

Fabulous

"Do the Damn Thing"

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Look, I can see them niggas stuntin'
To this right now, not now, but right now
Yea, yea, ch-ch-yea, look, lo-lo-look
Look, lo-lo-look, look, look

It's no love for the other side, fuck all the tricks
Pop the glove on the other side, buck through the
bricks
Birds love how a brother ride, truckin' it sick
I'm heard of on the southern side, I pluck through it
quick

I been one of them boys since way back when
This is way before a nigga brought gray plaques in
So if I spray Mac-10's, bet you niggas lay back then
Like you sittin' in a Maybach Benz

Yea I made crack grins but ain't a damn thing funny
I keep a pocket fulla, do the damn thang money
I keep it comin' with bottles of champagne dunny
So keep it bouncin' till you pull a hamstring honey

These pimps just better have a Gothic for me
I got them hoes starin' like they got a problem with me
I got them boys slingin' rocks in the lobby for me
I'm rich bitch, ballin' just a hobby for me

I got a pocket full of money and my wrist all froze
So fuck what you heard, we don't love them hoes
Hey, do the damn thang, oh do the damn thang

A nigga might grin but it ain't still funny
Got a pocket fulla that, do the damn thang money
Hey, do the damn thang, oh do the damn thang

My phone is tapped and so is my livin' room
We can't hide the money here, we need a bigger room
Let me show you what I stand fo'
Jesus Schwarzenegger, call me commando

On that Remy Martin, nigga matter of fact
I ain't Fat Joe but I can make 'em lean back

Save your ammo, don't waste it
Got him dodgin' bullets like he in the matrix

Jeans strapped and ya better dip
Carvin' 15, got six clips
Pillsbury nigga, got a lotta dough
Call me Boston George, got a lotta blow

They place orders, so I bake cakes
I'm a bodybuilder, pump a lotta weight
You see the diamonds in my damn chain
It ain't hard to tell, I do the damn thang

I got a pocket full of money and my wrist all froze
So fuck what you heard, we don't love them hoes
Hey, do the damn thang, oh do the damn thang

A nigga might grin but it ain't still funny
Got a pocket fulla that, do the damn thang money
Hey, do the damn thang, oh do the damn thang

You waitin' instead of participatin' with them boys
You skatin' on them 22, datin's like them boys
I'm hatin' that they communicatin' with them boys
I'm waitin' just to send them to Satan for that shit

They see a nigga stoned look sick and I gotta stack
Of singles in my hand, that's phone booth thick
'Cuz I'm so hood rich that I'm no good bitch
And even if she gotta pimp then a hoe should switch

And get ridda that shit spitta, get wit her, shit gitter
Sit wit her, hit spitter, that don't bitch chitter
My style fit with her, I tell her you don went left
Now you need to go right like a switch hitta

I know them tricks bitter when I'm in the six with her
So I'm in a mix with her, forty four six with her
And I'm higher than a motherfucker
But a nigga try then he gon' die in this motherfucker

I got a pocket full of money and my wrist all froze
So fuck what you heard, we don't love them hoes
Hey, do the damn thang, oh do the damn thang

A nigga might grin but it ain't still funny
Got a pocket fulla that, do the damn thang money
Hey, do the damn thang, oh do the damn thang

