

Toni Braxton F/ Irv Gotti

"Things to Do"

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{*scratch repeats: "Thousand and one stupid things to do" -> Del*}

[Verse One]

I catch the pound on the upswing, what's your rush
nothing
Just Peril's at my stair while all his folks are down in
Flushing
Discussin later functions and more I cruise to State
store
Cause Lewis wants his brew plus nuff change from
'fore
When Lewis choose the club, and Avery paid at the
door
Eight today, course I don't stay for much longer
My lips are pullin on a wood tip cause I couldn't get the
slip
for nuttin stronger; helpful sleep when nod's around
the corner
Later on, in the afternoon I rise to rap tunes
Way past two turn the dial to BET or Trial TV
If it's hot I'll just watch it in my boxers
Wash myself when my mom yells dress, and just
breakfast
Guess it's time to bum with the triumvirate
Love that shit, crushin minutes with my cipher kids
Got Chops in at custom rates cause he gates the place
a ten
When I slimmed back then, I rate no more than eight
Catch free flicks at the State on Sunday
Used to stick the honey at the ticket gate, that's one
way to fund play
I may not have a budget, but fuck it cousin
One thing you can't begrudge a kid is his dumb shit

{*scratch repeats: "Thousand and one stupid things to do" -> Del*}

[Verse Two]

The day begins at noon; I'm blessed get dressed and
groom

In tune with Chops and Styles, thoughts expressed to
consume
Just as soon as we find grub don't mind the pub I'm
straight see
Race me with a jim hat in the pocket, in case I meet
someone special no less yo protection's essential
I'm sayin in this day and age the raw deal's potential
to kill yourself, but still in Illadelph stick
I roam the edge in Regence, pledgin allegiance to the
clique
My home team, I loan cream to my little cousin gettin
sick
Hit the store, let me pick, up the new Jet Li flick
Mr. Legend it's already six-eleven on the time piece
A nickel and two dimes reach the phone, then I find my
peeps
Write rhymes for at least an hour, and a half
Take a shower, then my task, turn on the radio and
blast
USL, cause DJ Ran rip shit spinnin the newest LP's and
remixes
while I'm buggin with my crew as well

{*scratch repeats: "Thousand and one stupid things to
do" -> Del*}

[Verse Three]

Stretch awaken to take in the A.M.
I slept in late again; where's my crew at?
I gots the brand new fat rhythm tracks to give 'em
It's dumb hype that's right I did 'em last night
Along with that ill joint 'til dawn
and so that's how I'm still yawnin about now
Half past ten I spent time practicin scratches
Rewind it back, tryin to catch it 'til it actually matches
with mine, masterin rhymes and after that
I'm passin with fine women I know this dime on the
telephone line
Can't find grub at home, decide to flight on down to
Chinatown
Motivatin to Ray Street, locatin a place to eat
Plates is taped to the cheek (yum)
Savin the papers for DJ tapes to peep, down by the
gallery
Spendin my entire salary findin vinyl that's high in
calories
Call the residency, they've been watchin the Jet Li flicks
and didn't even bother to get me; now I'm definitely
vexed
How bout gettin rid of these blues
cruisin the city for loose biddies askin to cruise

Who's with me?

{*scratch repeats: "Thousand and one stupid things to
do" -> Del*}

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