

# Wut We Doin? (Feat. Cap1)

## 2 Chainz

[Chorus]

What we doin'?

What we doin'?

What we doin'?

What we doin'?

Gettin' to it

Gettin' to it

Gettin' to it

Gettin' to it

What we doin'? What ya doin'?

What we doin'? What ya doin'?

What we doin'? What ya doin'?

What we doin'?

Gettin' to it

Gettin' to it

Gettin' to it

Gettin' to it I am gettin' to the money

Crocodile Dundee

VIP at the bank, I can go on Sundays

At the strip club, two girls in front of me

Bend over hut one, hut two, hut three

Polo on my drawers, Polo on my shirt

I put Polo on your bra bitch, that Polo, Polo, Polo

Every time you see me takin' photo after photo

At the red light nigga photo after photo

Dress to impress, snow on my chest

I don't like her if she got a 'fro between her legs

I'm a real nigga, and bitches like real

So you is what I ain't and it is what it is [Chorus] Whoa kemosabe, smokin' is my hobby

Whoa kemosabe, big ballin' is my hobby

Whoa kemosabe, I met her in the lobby

Then I took her to my room and I got that sloppy topsey

No matter what I'm doing, no matter where I'm going

I am so far ahead I'll see you niggas in the morning

Two chains on my first chain started cloning

If I die tonight I got a bank roll on me

Versace, cheese on my broccoli

Gold rollie on are you watchin' all my watches

Stretchin' out like Pilates

Wash it in my condo, suicide doors  
Rest in peace to my car door[Chorus]Look, I am gettin' to that paper ma I'll see you later  
Let the top back all you see is gator  
Bad bitch with me got my name on her  
She got the buy a purse pussy, spent some change on her  
All I do is fuckin' rap and rap and fuck some groupies  
Fuck her with the camera rollin' make a fuckin' movie  
Everywhere I go I'm strapped got that fuckin' tooly  
Shout out to all my niggas in the hood, every city that I roll I'm Gucci  
Whole team with me, dough we spendin', two litre sprite, OZs in it  
Double cuppin' then double up got another chick she want to come for lunch  
Got a best friend I made her roll up the blunts,  
Don't do that check and let the ho get choosin'  
South side nigga, ho we coolin'[Chorus]

Songwriters

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