

How We Do It (feat. Webbie & Lil Trill)

Lil Boosie

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

We got the Phantoms on deck, lambo on the side, chevy sittin high yeah bitch that's how we ride
That's how we do it x7

We posted up up in the club, bottles on ice, pockets full of hundred and we got the cheapest price
That's how we do it x7 Lil Boosie Let me tell you how I rock, pocket full of rocks, bottle in the air, livin without
a care

Let me tell you what I like, head with cold sprite

Let me tell you what I hate, haters with no cake

Let me tell you what I make, money with big stacks

Let me tell you why they hatin, cuz I young , rich, and black

Hoes lick my nutsack, rose by the six pack, skeet that shit off in they mouth (opps!) and I ain't feel bad

Gotta have my funds straight, time flyin gotta have my sons straight so they can shine

Wake up to get it up I hope you on the grind, cuz if you bullshitn' you'll get lapped this time

Im on the money makin mission got me handling bucks

Been countin money for so long my fuckin hands cramp up

Get my keys I be ridin, put my b's in my pocket

Keep ridin dirty cuz the people cant stop it Chorus Webbie Hustlin, 50 streets back against the wall

Scarred up since I was small, ive been through some shit to ball

The heat was on I couldn't stop, I had to let the cannons pop

The Bentleys fallin through the roof and now Im standin at the top

Grindin with my nigga B, finally where im supposed to be

I know my boy watchin over me still I keep my shit close to me

Im doin this for my nigga T, specially for my nigga Mell

Specially for my niggas doin the L and getting outta jail

What ever be good as hell it aint nothin on a nigga plate

Hungry than a motherfucka a hustla eat a nigga face

Imma keep it trill you can chill but time aint gon wait

You betta go head and get your paper before it get to late

Had to set myself straight at to set myself a goal

By 2010 im tryin to have a hundred million more

52 foot ceiling you cant touch it marble on the floor

Webbie trillest nigga I aint doin nothing but get my hustle on Chorus

Lil trill Imma start this thing for my dog B, trill fam, trill ent

Deaf kids look up to me so I gotta be all I can be
And I grind hard just to get this far, love my pops for what he did
Never thought I'd be this big, never thought I'd be this kid
I do it big but I keep my stacks
From big money to big racks
You got a check then we can talk, if you aint got it then you can walk
I do my thang betta ask around, chevy whip sittin off the ground
Burnin rubber throughout your town, ohh yeah boy we get it down
No blue cars black cars now, couldn't see me through an ultrasound
Too far like a mile long, im getting money like Mulan
Imma buy a house, buy my own estate
Been hungry eat your whole plate
Never turn on your main mayne or you'll crash like an airplane
Trill fam that's till the end, we all family can be friends
Hustle hard for your dividends, loyalty never defense
That crooked man cant be your friend, betta leave that boy alone
Or he will leave you all alone
Time to start from scratch homes
chrous.

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