

Rich Boy f/ Cutty, Sean Paul

"What it Do"

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[Lil' Jon]

Hey! Hey! Rich Boy... Lil' Jon (what's up Polow?)
It's a lot of motherfuckin' bad bitches in this
motherfucker (uh-huh)
I think I'mma walk over to one of them motherfuckers
and tell 'em this

[Chorus - Sean Paul & Cutty]

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone
number baby?)
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone
number girl?)
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone
number baby?)
(Picture you naked in the back of my Chevy)

[Verse 1 - Rich Boy]

The cars, the clothes, the hoes, I know that
That purp, that kush, that dro, we blow that
we popp-in', rollin', drinkin', smokin'
Puffin', passin' now, we chokin'
The pa-parazzi, snap, and shoot me
The Prada, the Louis, the Fendi, and the Gucci
The diamonds so big she tell a nigga "look daddy"
A nigga so jealous that he don't wanna look at me
Nigga look at me (why ya knockin'?)
We ballin' and shoppin' them bottles poppin'
The rims, the paint, the ride, so fly
The twen-ty eights, be sit-tin' high
The lows, the highs, the mids, the tweeters
Bang-in' hard, you hear, my speakers
(Boom boom boom boom) the trunk be knockin'
The bit-ches strip-pin', lean-in' rockin'

[Chorus 2 - Sean Paul & (Cutty)]

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone
number baby?)
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone
number girl?)
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone
number baby?)

(Picture you naked in the back of my Bentley)

[Verse 2 - Rich Boy]

We ball, we shine, we all, be grindin'
My chain, my rang, you see, the diamonds
We leanin', sip-pin', drankin', pourin'
Prometh-azine, that pur-ple ocean
So what it do, ya know, ya boy
Ya know, I got-ta keep, that toy
So pass the K, I make, 'em feel me
These nig-gas hat-in', tryin' to kill me
The seats in the ride like peanut butter and jelly
The pedal to the flo', I'm bossin' in the Chevy
Ooh, what it be like baby? Show me
Some hoes wanna blow me but they, don't even know
me
My jewel-ry sick, it's so, contagious
You see, my wrist, the shit, outrageous
Mon-te Carlos, and Impalas
Mon-ey, rub-berbands and dollars

[Chorus 3 - Sean Paul & Cutty]

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone
number baby?)
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone
number girl?)
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone
number baby?)
(Meant to be naked, we were meant to be naked)

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