

## Goodie Mob F Sleepy Brown "Just Do It"

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Hook

We'll i'm just gonna tell you  
We ain't bout' that talking homeboy, we'll do it  
And all that acting you doing, we see through it  
Fuck hollering and screaming lets get to it, lets get to it

(cee-lo)

Now i say my rap reflect the enemy  
Passion and positive energy  
Y'all talk about killing, it don't surprise me  
Tripping bout' a nigga, don't judge me wisely  
But i ain't bout' to holler or scream at you  
You can look in my eyes and tell what i'd do  
I'm a charge at niggas and you know i'm true  
But goddammit, fuck nigga this one for you  
I know how it go, i done been out there before  
Heard it's goddamn ?time to blow?  
Stomping niggas down till they don't want no more  
Trying to get some polo's straight out the store  
Some gone, some just can't let it go  
I might laugh and joke, but i'll let a nigga know  
I'm the same motherfucker from 84  
And i still do it in the aftershow  
And i don't like to feel like i'm being tried  
I ain't bullet-proof, plenty nigga done died  
But i damn sho' ain't finna go and hide  
I got one on me, and i'm down to ride  
I ain't trying to say i got all the game  
I got fame, but a million i can't claim  
So respect me playa, and i'll do the same  
But neither one is guaranteed to have the best aim

Hook

(t-mo)

The revolution has begun.....  
Handle your business playa  
Devoted to the game, and dope cut-throat ways will get  
you paid in full  
Pull a rabbit out the hat trick, magical quick  
Slick it's like a porn flick

Umm... imagine having money so big  
It makes you look like a pig  
Get your big behind  
You remind me of swine with your fat nose  
Stuck in your pose and ?thread bed? that shawty  
Lame with your game, put it all on the table  
Got your label and your fast cars, and your bodyguard  
looking hard  
Throwing your cheese, for them rats it's snacks  
I'm like a egg bout' to hatch  
Tony, horny, i'm macaroni  
Commercialize suckers looking like busters  
I'd ride for the kings and queens of my motherfucking  
team  
Spark in the night, ummmm we bout to fight  
Haters, come and say that shit,  
Dammit these fools gonna have to take us together  
How the fuck, ever you want it, get to it  
Swats

Hook

(khujo)

The streets making you feel like a real g  
But we georgia finest, our fulton county fleet  
You still putting thangs up in your mouth  
Cause you been pacifired, since you was knee-high  
All your life in school, that's the reason why you  
couldn't learn nothing  
Runt, at the tender age of 18, books no longer hold  
your attention span  
Short term, but you can sho' enough count that green  
Something you just can't coach  
Don't sing it, bring it  
I usually caught me at least one fool a game  
You can only phanthom pain, i don't have to  
But don't let me get on a case of this drank  
Leak to my heart, elevate to my brain  
Make you wanna walk that plank  
You'd better swim motherfucker  
Cause bullshit don't float  
You are what you eat  
See you remind of this goat that i had by the hairs of  
his chinny-chin-chin  
Curbing over some yellow rice, you can't do shit  
Might as well hit the graveyard shift  
Somewhere at mcdonalds or burger king  
Grab a taste or spill, over some hairs, nobody cares  
And we do assholes that grip leather chairs

Hook

(big gipp)

I used to hang out, smoke out, fuck out, bang out  
Run your mouth wrong, got your front tooth took out  
On the spot bodies with no heads, no legs, no feet  
Left em' out in the open scoping that ass out for weeks  
Never speaking, busting, breaking brains  
Berettas brought the rain back and forth  
Trigger action, snatch it up, load it up  
Hit the door, gotta call, yo' he at the mall  
Fuck it all, hit em' one, two, three times  
I was scared the first shot, but liked the second and  
third  
Left him hollering and screaming, dreaming for  
another chance to live  
Had it up yesterday, but today it's mine  
Bust your ass one more time, for the niggas on the  
grind  
So go and hide

Hook

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