

Why I Do It

August Alsina

Get off my dick, let me do me
That's a million bucks, every two weeks
I'm fuckin' on an actress, we makin' movies
I'm pullin' out my camera, we shootin' new scenes
I'm flexin' stupid on these niggas, pukin' on these niggas
Sippin' all this drank, Lord I'm juicin' on these niggas
Got my bitch ballin' hard, Sheryl Swoopin' on these niggas
Mind your fuckin' business and stop Googlin' on me, nigga
I do Tunechi on these niggas Ridin' through the city with a bad bitch with me
She wanna know if she can bring her friends
But my niggas wanna know if they're pretty
Yeah they can tag along
Bet you I could tag 'em all
With a little love and some alcohol
But I'mma pass 'em off to my niggas
Kick 'em out when I'm done, nigga, fuck 'em all
Back to the grind
I work so hard like I get paid overtime
But when I see the check come deep
Run up in the mall, buy the same thing three times
Call this foreplay
'Cause when the hoes see me shop, you can hear the panties drop
Runnin' up a check get 'em so wet
Gotta ball out, call it BowFlex
They wanna know how I go so hard but I'm still so young
And I'm eating so good, and I'm still not done
No I ain't stoppin' 'til I got it all
And I'm winnin' 'til it ain't no room for losin' I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
Get cash, get cars, go hard
I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
Nigga I don't ask why you do your job
I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
I grind sundown to sunrise
Don't tell me to prove it, 'cause I might lose it
I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
I ain't gotta tell you why I do it

Don't have to tell you, the plan is relentless
 I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
 Nigga that's my business
 Even if you say you don't fuck with it 'Cause you know for my niggas I'mma stay down
 Stay down, stay down
 We never trust them bitches, better lay down
 Lay down, lay down
 But they never come around when the money out
 Money out, money out
 I've done seen people that ran out
 Tryna come around for a handout I woke up this mornin', dick rock hard
 If you lookin' for your woman, she just hopped off
 If you lookin' for some trouble, ain't gotta look far
 I put that dick in her stomach, she holla, "Good Lord"
 I put that dick in her stomach, she holla, "Good God"
 These niggas claimin' they thuggin', they know they good boys
 My niggas call me KG, 'cause I'm the Kush God
 And my coupe don't need a key, I'm talkin' push start, push start
 Ridin' and vibin', ain't hidin', come find me
 It ain't hard to find me 'cause nigga I'm shinin'
 I ain't got to tell these boys, they know I'm shinin'
 I ain't got to tell my goons turn up, they bother you
 Fuck with me right now, that's bad timin'
 Fatherless children and sad mommies
 Fuck all this shit they be sayin' 'bout me
 I'm on that sippin', too damn drowsy for that bullshit I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
 Get cash, get cars, go hard
 I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
 Nigga I don't ask why you do your job
 I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
 I grind sundown to sunrise
 Don't tell me to prove it, 'cause I might lose it
 I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
 I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
 I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
 I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
 I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
 Don't have to tell you, the plan is relentless
 I ain't gotta tell you why I do it
 Nigga that's my business
 Even if you say you don't fuck with it, that's cool

Songwriters

KEVIN ANDRE PRICE, DWAYNE CARTER, RALPH JEANTY, SEAN MCMILLION, NICODEMO
 GIOVANNI LALLI, AUGUST ALSINA, CANDACE CURRY, KEYIARA SALLIE Published by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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