

Do It Again (feat. Big Sean)

Earlly Mac

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Up all night, I'ma do it again

Yeah I made some mistakes, that a nigga wouldn't change, I'ma do it again

So I hit once, hit twice, so high had to do it again

And I'ma live my motherfucking life like I might not do it again, do it again

Yeah, late night text from my ex. I'ma do it again

Got rich like a bitch one time, I'ma fuck around and do it again

I know I ain't doing what Im supposed to do, but fuck it ima do it again

How you feel? How I feel? Like I made this shit real

And im loving how it feel, Ima motherfuckin do it again

I guess once wasn't enough so let's do it again

Yeah, run it back again and again

Got damn, man, I should've been on ESPN

Yeah, hit it so many times I had her thinking 'bout myself just fucking her friend

Yeah, arm out the window with the blocka blocka

Then when it's when the ducking begin

I do it whatever the when

Get me the money out your pockets, you don't need it, then I'm out

I ain't gotta give a reason cause I know

Never seen a nigga fix a problem if he broke

If I take a L then that be the day I smoke

Looking at the bitches, I'll take anyone I want

Give me what I need, but please don't give me what I don't

A lot of sex, no stress, not a lot of dates

If she ain't got an ass on it then she out of shape

I love it when I hit it from the back (that's right)

I love it when the liars want her back (that's right)

I love it when they give me money back

It's funny how these funny niggas act

Getting money where these funny niggas at

From the front and in the back, where these funny niggas at

From the front and in the back

Now these bitches call me God put 'em on the map

She was falling out with troopers, steady making out with Mac

You should be motivated but you mad I made it

Aggravated 'til I'm like let's get collaborated

Now you in my face with a fake congratulations

You and girl stood together, oh, I'm glad y'all made it

Yeah, y'all together, but when I walk in it's funny how y'all get decapitated

And the holy matrimony is out the window when she's on my mattress naked

My MasterCard got her masturbatin', got damn, I made it

I'm in the MGM Grand like I own that shit
So much paper I could loan that shit
Fuck that though, I'd rather just Stallone my shit
Jesus piece on, I had to stone that shit
Getting stoned every stuck, every day I do
My old bitches praying that I never, ever say "I do"
Got success, on déjà vu
Sean Michael Anderson is who you make the pay out to
You, you be on the internet straight cyberhating
While I'm up in fur like I'm fucking hibernating
In the cold cold city, where you just gotta make it
Where the people violated then their pupils dilated
Looking like a black eye pea
I swear life's harder with a black ID
So I'mma get that motherfucking white money
Everytime I black out on beats

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