

This Is What I Do

Gucci Mane Feat. Waka Flocka Flame & OJ Da Juicema

(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 shacked 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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