This Is What I Do

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Dirty Birds in this motherfucker, it's Gucci Matter of fact it's Big Gucci in this motherfucker Flockaveli, Birdman Cash Money, Brick Squad linked up to 17 In the streets make some moves, get my paper This is what I do Fuck 'em, blow croak smoke on my haters This is what I do Pop up with the real fuck you fakers This is what I do All about my money, fuck you, pay me This is what I do Huh? This is what I do For real? This is what I do Word, this is what I do Bitch, this is what I do Huh? This is what I do For real? This is what I do Word, this is what I do Bitch, this is what I do It's Big Gucci, mob moves you, wise fools You can't mute me, my whole life I'm ProTools First day appeal, just elude me or shoot me I stand on my word, I'm like Luke in the '90s Cocaine crazy, 1980, baby 2/12 they birthed me, now find me in Miami East Atlanta with me, always to the Grammys This time? Big bucks, no Whammies My trunk slammin', my track jammin' I'm too fancy, manners, I left 'em I'm healthy, stealthy and wealthy, you try me? I'll probably show a nigga how to drive a jet ski Them Brick Squad niggaz got me like I got me Me, Flock and Baby back to Bankhead in real Bugatis Brick Squad, Zone 6, Cash Money, what up? I might just fuckin' buy my mom a Maserati In the streets make some moves, get my paper This is what I do Fuck 'em, blow croak smoke on my haters

This is what I do
Pop up with the real fuck you fakers
This is what I do

All about my money, fuck you, pay me

This is what I do

Huh? This is what I do

For real? This is what I do

Word, this is what I do

Bitch, this is what I do

Huh? This is what I do

For real? This is what I do

Word, this is what I do

Bitch, this is what I do

I got 6's on my red and black whip, this is what I do
Watch them girls choose, iced up like a fool
Po'n lean in my styrofoam, this is how I screw
Flexin' with the crew, mean muggin', who?
Bad attitude, what you wanna do?

20 bottles, 40 blunts, meet me on the moon

Make it, make it rain

Now my lil' bitch strippers come together, fame Let my pants hang, watch me do my chain swang Takin' bitches Mane with this yellow diamond karat chain

> Waka, Flocka, Flame, Gucci, Gucci Mane With the Birdman, this is how we hang In the streets make some moves, get my paper

> > This is what I do

Fuck 'em, blow croak smoke on my haters

This is what I do

Pop up with the real fuck you fakers

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All about my money, fuck you, pay me

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Bitch, this is what I do

This is what I do, then I cut a damn fool
Man, I come through Chevrolet but it look gray Coupe
Get my money, stack it up, this is what real players do
Now if he don't get no money then that nigga need to shoot

Smokin' kush at the house while yo' bitch clean my shoe
Real gangsta nigga, mayne, this is what I do
Say lil' partner, just hit me sayin', "Man, I need a deuce"
So I hit him with the force, this is what I do
Killed yo' baby momma, this is what I do
Work chipped cell phones, this is what I do
Rims on my car look like man, they runnin' out they shoe
With that blue 20 piece look like my backyard swimmin' pool
In the streets make some moves, get my paper
This is what I do
Fuck 'em, blow croak smoke on my haters
This is what I do

This is what I do
Pop up with the real fuck you fakers
This is what I do
All about my money, fuck you, pay me
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