

I Do It (feat. Drake & Lil Wayne)

2 Chainz

Thank God for the first nigga started trapping
Thank God for the first nigga started rapping
Thank God for the first girl to start stripping
And I'mma have to keep it muhfucking real with 'em
I got a problem with these niggas
I got a problem with these bitches
Trigger finger keep itchin'
I pull it, I do it Hang up on a bitch, call it crucified
Time to go to work, no suit and tie
Bumpin' Makaveli, I be trappin' at the telly
My nigga did a dime and he back already
Got that sack already, man we got them racks already
As far as your girl, I hit it from the back already
I tried to get a tan, but I'm black already
Your pockets on a diet, my pockets fat already
Three niggas with me, me myself and I
God don't like ugly, you should testify
My T-shirt come from Bergdorf
I make so much on a I take a third off
Bird call, swerve off
Bust a nut on her, tell her that's a load off
Shorty ass soft, like a Nerf ball
If you don't like what I'm doing, nigga, fuck y'all
Thank God for the first nigga started trapping
Thank God for the first nigga started rapping
Thank God for the first girl to start stripping
And I'mma have to keep it muhfucking real with 'em
I got a problem with these niggas
I got a problem with these bitches
Trigger finger keep itchin'
I pull it, I do it Drank in my cup, hope this shit don't spill
Pull up in the new edition and that's word to Johnny Gill
How I come up with this shit and all these s that I kill
I have no imagination, everything I do for real
Bitch I'm camouflage down put your camera phone down
If she got an ass and the girl a fan, it's going down
I'mma fuck you like I've been waiting a century for it
Give the pussy up and I'll trade you the memory for it
In the bedroom forever that's what her roommate will tell you
Man I just hear this shit and think about what Tunechi will tell you
He might call up Patricia, she 'bout to call up Melissa
Tell 'em come to the crib and do them both, double dribble

I'm colder than a hospital, she love the dick that I give her
 Hit her from the front, back, side, twist her like cigarillos
 I put the gun to the pillow, I don't want blood on my clothes
 Gotta keep that Trukfit fresh, shoutout to all of my hoes
 Tunechi...That's just how my OG would sum it up
 I been working all winter just to fuck the summer up
 It's just me and 2 Chainz, but the chain's never tucked though
 If you don't like what I'm doing, nigga fuck y'all Thank God for the first nigga started trapping
 Thank God for the first nigga started rapping
 Thank God for the first girl to start stripping
 And I'mma have to keep it muhfucking real with 'em
 I got a problem with these niggas
 I got a problem with these bitches
 Trigger finger keep itchin'
 I pull it, I do it Well, if you know like I know that pussy pop like pyro
 And she know I'm a pothead, that pussy like a pothole
 I'm colder than the snot nose, man all these hoes is my hoes
 If she bougie fuck her once then leave her hanging, dry clothes
 I just built a cemetery, niggas dying to get in
 Niggas lying, they pretend
 Don't cross that line its paper thin
 High as a star, make a wish
 I'm a shark, I ate the fish
 I got no heart, I hate that bitch You hate that bitch, well I hate that bitch
 Will jump a nigga like a chessboard
 Do a drive by while you're riding on your skateboard
 They ain't even know it
 Have Drake sing a song just to get her pussy wet
 Then I take her to the crib
 Man fuck that bitch right on the step
 Put it in and take it back out, then I back out
 Hair weave killer known to snatch the fucking track out
 Put me in the game coach, I'm the antidote
 Pull up, kick, throw and take the money and the dope
 True, 2 Chainz, I'm on a plane and a boat
 I am so cold I need a cover and a coat
 Kick it at the mall, call it football
 If you don't like what I'm doing, nigga, fuck y'all Y'all ready? 1, 2, 3
 Right now it's me time
 A little time for myself, me time
 Oh yeah, right now it's me time
 Don't want no one else now, me time
 Bitch please don't call my phone, don't call my phone
 Said I wanna be left alone, be left alone
 Please, please don't stop by my home
 No, no cause I feel it's just matter of time
 Till you people make me lose my mind
 I'm 'bout to leave this world behind
 Right now it's me time

You need to go kick rocks now

Me time

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

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