

Lasgo**"Do That Shit"**

Visit "[Do That Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Eve: Verse 1]

Uh

Sick when she rock shit, stop when block shit

Never try to run when she pull back the cock shit

Stop, drop, shut 'em down open up shop shit

Got 'em goin' crazy, wonderin' when they could cop
shit

First lady, Ruff Ryder, honey got the hot shit

Star-bound, money now, for jet-black drop shit

Eve guarantee, betcha' niggaz wanna pop this

Little kids be behind me screamin' out, "Can you stop
miss?!!"

I know they daddy's fiendin', daydreamin' bout me
topless

Real bitches listen while they ride around and knock my
shit

Try not to move ya head, come on now, stop it

Hustle nigga betty take yours quicker than coke profit

'Cuz I can double it, and put

Bitch on bitch, brick on brick, stich on stich, who you
fuckin wit?

Not me, can't a nigga or bitch stop me

You hatin' mothafuckas line up for your first copy

[Chorus]

[Nokio]

Y'all fuckin' with the right ones, UHH

Role it up and just lite some, UHH

Where my niggaz with the big guns?

And when you smoke that shit it's like,

"WHOA!!WHOA!!"

[Eve]

Y'all fuckin' with the right ones, UHH

Role it up and just lite some, UHH

Where my niggaz that take ones?

'Cuz when we smoke that shit it's like "WHOA!!WHOA!!"

[Verse 2: Eve]

Uh, yo

Start the beef, hold up, ran when we roled up

Tough guy, wanna try ya luck? Betcha' fold up

Ask around partner, got this whole shit sewed up
Gotcha' cryin' like, "Man I wanna blow up!!"
Cowards make me sick, swere to god I wanna throw-up
Answer in a session with me? You better flow tough
Offended? Don't agree with what i'm sayin' nigga? So
what?
Now I gotta teach you respect, you better slow up
Question, 'Can she really hold it down?' (sure enough)
Philly's where she from, but when she smoke, she like
to go Dutch
You know what? Quick to take the next man shyne
Quick to make him start bitchin' make the next man
whine
Fuckin babies!! Go ahead and lay down, it's nap-time
Same shit you spittin', heard it in your last rhyme
Ain't to much thatchu' could do, so that'chure skills
could pass mine
Car eer fineto, here's some dough, go watch a peep
show

[Chorus]

[Nokio]

Y'all fuckin' with the right ones, UHH
Role it up and just lite some, UHH
Where my niggaz with the big guns?
And when you smoke that shit it's like,
"WHOA!!WHOA!!"

[Eve]

Y'all fuckin' with the right ones, UHH
Role it up and just lite some, UHH
Where my niggaz that take ones?
'Cuz when we smoke that shit it's like "WHOA!!WHOA!!"

[Verse 3: Eve]

What me to talk crazy, shit, my moms made me
And all ya'll niggas can do is *???spend a paybie???*
Ain't gonna never change, do anything for bricks
Call my celly to come get you while I pass you in your
Range
Nigga ride ya shotgun in the car wit' your friends
And what the fuck you wanna do? But wanna blow out
your brains?
Clown, I spot 'em from the time you buy me a drink
Instantly I get a vision of diamond studded links, and
full ink minks
And little doggies dyed pink
'Cuz I know ya wanna spend your last, before you even
think
If you know somethin', speak the shit, I can keep a
secret
To me, the niggas with the most money, is the

cheapest
Wanna give me money off the book? Daddy you can
keep it
That's why they got the most sites, and in the most
fights
And walk with big brolic niggas thats protectin' they life
If you know you pussy nigga, take off the ice

[Chorus]

[Nokio]

Y'all fuckin' with the right ones, UHH
Role it up and just lite some, UHH
Where my niggaz with the big guns?
And when you smoke that shit it's like,
"WHOA!!WHOA!!"

[Eve]

Y'all fuckin' with the right ones, UHH
Role it up and just lite some, UHH
Where my niggaz that take ones?
'Cuz when we smoke that shit it's like "WHOA!!WHOA!!"

Visit [Lasgo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.