

# Dooinit

## Common

Ah keep onMotherfucker move back, I pursue rap at the pace of a New Jack  
Miscellaneous numbers and shoes stack grooves  
Rap I deliver for the hungry and underprivileged  
Something different from these hollow and grunting niggas  
This is business strictly, step to my business is risky  
'Specially when you as bitch as Missy  
Back to back LP's that sound the same, I surround the game  
With a four-pounded brainstorm  
To make niggas dance in the rain, scared to take a chance in the game  
Used to break dance, it's a shame  
What money do to a nigga brain

If he lose his soul what did a nigga gain?"Doin' it, doin' it, I am doin' it, C O double M O to the N"My train of thought is that of a hustler, or a nigga with his shirt off  
Trying to get his work off to customers  
I rap with a chip on my shoulder, squeezing Coronas  
See shirts that say "We gotta get over"  
That juggy shit is over, the war is on

I only want to be a soldier, I'm holding on, to a culture  
Focused like Gordon Parks when it's sorta dark  
For niggas that's flooded with ice, my thought's the ark  
Performing warming arts with some shit for the heart  
Don't fuck with radio, ignoring the charts

I could give a fuck what you made in a year, nigga, you wack  
A soft nigga on a hard track, in this new rap  
Generation I "X" cats like a Muslim  
He fell off cause I pushed him

Let his Bentley and his weak crew be his cushion

I catch him on the streets, in front of the bodyguards and rush him"Doin' it, doin' it, I am doin' it, C O double M O to the N"You wasn't saying you was a thug before Pac came  
Ten years ago you had a high top trying to be like Kane  
Then Snoop released and it became a G thing  
Claim sets, your city ain't got gangs  
Niggas hate you, they ain't paying you no attention  
In a circle of fagots, your name is mentioned

With six degrees, I separate MC's, from a business man that's good  
From a nigga that was raised or just lived in the hood  
From what a nigga says to what's understood  
Keep my shit tight like them boys in "The Wood"  
Dick is always hard like the "Boyz in the Hood"

Peace to Dug Inf, No I, Sean Lett, the whole Chi  
At the crib some cats give me the cold eye  
I'm a bitch slap the next one  
Let him know the world is my section for taking  
You got to reduce aggression "Doin' it, doin' it, I am doin' it, C O double M O to the N"

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