

Juvenile

"Good At What I Do"

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(Hook)

I'm good at what I do (I'm good, I'm good, it's all good
woa)

I'm good at what I do (I'm good, I'm good, I'm 100
homie)

I'm good at what I do (I'm good, I'm good, it's all good
ho)

I'm good at what I do (I'm good, I'm good, it's how I do
it ho)

(Verse 1)

Chillin bout my ho house,

She told me I smoked too much

Ho, wutchu watchin me fo?

Look bitch, go out and do some

Crack A tryina school some

I just found out he's straight fed

Convictions on his whole house

But he got out of navy

His mama was a dopie

His daddy was a OG

They found him in the dope house, he had too much,
he OD'd

They found his little stash box

He told em that was my shit

They showed up at my front do'

I told em that was gossip

They know what he was up to

So I got on my defense

And ran into the police

Ain't need one in my sequence

I don't give a fuck though

Cause ya'll ain't got no case bitch

And ya'll ain't got no witness

Cause a dead nigga can't say shit

Just got me some new land

Then I built a new fence

Warning to you white folks

Nigga's bout to move in

Got my package this morning

Finished it by noon time

I still got my '02 Benz
I went and bought that new kind

(Hook)

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(Verse 2)

These bills too much to handle

Mama calling ANO

She's bout to lose her Section 8, police ran in the back
do'

Landlord saying move out

Road on took a new route

Plus she gotta come up with deposit for a new album

I gotta get it 'fore we all be on the curl

And all I got in this world is my balls and my work

I swear she gotta get hers or you gonna get yours

And I pray I don't die cause lord knows I'm not insured

Prada Gang, I'm true south

Time we let the truth out

They lying through they teeth so much they knockin
they own tooth out

Showed up at the court house, I think I need to confess

How I'm killing these bitches, place me under arrest

She want a upgrade, I say for pass is get this

I gave her A4A and a B for her breath

You know she blew that flu 9

You gave that ho the boot ah

That's why you got that Buddha

I'm good at what I do ah

(Hook)

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woa)

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(Verse 3)

I was at my carwash when a homie rolled up

He said Skip help me, I was in a hold up

But this look like ER, my life is like a sea saw
Why you come run, bring all that heat on me for?
Look, here come the police, now I'm fucked with no
grease
Whip their guns out, screaming like they want beef
Then the homie broke out
Fuck it then, I broke too
And the cops came, it turned into a pursuit
I called up Willy homie
He told me I was trippin
He started to run again
When he did - I clipped him
The police watched the whole thing
We just ran bout 2 blocks
They cuffed us and they searched us
Then they found 2 rocks
Let me guess who this fo
Guess for what? It ain't mine
I work at the carwash, I'm doing just quite fine
We gon go check yo spot
Then we gonna lock up
It's been 15 minutes, my niggas cleaned the shop up

(Hook)

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