Do It Right

Gayuma

[Intro: French Montana (Max B)]
Hold on to ya looove. (yeah!)

[Chorus: French Montana (Max B)]
If you wanna do it, (g'eah!) take your time {LET'S GO! }
Do it riiight! [kids ovation]
You can do it baby.
Get yo' money riiiiight! (g'eah!) {TONY YAYO! }

[Max B:]
After two fifths of Cru [gunshot] - I had the plan made (made!)
Nigga got his food ate, patched it up with' a band-aid.
Max mayonaisse, macaroni cheese, and mustard (mustard!)
Your bitches look busted! - Shit got me! [shot]
Disgusted! - Clusters droop off the left wrist
I think I got a death wish.
Sittin' back, suicidal thoughts of doin' it,
Hittin' the switch. - All my niggaz could move a brick. [police sirens]
I can move the shit on a slow day, no play, okay? (Okaaay!) [police sirens]
I be speakin' to my bitch Oshay.
And as we roll on. - "Hold on to ya loooove."
Mami fiendin', she want more drugs. (more!) [scream]
Shaking and she goin' through withdrawls
Big pitfalls. - I'm 'bout to be the shit dog.
Can a nigga stop what I'm bringin' - singin'
Soundin' all good, I'm going all around the hood. - It's Max B! [gunshot]

[Chorus: French Montana]
If you wanna do it, take your time
Do it riiight!
You can do it baby. [Joker laughs]
Get yo' money riiiiight!

[French Montana:]
Get high till we can't see
Your rap career over! - Look for plan B! (what?)
These rap niggaz - softer than cotton candy
I ain't a boss! - All my niggaz family! [gunshot]
Every nigga near me (uh-huh) - got a gun just as big as Camby
That's Marcus, and open coffins.

Bootleg cable - and bitch
You get what you bring to the table (uh-huh!) - I got shrimp
And spaghetti! - And Prego sauce! Yeah, my boy polished,
Homie ding those off - and I hear him knockin'. (whattup?)
It's the Wavie Crockett - with more hoes
From River Road and more O's, and plenty rolled. [gunshot]
From food stamps to big checks (uh-huh!)
And I'll smack a bitch with' a 100 stacks off a reflex. [scream]
That's a jackpot! - 650 with the ragtop
And Pillsbury for a mascot.

[Chorus: French Montana (Tony Yayo)]
If you wanna do it, take your time [classic evil laughter]
Do it riiight! [classic evil laughter] (Y'all niggas know what time it is, nigga!)
You can do it baby. (Call me: "Eury"!)
Get yo' money riiiiight! (Cause I'm spendin' Euros, ya heard?) [gunshot]

[Tony Yayo:]
S.O.D.! - Swammies On Deck, homie.
My killers O.D. and die for respect homie. (BLAOW!) [gunshot]
The barrel of my gun - start to pre-cum [shot]
Fiendin' to buss, I'm low when the D's come. [gunshot]
G-Unit is a money-makin' fountain
25 on the wrist, my chick in Christian LaBoutan's.
Kick a nigga in the head, football punt a nigga,
Then stab a nigga quick like a London, nigga!
Your career is a blender nigga. - Mine is promised!
I wear a 9 in the snakeskin Pradas.
With' a 9 in a chick that's chasin' dollars
Like I'm chasin' dollars;
By any means necessary,
Yeah, a nigga necklace heavy.
Let the caviar dreams star out
I'm in the hood with the Porsche out!
To the G5 turbulation,
The fly dude by it - where they camel-racin'. {Whooooooooooooooooo Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid! }

[Chorus: French Montana (Tony Yayo)]
If you wanna do it, (That's money! That's money right there!)
Do it riiight! (That shit is better in Vegas, and out there in Dubai.)
You can do it baby. (Youkno'Imean?)
Get yo' money riiiiight! (And makes Vegas?)

[Outro: Tony Yayo]
You know?

But you can't gamblin' on!
You gon' only better cameras and shit!
Big money!
That's big boss shit, ya heard? [gunshot] [kids ovation]

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