Do It to Me

E-40

[E-40] Charlie Hust`, Busta Bust`, let`s do it
[Busta]
Hehehehe, Flipmode, Sic-Wid-It
You know what`s best for you, you better get widdit[E-40]
I heard him talkin, but then he walkin, now tell me why
They never been incarcerated in a correctional facility
For doin this kinda street chemistry (hell yea)
I`m an original rapper, retrospected by plenty, hated by people
Me, 40, we took it back as street soldier
You got my back I got your shoulder
Peas and toes, tryin to make it, it`s all oh`s
Impossible is a hit never get caught diggin in my nose
Ex d-boy used to be a big time neighborhood rock star
Although I never owned a gui-tar
I-uh-I`m lyrically inclined with my start stutter scrilla
Type delivery, 40 and Busta Rhymes, was drinkin
And smockin hickory, on the porch one time
When I came up with this line: I was perkin
Off of some of that Carlos Rossi wine -- whatcha playa patnah got
Flows, like a latina female orgasm
Hoes, be yellin and screamin causin contractions at my
Shows, they take off they clothes and throw they pantyhose on stage
Any appliable age from dookie braids to suki braids, deal widditChorus:
Do it to me baby, do it to meeeee!
(Do it to me baby, do it to me baby)
Just do anything you want to do to meeeee!
(We go do it, do it, do it)
Do it to me baby, do it to meeeee!
(Do it to me baby, do it to me baby)
[Busta]
Just do anything you want to do to me
(We go do it, do it, do it)
Just do anything you want to do to me
(We go do it, do it, do it)[Busta Rhymes]
Check it out yo
Do it to me I`ma do it to you
Rubber you glue, bounce off of me I stick it on you
Weather whatever you could never ever measure my pleasure
Dig in my treasure, be making your lungs cave in together

Blow smoke out my face, pick up the pace
Speed up the race, never let a hot joint go to waste
My dogs`ll bark when your marksman trespass
You better use caution, your body parts might get auctioned
No need for you to keep stalkin, HELL but what you talkin
Have you dusted like a zombie lookin straight Christopher Walken
Shorty tried to call me and warn me and E-40
About these other corny rappers that ain`t got nuttin for me
You know they all blew it, time to move it
Blow the spot you knowin how we do it, capitalize
Upgrade to gold now we platinum-eyes
Keep my flavor holy sacred and pasteurized, WHAT!Chorus[Busta Bust`]
We doin this to blow through it til you suffocate, losin your breath
Til you satisfied, you know we do it to death
Ay you know we do it to keep you flippin, do it for whylin
Doin it for me to get my hustle on, do it for profilin
Do it for the love affair because I`m lovin it
When we clubbin all you hear is the live DJ rubbin it
Runnin it all into the ground, doin it for days
Do it for money, know I gotta keep my bills paid![Charlie Hust`]
My reals be pokin and stickin out like nipples
The felines, be lookin at us like we some popsicles
Busta Rhyzzzimes, and Charlie Hustle, or should I say Fonzarelli
Poppin they collars and workin they star jelly
Up in the club, order the one, the party`s just begun
Love, batches outnumber the fellas ten to one push come to
Shove, forgot my gun, but it won`t hurt fool
My music come up out the woodwork, beatch!Chorus

Songwriters
Gilmour, Anthony Douglas / Stevens, Earl T / Smith, Trevor / Burch, VernonPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/