

# Do Ya Bad

Yung Joc

Babe, if it's a problem go on let me know  
And if it ain't shit, nigga go let it go  
But while it's on my mind, I need to let you know  
Them choppers on deck and I ain't afraid to let 'em go Yeah, I'll do ya, do ya  
(Do ya bad, do ya bad)  
I'll do ya, do ya  
(Do ya bad, do ya bad) I'll do ya, do ya, do ya bad  
(Do ya bad, do ya bad)  
I'll do ya, do ya, do ya bad  
(Do ya bad, do ya bad) You on that dumb shit ain't wit it man  
That's the main reason murders get committed man  
It can go down any minute man  
Goon squad jump out, that black on black mini-van  
So you better be quick and on your toes  
Where them chopper bullets stop, nobody knows  
Babies cryin', niggaz dyin' all over the place  
Momma cryin' 'cause there's blood all over her face This is not a game, this is not a test  
Swiss cheese your brain, maybe you'll be laid to rest  
I'll bust your head ask questions later  
Throw the deuces, sayonara to you haters Babe if it's a problem go on let me know  
And if it ain't shit, nigga go let it go  
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I'll do ya, do ya, do ya bad  
(Do ya bad, do ya bad)  
(Do ya bad, do ya bad) I don't know your bitch, she don't know me either  
I suggest you keep it movin' if you wanna keep her  
You don't want these problems, that's a bad idea  
Machete'll have your ass runnin' like diarrhea Nobody move nobody get hurt, shit  
If I pull that tool, everybody hit the dirt, look  
This could be avoided only if you keep your cool nigga  
Act like you grown instead of still in middle school nigga You really want this beef bruh  
Put in back in the freezer  
You'll freeze up when I pull the heat  
Then squeeze from the knees up This is not a game this is not a test  
Slow your roll or you'll be laid to rest Babe if it's a problem go on let me know  
And if it ain't shit, nigga go let it go  
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(Do ya bad, do ya bad)  
I'll do ya, do ya, do ya bad  
(Do ya bad, do ya bad)Yeah, I'll sell you wet dope just to make it weigh right  
Call them boys, set you up in broad daylight  
Yeah I'll bang your bitch I'll do you bad  
Nine months later, now she screamin' you're the dadIf you lose your bump, say I never found  
the shit  
If I owe ya guap', pay your ass with counterfeit  
Oh yeah, I'll flex ya nigga, don't think I can't  
Have my broad put some suger in your gas tankCut your brake line, slash your back tire  
When you crank your car your engine catch fire  
Then now I don't know what you've been told  
But these are brief descriptions of how this hood goBabe if it's a problem go on let me know  
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Them choppers on deck and I ain't afraid to let 'em goYeah, I'll do ya, do ya  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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