

This Is What I Do

Devyn Kelly

(Camron)

Yea.. Killa

What we gettin ready to do is separate the men from the mice, pit from the
Poodles, and the villians from the heroes

Huh, dipset bitch

You kno what that means?

You amongst the diplomat community

This my man Hellrell, he locked up he bout to come home

Hit em Rell

(Hellrell)

By the time this shit touch the streets

Ill prolly be shackeled down on the bus wit beats

But imma ride anyway

Get high anyway, and let my vvs jewels blind your eyes anyway fucker

Why'all want to be gangsta's listen to me

After two years of teachin, you'll get your degree

I took over blocks, and put dope on it, coke on it

Subbed niggas out and put them under my deodorant

Just like my speed stick nigga

I see chips quicker

So hot, tomorrow I'm droppin a remix nigga

And yea your top on your six

Go head drop that

Just makin it ways more easier to get popped nigga

Roll the haze, lets het higher and higher

But G you sellin me coke, I supplier, supplier

They ask bout the flow, yea its fire, its fire

Why'all snitch niggas, why'all was hired to be wired

And that's my word fam, I swore to my mother I'd get you

Made a phone call, now I'm done wit the issue

Now all my gorillas gon come through and get you

And murk off in a double nickle the color of pickles

I got a serious pimp game

I rock a sick chain

Toe the two tone rugger and roll wit da Dip game

Why'all the type of niggas that will run from da rubble

Holla if why'all want birds, I can front you a couple nigga

2x Chorus: Hellrell

I stack chips, this is what I do

Run through divas, give them to my crew

Send work out of town, this is what I do

Be wit my niggas, this is what I do

Verse2

Shorty thought I had plans of spousin her

I just wanted to have sex on the couch wit her

Do it in the mouth wit her

Give her a few bricks, make her take it down south wit her

I'm bout my scrilla, come fuck wit your nigga

And all these haters want to buss at your nigga

And try to do me, so I rock the uzi under the coogi

This shit you gon feel in your bones

They ask if I'm down wit the Roc, cause I be wit Killa and Jones

I just, put rocks on da block and rock rocks on my wrist

Get you hardest nigga, he ain't poppin like this

Anybody I'm tossin, nigga this is hungry season

We stopped flossin

You and your mans is gettin it

Where's our portion?

Killa, only reason they killas, when they buss in their hoes

They make em ger abortions

Smoke dro, flow awesome

I got two guns, you got two guns, lets have a foursome

See I start a riot in a minute

Supply it if you sniff it

I'm giving out samples, go head try it it's terrific

The crack head love me, females want to hug me, kiss me

Buy the whole pack wit crumbled up fifties

Don't cop from that nigga Rell is what you tell the fiens

We gettin all the money cause the dimes look like jellybeans

A few blocks and locking key, but I need a world

So its time to lay pressure game down like Preacher Earl

Everybody pay up, or get sprayed up

This year, imm get my name back and my weight up

Go see primo, razor blaid the plate up

Make some packs, and some workers, and start rackin cake up

This is what I do

Chorus: 2x

(Camron)

This is what he does

Killa, Santana, Jim Jones

Freaky!! Tito here tonight

Whole talaban, Brozzy

45th side

Diplomats man, see what we do man

This is not a motherfuckin joke
Holla at your boy, that's seven digit cake man

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written by GREGORY GREEN / SEON THOMAS / CAMERON GILES / D. MUHAMMED

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