

Just Do it

Stevie Brock

Diesel, Sound Like One of Em
Fake Bouncing When He See Me
Like Gutter, Real Gutter

[Chorus]

Just Do It

You ain't gotta talk all loud in my ear

Just Do It

Yapping and stuff when I'm standing right here

Just Do It

You ain't gotta tell me what you gonna do

Just Do It

I'ma do me so you do you

Just Do It

You ain't gotta tell me how you getting no cream

Just Do It

Nigga yapping, trying to sell me a drink

Just Do It

You ain't gotta try to front for no broads

Just Do It

Trying to mug, trying to be all hard

What's up killa, you hear this then don't think, bounce

You counting me out, motherfucker, you can't count

Windows cracked, Car drop low, I'm laid back lord

In a Chevelle, 100 ??, no sixes on the course

Ain't no stressing in my blood, game on my back

Knock you out just for sayin my name on wax

Cause if its that serious, e-mail me, send me a fax

If it's that real, watch how quick I get back

See, I been about my stacks way before I been rapping

Playboy, what's on your mind, look, lets get it cracking

I been having paper way before I went platinum

It don't take too much to get it jumping, man what's happening

[Chorus]

Niggaz be handcuffing their girl when I'm around and shit

I don't know if its me or the nigga don't want me around his chick

I was looking besides she was looking first

She ain't even my type besides look it just wouldn't work
I'm the type to tap why'all and wild out with witnesses
I come back, different day, different clothes, and different whip
I'm paid and you broke, I already know how you feel
You ain't gotta ask about flow, you already know I got skill
But better calm your boy down, have him walk it off
Cause in a few, he ain't gonna be able to walk at all
Either we all can get along
The dude and crew or we can all be alone
Or we all get the chrome
Whatever it is, just please stop callin my phone

[Chorus]

Hustler, Baller, Gangsta, Caterpillar
Yeah, Who I Be, That's Curren\$y, Tha Hot Spitta
T Crooked are you, Young rich nigga
I'm up in Cali, wheelin ya lowrider bicycles
He talk a good one but you niggaz can't
I'ma pull the cannons out, make you wish and blow your candles out
Raised by the streets, see-Murder show me what a man about
Gangstas never flinch and when they sent, get their hands out
You niggaz what richboys real riding on them spinning wheels, on a cadillac deville
I'ma say what I feel and back it up with the steel
Get it even if I have to jeopardize my deal

[Chorus]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by BRAZIER, PETER FERGUSON / PALMER, MARK BRIAN / MILLER, GAVIN
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>