

Statik Selektah f/ Havoc , Kool G. Rap, Lil' Fame "Do It 2 Death"

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[Chorus - Lil' Fame] - w/ ad libs Do it! We, we, we do it to death We, we do it to death (Showoff! Showoff!)
Come on Do it! We, we, we, we, we do it to death (Say what?) We do it to death (Showoff! Showoff!) [Verse 1 - Lil' Fame] Get down with the Mash Out (Mash Out), don't throw rocks in a glass house Nigga act up if you want, I whip your ass out (what?) (Keep your distance), what up? It's murder, murder For niggaz don't learn though, the hood is in the burner It's filled with fiends, hoodrats and raw dog niggaz that kill For real, Slumdog Millionaires, (what it is) And I got one life to live I'll start by holdin you back and have you shittin out your ribs Ain't nothin holdin me back, in fact, this is for the kids With stomachs touchin they ribs, tuggin, grippin the fifth Covered, spittin the fifth until they empty the clip 'Cause twenty years, the root of evil, envy as shit On the boulevards, the streets, avenues and PJ's We hustle hard and rock clothes for like three days Nigga fuck around and grow a beard like Freeway's Without the kufi, (you're killin 'em Fame!), absolutely [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Verse 2 - Havoc] Yeah, I'm so a showoff, blow the dome off Wipe the chrome off, yeah the four long I cut a life short, yeah that's Muggsy Bogues My money grow, get it by the drug load Ain't nothin funny 'bout that, you niggaz' Marlon Wayans Lookin gay, get a Mohawk, put a part in your brain QB to Southside, please allow me To outline things that you think you knew about me Have a womanizer, yeah, I use her for the setup I admit it, I'm a bastard, I could never put the TEC up Much less, pass up the offer You feel how I feel, then my nigga just Hoffa On the grind, lookin for that steak and lobster Surfin and turfin, the hammer go blocka (blocka) Shouts to my partner Free P, 'til you touch down, I got ya [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Verse 3 - Kool G. Rap] Ain't no need to act stupid boy, you niggaz know the name I'm the 2009 Jesse James, ain't a thing Get at lames, off the chain, off your brain, get 'em slain I'm like America's great theft, put a bird in the Range Spend my time pullin off Hennessy caps 50's slingin energy drinks, I'm swingin energy crack Keep your dead down, four

pound, any minute, he back Play in Queens on some fly
shit, the live spend five hundred dollars Kings,
Rockstar rhinestones on a fly bitch Roll up, flat chicks,
stuck to his dick like a fly switch (what up ma?) Model
mami ridin a 2005 six The money team in Queens don't
be window shoppin, we buy shit And tell the waiters
bring two baked potatoes with jives lick Northern Bully,
my hood rules I'll whip your ass like my son playin
basketball in his good church shoes Hammerin down
any one of those wood work dudes Come on boy,
everybody in my hood burst tools, come on [Outro - Lil'
Fame] We, we, we do it to death We, we do it to death
(Showoff! Showoff!) Come on

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