

# Just Do It

## Goodie Mob

Well, I'm just gonna tell you  
We ain't 'bout that talking homeboy, we'll do it  
And all that acting you doing, we see through it  
Fuck hollering and screaming let's get to it, let's get to it Now I say my rap reflect the enemy  
Passion and positive energy  
Y'all talk about killing, it don't surprise me  
Tripping 'bout a nigga, don't judge me wisely But I ain't 'bout to holler or scream at you  
You can look in my eyes and tell what I'd do  
I'm a charge at niggas and you know I'm true  
But goddammit, fuck nigga this one for you I know how it go, I done been out there before  
Heard it's goddamn time to blow  
Stomping niggas down till they don't want no more  
Trying to get some Polo's straight out the store Some gone, some just can't let it go  
I might laugh and joke but I'll let a nigga know  
I'm the same motherfucker from 84  
And I still do it in the aftershow And I don't like to feel like I'm being tried  
I ain't bullet-proof, plenty nigga done died  
But I damn sho' ain't finna go and hide  
I got one on me and I'm down to ride I ain't trying to say I got all the game  
I got fame but a million I can't claim  
So respect me playa and I'll do the same  
But neither one is guaranteed to have the best aim Well, I'm just gonna tell you  
We ain't 'bout that talking homeboy, we'll do it  
And all that acting you doing, we see through it  
Fuck hollering and screaming let's get to it, let's get to it The revolution has begun  
Handle your business playa  
Devoted to the game and dope  
Cut-throat ways will get you paid in full  
Pull a rabbit out the hat trick, magical quick Slick it's like a porn flick  
Umm, imagine having money so big  
It makes you look like a pig  
Get your big behind You remind me of swine with your fat nose  
Stuck in your pose and thread bed that shawty  
Lame with your game, put it all on the table  
Got your label and your fast cars  
And your bodyguard looking hard Throwing your cheese, for them rats its snacks  
I'm like a egg bout' to hatch, Tony, horny, I'm macaroni  
Commercialize suckers looking like busters  
I'd ride for the kings and queens of my motherfucking team Spark in the night, umm, we 'bout to fight

Haters, come and say that shit  
Dammit these fools gonna have to take us together  
How the fuck, ever you want it, get to it, SwatsWell, I'm just gonna tell you  
We ain't 'bout that talking homeboy, we'll do it  
And all that acting you doing, we see through it  
Fuck hollering and screaming let's get to it, let's get to itThe streets making you feel like a real G  
But we Georgia finest, our Fulton County fleet  
You still putting thangs up in your mouth  
'Cause you been pacified, since you was knee-highAll your life in school, that's the reason  
Why you couldn't learn nothing?  
Runt, at the tender age of 18  
Books no longer hold your attention span  
Short term but you can sho' enough count that greenSomething you just can't coach  
Don't sing it, bring it  
I usually caught me at least one fool a game  
You can only phanthom pain, I don't have toBut don't let me get on a case of this drank  
Leak to my heart, elevate to my brain  
Make you wanna walk that plank  
You'd better swim motherfucker  
'Cause bullshit don't float, you are what you eatSee you remind of this goat  
That I had by the hairs of his chinny-chin-chin  
Curbing over some yellow rice, you can't do shit  
Might as well hit the graveyard shiftSomewhere at McDonalds or Burger King  
Grab a taste or spill, over some hairs, nobody cares  
And we do assholes that grip leather chairsWell, I'm just gonna tell you  
We ain't 'bout that talking homeboy, we'll do it  
And all that acting you doing, we see through it  
Fuck hollering and screaming let's get to it, let's get to itI used to hang out, smoke out, fuck out, bang out  
Run your mouth wrong, got your front tooth took out  
On the spot bodies with no heads, no legs, no feet  
Left em' out in the open scoping that ass out for weeksNever speaking, busting, breaking brains  
Berettas brought the rain back and forth  
Trigger action, snatch it up, load it up  
Hit the door, gotta call, yo' he at the mallFuck it all, hit 'em one, two, three times  
I was scared the first shot  
But liked the second and third  
Left him hollering and screamingDreaming for another chance to live  
Had it up yesterday but today its mine  
Bust your ass one more time  
For the niggas on the grind, so go and hideWell, I'm just gonna tell you  
We ain't 'bout that talking homeboy, we'll do it  
And all that acting you doing, we see through it  
Fuck hollering and screaming let's get to it, let's get to it

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