

# Do It To It (feat. Sean Paul of the Youngbloodz)

## Cherish

hay hay hay hay oh hay hay  
hay hay hay hay oh hay hay  
hay hay hay hay oh hay hay  
hay hay hayStep out the Caddy Deville  
It's on a base of steel  
Them boys checkin us out  
Know when we dress to kill  
Strut in the club, it's dark  
But still got my shades on  
I hear the dj mixin Young Bloodz  
To tha Whisper SongWe're from the city that made it okay to  
To make clubbin' a year-round holiday  
So if you feelin right, grab tha Kryptonite  
If this yo song tonight, then it's on tonightBounce wit it drop wit it  
Lean wit it rock wit it  
Snap wit it  
All my ladies pop yo backs wit it  
Do it do it do it do it  
You know the world be rockin to it to it  
So do it do it do it to it  
Bounce wit it drop wit it  
Lean wit it rock wit it  
Snap wit it  
All my fellas tip yo hats wit it  
Do it do it do it do it  
You know the world be rockin to it to it  
So do it do it do it to itNo need to ask where I'm from  
You already know  
I represent the A from my head to my toes  
Step on the dance floor  
Watch and learn cuz here I go  
I throw my hands up  
And work my body to the floorWe from the city that make it Okay (A A)  
To make clubbin a year-round holiday  
So if you feelin right, grab tha Kryptonite  
If this yo song tonight, then it's on tonightBounce wit it drop wit it  
Lean wit it rock wit it  
Snap wit it  
All my ladies pop yo backs wit it

Do it do it do it do it  
You know the world be rockin to it to it  
So do it do it do it to it  
Bounce wit it drop wit it  
Lean wit it rock wit it  
Snap wit it  
All my fellas tip yo hats with it  
Do it do it do it do it  
You know the world be rockin to it to it  
So do it do it do it to itWassup cu-cuz (wassup cu-cuz)  
Wassup mofo (wassup mofo)  
I lean I rock (I lean I rock)  
I drank I smoke (I drank I smoke)  
Might snap my fingers (might snap my fingers)  
Might clap my hands (might clap my hands)  
Don't get it twisted pimpin, this a hood dance (hood dance)  
Throw up yo hood man (man)  
Roll up some good man (man)  
They hatin cuz they can't do it do it do it man (man)  
I'm ridin good man (man)  
I'm grippin wood man (man)  
I'm in da club 10 grand in a rubber band (band)  
Damn right I'm crunk (I'm crunk)  
Damn right I'm clean (I'm clean)  
They got that rock (that rock)  
They got that lean (that lean)  
We make ya pool palace (palace)  
I make ya shoulder lean (shoulder lean)  
And I'm fo sho wit it, yah'meanBounce wit it drop wit it  
Lean wit it rock wit it  
Snap wit it  
All my ladies pop yo backs wit it  
Do it do it do it do it  
You know the world be rockin to it to it  
So do it do it do it to it  
Bounce wit it drop wit it  
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Snap wit it  
All my fellas tip yo hats with it  
Do it do it do it do it  
You know the world be rockin to it to it  
So do it do it do it to ithay hay hay hay oh hay hay  
hay hay hay hay oh hay hay  
hay hay hay hay oh hay hay

hay hay hay

Songwriters

SIMS JR., RICHARD / GRIFFIN, JARVIS / WILLIS, MIGUEL / JONES, REGINALD / RICHARD, RODNEY / WILLIAMS, JOHN / KING, NEOSA / KING, FARRAH / JOSEPH, SEAN PAULPublished by Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., MUSIC SERVICES, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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