

Big Tymers

"This How We Do"

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Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

[Chorus - Mannie Fresh (2x)]

This how we do it, where I'm from
I'm thuggin' in the club, until I see the sun
Shi-ine, on my face, got the gun on my waist
Walkin to my Escalade, tell them niggaz I'm not afraid
To let the ni-ine, sing out, it can ring out

[Mannie Fresh]

Got one more minute, hold that call
Two drunk players leaning on the wall
Three crazy niggaz screamin, "alcohol"
Four more niggaz claimin' that they ball
Five bartenders and they all want leave
Six ugly bitches with some fucked up weaves
Seven dyked broads and they all look rough
Eight niggaz hollerin', "don't fuck wit us"
Nine bitches runnin' off at the mouth
Ten bitches trying to hear what they talkin' about
Eleven cute shorties in the whole damn club
Twelve wannabe, gonna be, nothin' but scrubs
Thirteen fights, niggaz, bitches and dykes
Fourteen police reading niggaz they rights
Fifteen minutes on interstate-10
At the strip club, we gon' do it again - whoa

[Chorus: Mannie Fresh (2x)]

[Baby]

Comin' through my hood on spinnin' blades
Mami know my name, niggaz know I don't play
Jump out the whip, and we blaze in the shade
Cause I gotta get straight, got an ounce of that haze
Early birds don't play, makin' drops in the spots
We struggle, but we hustle, man we hustle 'round the
clock
Goin' to the club, where the bottles gon' pop
We VIP nigga, so them bitches gon' jock
Laid Back on them 23s
Escalade all green, Cadillac lean, who that be nigga?

(Hello)

You know that be Baby, he goin' to the club in somethin'
updated

Porsche trucks, Infinity graded

Gotta give props to t

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