

This Is How We Do

Big Tymers

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah This how we do it, where I'm from
I'm thuggin' in the club, until I see the sun
Shine, on my face, got the gun on my waist
Walkin' to my Escalade, tell them niggas I'm not afraid
To let the nine, sing out, it can ring out This how we do it, where I'm from
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To let the nine, sing out, it can ring out Got one more minute, hold last call
Two drunk players leaning on the wall
Three crazy niggas screamin', "Alcohol"
Four more niggas claimin' that they ball
Five bartenders and they all want leave
Six ugly bitches with some fucked up weaves
Seven dyked broads and they all look rough
Eight niggas hollerin', "Don't fuck wit us" Nine bitches runnin' off at the mouth
Ten bitches trying to hear what they talkin' about
Eleven cute shorties in the whole damn club
Twelve wannabe, gonna be, nothin' but scrubs Thirteen fights, niggas, bitches and dykes
Fourteen police reading niggas they rights
Fifteen minutes on Interstate-10
At the strip club, we gon' do it again This how we do it, where I'm from
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To let the nine, sing out, it can ring out Comin' through my hood on spinnin' blades
Mami know my name, niggas know I don't play
Jump out the whip, and we blaze in the shade
'Cause I gotta get straight, got an ounce of that haze Early birds don't play, makin' drops in the
spots
We struggle, but we hustle, man we hustle 'round the clock
Goin' to the club, where the bottles gon' pop
We VIP niggas, so them bitches gon' jock Maybach on them 23's
Escalade all green, Cadillac lean, who that be nigga?
You know that be baby
He goin' to the club in somethin' updated Porsche trucks, Infinity graded
Gotta give props to the man that made me

Red Gold, I start it went crazy
Afford to stunt, niggas, stay in y'all places
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Pimp, picture me and your misses, lit up like Christmas
I look her in her eyes, and ask her could she kiss this
I do you, but never ever him he is a wimp, and you is a pimp
Then she goes down, to my brown, one eye, big guy, hear that sound?
Slurp, slurp, take that spit turn everything off
bruh check out my outfit
I'm in the club smokin'
buds with my thugs
Hoes show me love, and I never been a scrub
I'm walkin' out, thought lil' one had a grudge
She the one he love, so I hit 'em with a dub
I'm in an Escalade faded, waistline crazy
The yellow-gold stealth, faded
Got the chrome, nigga, plated
Hoes gon' love it, but these busters gon' hate it
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Walkin' to my Escalade, tell them niggas I'm not afraid
To let the nine

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>