

Hell Rell

"This Is What I Do"

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Yea, Killa, what we gettin' ready to do is
Separate the men from the mice, pit from the poodles
An' the villains from the heroes
Dipset, bitch, you know what that means?

You amongst the Diplomat community
This my man, Hell Rell, he locked up
He 'bout to come home, hit 'em Rell

By the time this shit touch the streets
I'll probably be shackled up on a bus wit beats
But I'mma ride anyway, get high anyway
An' let my V.V.S. jewels blind your eyes anyway, fucker

Y'all wannabe gangsta's listen to me
After two years of teachin', you'll get your degree
I took over blocks an' put dope an' coke on it
Subbed niggas out an' put them under my deodorant

Just like my speed stick, nigga, I see chips quicker
So hot, tomorrow I'm droppin' a remix, nigga
An' yea, your top on your six, go 'head, drop that
Just makin' it ways more easier to get popped at, nigga

Roll the haze, let's get higher an' higher
But G, you sellin' me coke, I supplier, supplier
They ask 'bout the flow, yea, it's fire, it's fire
Y'all snitch niggas, y'all was hired to be wired

An' that's my word, fam, I swore to my mother I'd get
you
Made a phone call, now I'm done wit the issues
Now all my gorillas gon' come through an' get you
An' murk off in a double nickel, the color of pickles

I got a serious pimp game, I rock a sick chain
Toe the two tone rigger an' roll wit da Dip game
Y'all the type of niggas that will run from da rubble
Holla if y'all want birds, I can front you a couple, nigga

I stack chips, this is what I do

Run through divas, give 'em to my crew
Send work out of town, this is what I do
Be wit my niggas, this is what I do

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Shorty thought I had plans of spousin' her
I just wanted to have sex on the couch wit her
Do it in the mouth wit her
Give her a few bricks, make her take it down south wit
her
I'm 'bout my scrilla, come fuck wit your nigga

An' all these haters wanna buss at your nigga
An' try to do me, so I rock the Uzi under the coogy
This shit you gon' feel in your bones
They ask if I'm down wit the Roc
'Cause I be wit Killa an' Jones

I just put rocks on da block an' rock rocks on my wrist
Get your hardest nigga, he ain't poppin' like this
Anybody I'm tossin', nigga, this is hungry season
We stopped flossin', you an' your mans is gettin' it
Where's our portion?

Yo, Killa, only reason they killas
When they buss in their hoes, they make 'em get
abortions
Smoke dro, flow awesome
I got two guns, you got two guns, let's have a foursome

See, I start a riot in a minute, supply it if you sniff it
I'm givin' out samples, go 'head try it, it's terrific
The crack head love me, females wanna hug me, kiss
me
Buy the whole pack wit crumbled up fifties

"Don't cop from that nigga, Rell", is what you tell the
fiends
We gettin' all the money 'cause the dimes look like
jellybeans
A few blocks an' the lock an' key, but I need a world
So it's time to lay pressure game down, like Preacher
Earl

Everybody pay up or gon' get sprayed up
This year, I'mma get my name back an' my weight up
Go see primo, razor blade the plate up

Make some packs an' some workers an' start rackin'
cake up
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This is what he does, Killa, Santana, Jim Jones
Freaky, Tito here tonight, whole Taliban, Brozzy
45th side, Diplomats, man, see what we do, man
This is not a motherfuckin' joke
Holla at your boy, that's seven digit cake, man

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