

Down With Webster "Gon' Do It"

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Chorus

How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)

Verse 1

So chill, dress to kill
I hate it to say it, but I'm so ill
Sex appeal, major deal
Lemme show you who we do dis here
'Cause I'm [incomprehensible] than a couch potato
With a purple napsack full of alligator
Get up like an elevator
I got the flavour behavior becoming over your friendly
neighbourhood town
Flier than a helipad, or a pelican
Or dem crazy cartoon pink floatin' elephants
'Round here, act your age, less intelligent
You smeared out, lost your job, up your gentlemen
Kick it to the hood, I'll show you her town bar
Kick it to the crib, we call it the Town Hall
Sons of bitches tryin' to get into Town's draws
If she lucky, she gonna go down on to-
[incomprehensible] when I'm dipped like batter
With the moderate fruits on executive meat platters
Holla at your boys, when you see me, we gon' do it up
[incomprehensible] bitch, you better not screw it up

Chorus

How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)

That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)

Verse 2

Girl, let's roll, let's party, no parents
It's the parents that you hot (?)
You ain't gotta be embarrassed
Yeah, we hookin' up but it don't mean marriage, shit
You know I got more chirp than a parrot
And I know that the ponies like carrots
But the kid's so nice, I don't even gotta wear it
Sub's just blaring, so she hop up in the carriage
Roll it up then share it until we spin like fairies
Girl, move to the hip hop, hip and [incomprehensible]
It's the bitch with the flip-flops, check the wristwatch
It's about that time to [incomprehensible] up the
[incomprehensible]
S to the L'low, make you shake like Jello
Yeah, my first name (Cam?), and I'm doing the damn
thing
You grabbin' the wang-tang, we playing the bang game
Gets much brains, they call it the crane bang
And I'm sorry if you're lost, you know that my slang
change
Me and your man, we not in the same lane
I come from the same cloth, we ain't in the same vein
On the next level, we still on the same plane
I'm always switchin' it up while he doing the same thing

Chorus

How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)
How are you gon' do it? (uh, yeah)
That's how you gon' do it? (how we do)

(Sorry if some of these lines are foolish and incorrect; I judged these lyrics by my hearing, not a lyric booklet or website.)

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