

## Chris Brown "What I Do"

Visit "[What I Do](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Shout]

Just incase you forgot, we go by the runners, hold up  
Chris Brown, this what we do, we do this

I be throwin' up my cash, actin' like money aint a thang,  
yeah (yeah)  
I'm just speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they  
mad cause they cant, yeah  
I'm Feelin' like a can't lose  
And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and  
the cribs  
I just tell em' it's what I do (its what I do)  
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do

Everywhere I go they show me love, so I give it back  
Throw a couple stacks up in the air cause imma get it  
back  
See somethin' sexy up in here, imma bring it back  
They keep on runnin' back, they keep on comin' back

Everybody knows CB see me, sittin' in the front row,  
playa  
Stuntin' with my J's on, and it's all for them haterz, yeah  
We get into that Guap boi, my money to long boi, we do  
this for fun boi.

I be throwin' up my cash, actin' like money aint a thang,  
yeah (yeah)  
I'm speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they mad  
cause they cant, yeah  
I'm Feelin' like a can't lose  
And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and  
the cribs  
I just tell em' it's what I do (its what I do)  
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do  
NaNaN, NaNaN, NaNaN, NaNaNah  
NaNaN, NaNaN, NaNaN, ey ey it's what I do

Single once again, I'm bout to go where I never been  
Gone with the wind, cause that ish irrelevant.  
We can get it in, I mean get it in  
And I got stamina so don't forget to bring a friend

Nah bring ten, but they gotta be tens  
Now that's a hundred them, let the runners in, yeah  
yeah

So I give it like an elegist, my CD's sellin out you aint  
married to the game you celibate

I be throwin' up my cash, actin' like money aint a thang,  
yeah (yeah)  
I'm speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they mad  
cause they cant, yeah  
I'm Feelin' like a can't lose  
And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and  
the cribs  
I just tell em' it's what I do (its what I do)  
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do, yeah  
NaNaNa, NaNaNa yeah, NaNaNa, NaNaNaah yeah  
NaNaNa, NaNaNa yeah, NaNaNa, ey ey it's what I do

I keep cash on me, no black cards  
They don't know what dem is, I deal with hood brauds  
That's a nine on me, that's no ipod, you want my watch  
homie gimmie five bricks for it  
I got the mazerati, I had to lick for it, we all luv to talk,  
that's what I paid for it  
He say I bought fleet, and all of em mine, four brauds  
with me, and all of em dimes  
Six chains on me, and all of em shines  
I got my bread right, feels like im 6'9  
Aint just hot in mine, I'm hot in every city, she want a  
pretty boy I brought Chris Breezy wit me

I be throwin' up my cash, actin' like money aint a thang,  
yeah (yeah)  
I'm just speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they  
mad cause they cant, yeah  
I'm Feelin' like a can't lose  
And when they ask me bout the cars (cars), and the  
girls (girls), and the cribs (cribs)  
I just tell em' it's what I do (its what I do)  
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do, yeah  
NaNaNa (nana), NaNaNa (nana), NaNaNa (nana),  
NaNaNaah  
NaNaNa (nanaah), NaNaNa (nana), NaNaNa (nana)  
hey hey It's What I Do

Visit [Chris Brown](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.