Do Ya Bad

Yung Joc

Babe, if it's a problem go on let me know
And if it ain't shit, nigga go let it go
But while it's on my mind, I need to let you know
Them choppers on deck and I ain't afraid to let 'em go

Yeah, I'll do ya, do ya
(Do ya bad, do ya bad)
I'll do ya, do ya
(Do ya bad, do ya bad)
I'll do ya, do ya, do ya bad
(Do ya bad, do ya bad)
I'll do ya, do ya, do ya bad
(Do ya bad, do ya bad)

You on that dumb shit ain't wit it man
That's the main reason murders get committed man
It can go down any minute man

Goon squad jump out, that black on black mini-van
So you better be quick and on your toes

Where them chopper bullets stop, nobody knows Babies cryin', niggaz dyin' all over the place

Momma cryin' 'cause there's blood all over her face
This is not a game, this is not a test

Swiss cheese your brain, mayne you'll be laid to rest

I'll bust your head ask questions later

Throw the deuces, sayonara to you haters

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And if it ain't shit, nigga go let it go

But while it's on my mind, I need to let you know Them choppers on deck and I ain't afraid to let 'em go

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I don't know your bitch, she don't know me either I suggest you keep it movin' if you wanna keep her You don't want these problems, that's a bad idea Machete'll have your ass runnin' like diarrhea
Nobody move nobody get hurt, shit
If I pull that tool, everybody hit the dirt, look
This could be avoided only if you keep your cool nigga

Act like you grown instead of still in middle school nigga
You really want this beef bruh
Put in back in the freezer
You'll freeze up when I pull the heat
Then squeeze from the knees up
This is not a game this is not a test
Slow your roll or you'll be laid to rest
Babe if it's a problem go on let me know
And if it ain't shit, nigga go let it go
But while it's on my mind, I need to let you know
Them choppers on deck and I ain't afraid to let 'em go

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Yeah, I'll sell you wet dope just to make it weigh right Call them boys, set you up in broad daylight Yeah I'll bang your bitch I'll do you bad Nine months later, now she screamin' you're the dad If you lose your bump, say I never found the shit If I owe ya guap', pay your ass with counterfeit Oh yeah, I'll flex ya nigga, don't think I can't Have my broad put some suger in your gas tank Cut your brake line, slash your back tire When you crank your car your engine catch fire Then now I don't know what you've been told But these are brief descriptions of how this hood go Babe if it's a problem go on let me know And if it ain't shit, nigga go let it go But while it's on my mind, I need to let you know Them choppers on deck and I ain't afraid to let 'em go

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