
You can do it put your back into it
[Ice Cube]
I can do it put your ass into it
[Ms. Toi]
You can do it put your back into it
[Ice Cube]
I can do it put your ass into it
[Ms. Toi]
Put your back into it
[Ice Cube]
Put your ass into it

[Ice Cube]
Now all I wanna do is have fun with my loved ones
The thug ones, relatives and my cousins
And I got 'em by the dozen
When they buzzin', quick to say fuck your husband
This is for my niggas locked away
Extra love for the ones who ain't got no date
But when we hit checkmate with Ice Cube the great
As soon as I get a word we can rush the safe
Fuck them license plates because life is great
It don't matter if you're rich and your folks ain't straight
I'm still coming with that underground gangsta shit
No matter how many niggas say we ain't the shit, bitch

[Ms. Toi (Ice Cube)]
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I can do it put your ass into it
[Ms. Toi]
Put your back into it
[Ice Cube]
Put your ass into it

[Mack 10]
I do hard core rhyming, hard time grinding
With will I pimp hoes
Other niggas wine and dine them
Gotta love this pup shit
Passing the mud shit
Pockets on flood shit
OG lyrical blood shit
I don't rent I buy shit
Niggas jealous of my shit
You unaware of this young nigga getting all the fly shit
While you're rooting and recruiting
Nigga 6-8 whooping
I was in the hood shooting cause I had the wife whooping
I come from padres gold in oversized jars
I past up strife and got star awards
No time for playa hating, Mack paper chasing
Came out the substation to the hip hop nation
The mo' hits the mo' bigga with illegal weight figga
Done develop the status of a platinum plus nigga
Bust the first asshole to show I can hit it
I keep pushing, don't quit it

Don't stop till I get it

[Ms. Toi (Ice Cube)]
Don't stop get it, get it
(That's real)
Don't stop nigga hit it
(I will)
[Ice Cube]
I'm gon' do it, gon' do it
Gon' do it, do it, do it
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[Ms. Toi]
You can do it put your back into it
[Ice Cube]
I can do it put your ass into it
[Ms. Toi]
You can do it put your back into it
[Ice Cube]
I can do it put your ass into it
Put your ass into it
We be clubbing
Freaky gyration is close to fornication

We be clubbing
Freaky gyration is close to fornication:
Yeah uh-huh, Ice Cube, Westside Connection
Know how we do?
We puttin' it down, constantly
Get your ass up and hurra

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