What We Do

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(feat. Beanie Sigel, Jay-Z)
[Freeway]
Man if I get rocked, this shit for my kids nigga
It's that real shit...
[female singer, repeated throughout the verses]
Even though what we do is wrong...
We still hustle 'til the sun come up
Crack a 40 when the sun go down
It's a cold winter
Y'all niggaz better bundle up
And I bet it be a hotter summer, grab a onion
Yes the ROC gets down, you hot now, listen up
Don't you know cops' whole purpose is to lock us down?
And throw away the key
But without this drug shit your kids ain't got no way to eat, huh?
We still try to keep Mom...smilin'...
Cuz when the teeth stop showin' and the stomach start growlin'
Then the heat start flowin'
If you from the hood I know you feel me ([Jay-Z:] Keep goin'...)
If a sneak start leanin' and the heat stop workin'
Then my heat start workin' I'm-a rob me a person
Catch a nigga sleepin' while he out in the open...and I'm-a get him ([Jay-Z:] Keep flowin'...)
We gotta raise our kids while we livin'
Make a million off-a record bail my niggaz outta prison
Fuck a Bentley or a Lexus just my boys in the squadder
Nigga talk reckless then I hit 'em with the Smif 'n...
But I'm never snitchin' I'm a rider
If my kids hungry snatch the dishes out ya kitchen
I'll be wylin' til they pick me outta line-up...
We keep the nines tucked, chopped dimes up, rap about it
Wyle out, fuck niggaz up, laugh about it
I'm not tryin' to visit the morgue but Freeway move out 'til I sit with the Lord
'Til I...get my shit together, clean up my sins
Freeway got it in like 10 in the mornin'
And I can get it to ya like 10 while you yawnin' mang...
Still deliver the order mang!
And I ain't talkin' bout chicken and gravy mang!
I'm talkin' bout bricks 'o ye-yo, halves and quarters
4 and a halves of hash you do the math

Swing past us scoop up your daughter
She wanna roll wit' a thug that rap, you do the math
He won't blast 'til my stacks in order mang!
[Jay-Z]
...MANG! Lemme get 'em Free
Hove never slackin' mang, zippin' in the black Range
Faster than the red ghost, gettin' ghost wit' Pac-Mang
One-time know a got a knack to get that change
Leader of the black gang, R-O-C mang
Bang like T-Mac, ski mask air it out
Gotta kill witnesses 'cause Free's beard's stickin' out
Y'all don't want no witness shit, we squeeze hammers mang
Bullets breeze by you, like Lousiana mang...
But I gotta feed Tianna mang...
So I move keys you can call me the Piano Man
Rain...sleet, hail...snow man
Slang dough, E, hydro man...
[Beanie Sigel]
...no, B. Sige in the third lane
Gramps still prayin' workin on my nerves man...
Like, "Son you gotta get your soul clean...
Before they blow them horns like Coltrane..."
But still I cry tears of a hustler
Wipe tears from my mother, pull out beers for her brothers...
That's above us, make beds for the babies
Tuck kids under covers, buy cribs for their mothers
Shit I'll probably be wylin' with their fathers
Tell Ms. Robert, tell Enijah that I'm ridin' for her father
That's like my brother, like same mother different father
Any problems dog know I got 'em
And still we grind from the bottom
Just to make it to the bottom sold crack in the alleyways
Still gave back Marcy a Dollar Day
Real gangstas make hood holidays
They ain't thank us but we still paid homage mang
Soul Food Sunday lookin' like Big Momma's mang
Tell the gang I never break my promise mang...mang...unnh!

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