

**Waka Flocka Flame f/ Diddy, Gucci Mane, Rick Ross****"O Let's Do It"**

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{Ooh, L-Don} [Intro: Diddy] (Rick Ross) {Gucci Mane}  
(Real niggaz)  
{Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah...}  
Ayo, ayo Waka (Boss!) {BURR~!!} (Free Gucci!)  
{GUUCI!} Y'all ain't expect me to fuck wit this one I see  
you, boy (Let's turn the temperature up on these niggaz  
again, nigga) Y'all must've forgot, I started this shit  
Yeah, check this out THIS -- IS -- THE REMIX [Diddy -  
Verse 1ne] I got my billions up, fuckin with dem white  
folks Now I don't give a fuck, 'cause I'm richer than  
dem white folks Lamborghini trucks, y'all ain't even  
seen it yet Bought me Teterboro just to Diddy bop and  
land my jet (Ahhhhhh-OWWWWW!!!!) I'm-I'm hustlin  
out of Harlem, Paulie Castellano (Don't stop) Bitch, I am  
a problem, I just bought the Delano (That's right)  
Pimpin in my convo, bitches come in combos Pictures  
of Christopher on my wall all in my condo I don't fuck  
with fake hoes! All I touch is J-Lo's All I drink is my shit,  
Ciroc by the case load (Let's go!) Movies is my next  
shit, two mil on my necklace Bad Boy - 80 million  
motherfuckin records! (BITCH~!!!) [Rick Ross - Verse  
2wo] I fucked my money up... I bought another Rolls  
Royce to pick my homies up... my top back like "Oh boy"  
Step yo' game up... You ridin nigga, hold on I switched  
the game up.. One stack that's for the whole zone  
That's thirty-six a kilo, BITCH, I think I'm Nino BITCH, I  
think I'm Scarface, BITCH, I'm Al Pacino Flippin my lil' C-  
notes, painted my new Benzo Took my bitch to Red  
Lobster, I cain't feed no friends, hoe! Bitch, I'm on my  
high horse, jewels I rock I die for 'cause that shit that I  
bought, shoot yo' ass that's my fault Bitch, I'm on this  
asphalt, money makin be the thing Bitch, I'm on my last  
straw, them choppers always do the thing [Chorus 2X]  
YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH~! O let's doooooo it Hey - o  
let's doooooo it Hey - o let's doooooo it  
YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH~! Drug dealin music Hey - I  
influence Hey - I influence [Waka Flocka Flame - Verse  
3hree] I FUCKED my money up -- (Damn!) Now I can't  
re-up Ran up in his spot (spot) Just to get my stacks up  
Now I'm back on deck (deck) So shawty, what the FUCK  
you want?! Heard he talkin shit (shit) But this ain't what

the FUCK he want! (Flocka!) Lock my CEO up, now it's  
back to coka Niggaz talkin shit brah, hang 'em by the  
rope-a Hit 'em wit the choppa, call dat shit hot llama  
Call me waka Flocka, a/k/a Young wild Nigga A/k/a  
Young Drug Dealer Got purp, got kush, got pills, got  
white In the trap all night, wit the hard and soft Stacks  
on the flo', watch {?} boy whip it Shook it to the left  
then he shook it to the right So Icey, Brick Boys, got it  
all night These lame ass niggaz ain't got no fight Kick  
in my door we gon' shoot out all night {\*echoes\*}  
[Gucci Mane - Verse 4 our]

(Yeaaah...WAH)  
BURR~!! BURR~!! GUCCI! I stack my money up, Brick  
Squad we so g'd up I'm countin cash in my office,  
sippin coffee with my feet up (Woooooow) Haters sendin  
threats, like they want beef but dey know dey don't  
Meet Flocka at the dealership, I told him get what the  
FUCK you want (Well damn!) They locked my homeboy  
Verne up, 1999 for murder Now niggaz claiming Zone  
6, that I ain't never heard of Hit you with the carbon, but  
why when I got shooters? You heard Gucci was locked  
up, but that was just a rumor! (GUCCI!) Got purp, got  
pills, got lean, plus I got powder for you snorters  
{\*snorts\*} You wanna find me, I-20 to {EAST  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA} I send my female shooters  
{\*mwah\*}, that rock-a-bye baaay-baaay 1017 shawty,  
in my hood we got them AKs' [Chorus]

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