

Profit

"Slangin' Dem Thangs"

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We 'bout to set it off something like this
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

[Chorus]

Do, do, do, do
There they go, there they go
Do, do, do, do
There they go there they go
Now that's the sound over me, slangin' dem thangs
Do, do, do, do
There they go, there they go
Do, do, do, do

Freeze. Put your hands up. Get on the curb, now

[Profit]

They trying to put a nigga under the courts
Cause the cops found a stash in a ruffles bag under my
porch
I gotta keep a fo' five coke revolver
Cause I get paid like Tyrese from the coke, I'm palmin'
Haters want my hot buzz switch the code and bombin'
That's why I push a black H-2 roll and armed
You know Prof' gotta hold a lamers
Cause I stay posted at a crack-house with my posters
are in
You know I gotta stay watching, gotta stay clocking
If the feds try to knock me, I gotta pay Cochran
You niggaz try to hate on this, I ate Kano quick
And cut your connect the yayo bricks
We keep more German pistols than eight off hit
And if the block is too hot, we just aye off this
This for all my folks hustling, all my people grinding
Holler out the hood whistle right before you hear the
siren like

[Chorus]

Do, do, do, do
There they go, there they go
Do, do, do, do
There they go, there they go

Now that's the soul over me, slangin' them thangs
Do, do, do, do
There they go, there they go
Do, do, do, do
They they go, there they go
Slangin' dem thangs

[Profit]

Wait, back off scrub
Everytime you see Profit, man he bagging up dubs
All my blows com packed with a baggy of bud
I stay grinding, my fiends look happy and what
They wanna felony or misdemeanors
But its all love when we hit the court like Serena and
Venus
On the block like nobody can stop us
Body the coppers, and bounce to Hawaii in choppers
Stay strapped when I pumpin' the packs
I'm like a golf course, keep a nine in the front and the
back
I'm sick of fake Nino bastards, who only step on blocks
When they only stepped on they Lego castles
Seat back in a black maybachs
Flippin' those without touching those everynight like Pat
Sajak
Security stay grind me, can't get caught sleepin'
That's why you hear the sound when the cops creepin'

[Chorus]

[Profit]

I'm +The Rock+ on the block, I'm laying the
smackdown
First you smell me cooking and I'm breaking the crack
down
You can catch Prof' still flippin' out packs
In front of the twins building with a Bentley out back
Y'all rappers living check to check, pockets is empty
Waiting for your next hit like Bobby and Whitney
Who's that parking in the M-3?
I know its them people wait for the signal they hollerin'
with me
Blocks stackin' the trash, rocks stackin' the stash
Hop in the hoop-tie back to the lab
When I'm through packaging the coke
Here's a fresh white tee to the hood with a package in
my coast
Slangin' thangs like a NBA game, my team ruthless
I push the rocks up so my fiends can shoot 'em
Profit, I'm making sure that the streets is jukin'
God damn, not again, man the D's is swooping'

[Chorus (3x)]

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