

# Do What I Do (feat. Nas, Rick Ross & Z-Ro)

## Scarface

I am ghetto, boy, chillin'  
Represent for the niggas in the hood and how they livin'  
Heavy metal concealin'  
Hustlin' 'til you touch a 9 to 5 of drug dealin'  
It don't matter how I get it, I got it, fuck feelings  
I don't have none, I'm 'bout my paper, nigga, ask 'em  
Don't get confused on how the cash come  
Never, by any means necessary better  
Get up off your ass and get my money 'fore I stretch yah  
Out in front your doorstep, when I brandish this .45th  
You can make arrangements, you a dead man, a ghost  
See I come from them cuts for real  
Much long before this rap came, fuck the deal  
I survived the game of life, nigga, fuck some skills  
Crossin' me, get in the way, this pussy must get killed  
I'm alive, he came, he bust 'til he left  
I would have made for sure I was dead and fuck yourself  
Yeah, cause now I'm at his ass with a vengeance  
Blood in, blood out from the beginning to the ending  
Real shit bein' spit, know your limits  
It's best you mind your mothafuckin' business  
If you ain't in it  
So hard in these streets  
Gotta pack a pistol plus talk to God in these streets  
Go to church, Sunday, Monday, sellin' raw in these streets  
Never took it home though, I left it all in these streets  
Gotta do what I gotta do  
I ain't promotin' no eviction notice on the door  
Fuck it, I had to go for broke  
Do what I gotta do  
Hustle 'til I see the dirt  
Riskin' 25 years just to see another verse  
I was all alone, car full of niggas  
How'd I get here? Car full of hittas  
I was rollin' weed, they was snortin' blow  
Such a cool breeze, heart so cold  
Step up to the plate, where your money at?  
Bobby Brown on cake with a hundred packs  
New editions, Lisa Lisa  
We were secret lovers, had to get a beeper  
My Atlantic star, not a Notre Dame  
Not a student loan, tried to motivate

Continental, my Bentley, this shit should be illegal  
Selassie eye in the ghost, thousand bales of that diesel  
Lord, go toe to toe with any pussy boy  
Fuck, one time for facin' all the Boobie boys  
26 inch plates on a 68  
Where I'm from a half a key'll set a nigga straight  
I just wanna make the car notes  
Let mama make the pot roast  
You should meet me at the car wash  
Washin' all 8, that's inshallahSo hard in these streets  
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Riskin' 25 years just to see another verseSpeakin' for those squeakin' in them cell blocks readin'  
To blacks, whites and Puerto Ricans  
Brothers with those ankle bracelets, impatient for their releasin'  
To make it back to the block, the hatred, the priest hit  
Time sure flies, look how many years went by  
My young niggas already need hair dye  
Alcoholic faces, women bad as a mug  
Gettin' fat as fuck  
Fried food be addin' up, the system thrives off its victims  
They ask how this economic collapse  
Can affect people all over the map  
Tea party for tax reenactment is whack  
The past the past, yo, to my vatos out in the East Los  
Nietas on the east coast, shouts to Puerto Rico  
Dominican Republic people, rep I  
Brown and black, we must get it together  
The prison industrial complex a fuckin' set up  
The Aztec, almac, African settled on this land from the get up  
I changed my aim, who I'm gon' wet up  
When violence is resorted, knowledge is distorted  
Unless it's payback for brutality  
I'm more or less with that, get backSo hard in these streets  
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Riskin' 25 years just to see another verse

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