

F. R. David**"How I Do"**

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(Constant Cheering throughout the song)

Yeah This goes out to all my BK Niggaz, You Know what
I'm sayin'

All my loungin' niggaz, You know what I'm sayin'
9-8 Nigga, This is how I do

Spark your weed, Sit back relax
Cuz I'm gonna take you back
Take yo stack, For all ya'll that thought it was wack
Here is a blast from the past, spittin' weight for the
cake
I heard the streets can't wait, It's time to get up
Heard DJ Clue's tape, and how I lit it up
And how I split it up, B-K style
From Brownsville to Baseda, We Stay wild
Got John Blaze Shit, Bombay Shit
Shit that my brother makes in the basement
Face it, I'm hot, All jokes aside
Last July, I'm the one that stole your ride
So broke, I, can't buy a bottle of Crys
Always pay, my name is never on the list
Madd cold, for standin' in lines and shit
Once I. get inside I'm doin' crimes and shit
Takin' tips off the bar, and I'm stealin' a drink
Getchur Honey near her car, and I'm stealin' her mink
Put me on Broadway, I'm guaranteed to shine
Battle any rapper nigger, or MC that rhyme
Cuz It be that time, the real must be revealed
I shook the world like Mohamad, I burn like a comet
Deep impact, for the summer beach
For cats with fat stacks in they hummer jeeps

Yeah, 9-8 nigga, How I do
The Madd Rapper, Brooklyn style
I thought ya'll niggaz new
How we do
I gotta my nigga fierce
Dee-Lee Baby
How I Do, No Doubt Comin' Hard
Cut throats Yeah boy

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