

Jim Jones

"Do It Again"

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Man I fucked a lotta bitches man
Made a lotta money, made a lotta enemies
Would I do this shit all over again, I dunno
That's a good question, would you do your life over
again?
I know I fuck fat ass Tasha one more time if I have
nothing else to do
I fuck that bitch one more time, that ass was fat

Yo, Shorty get a desk and chair now wit the guess
appear
But if you knew my life you'd shed a tear where from
the
Fucked up scar to the tough luck bar to my cousin
fightin'
Chapters in a crushed up car I handled live beef from
the
Pluriel I beef capeshe a few cats tried to muirelize me
'Cause I drive a fresh Benz and collect ends but I lost
brothers
Some best friends word life, we all bredgren but we all
speak
And nobody budgin' 'cause we all stubbrin' yeah, we let
the hate rise

Give each other fake fives look back peripheral give
each other
Snake eyes, true in all sequels you too of all people,
guess they
Right money is the root of all evil a nigga front on them
though
I triggered at em', I don't know Big it's just the type of
nigga I am
I live my life a thug live my life wit drugs fuck
everybody else
I live my life for Blood, so Lexus, Moff and I got's to
keep Triste near
'Cause Blood suppose to be here

All those times we sung, all those crimes we've done
All those times was fun but would you do it again?

All those times we sung, all those crimes we've done
All those times was fun but would you do it again?

One of my worst fears, is being stuffed in a hearse
Six feet deep being crushed my the earth
Bury me wit rings so when I'm plucked from the earth
Every motherfucker see how much it was worth
Oh you stressin' my best misjudgin' of my worst
And all my life put in nothin' but work
Y'all talk about how I was such a big flirt

And I never slowed down 'cause I was fuckin' with skirts
I mean since the early days I was cuttin' from church
Y'all talk about things I've done to my life
You talk about things that I've done to my wife
I know where I'm going so I can come in a crisis
I do this for my niggas, who never get no cheddar
For my niggas up state, that'll never get a letter

For my vitally sick, that would never get no better
For my niggas in the cold, that would never get a
sweater
For the life I lead and things I done
A nigga went to school I had to bring my gun
A nigga had to hustle I had to slung them drums
As the man of the house I had to bring income

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All those times was fun but would you do it again?
All those times we sung, all those crimes we've done
All those times was fun but would you do it again?

Yo, this life I should rock again?
Stand on this motherfuckin' block again?
Almost get shot again see alotta men get shot up bad
Back up hobblin', sista out gossipin' so I don't rhyme
For executives, it's imparitive do it for my jail berg
consecutive
Get my messages, hell no or my block nigga never live

One room 7 kid, screamin' mother overhead two plates
One fork sour milk and a loaf of bread but I shook it off
Smiled of course kid, my girl wild out on some child
support
Shit I'm out exhausted obsolete y'all but girls will flip
like
Dominique Daws I'm not here to teach y'all
Just here to reach y'all if I do my life over, I repeat all

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