

Kelis

"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 its 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 its 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 its 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, thats 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 its mine
Bust your ass one more time, for the niggas on the
grind
So go and hide

hook

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