

Lil Boosie "How We Do It"

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We got the Phantoms on deck, lambo on the side,
chevy sittin high yeah bitch that's how we ride
That's how we do it x7
We posted up up in the club, bottles on ice, pockets full
of hundred and we got the cheapest price
That's how we do it x7

Lil Boosie

Let me tell you how I rock, pocket full of rocks, bottle in
the air, livin without a care
Let me tell you what I like, head with cold sprite
Let me tell you what I hate, haters with no cake
Let me tell you what I make, money with big stacks
Let me tell you why they hatin, cuz I young , rich, and
black
Hoes lick my nutsack, rose by the six pack, skeet that
shit off in they mouth (opps!) and I ain't feel bad
Gotta have my funds straight, time flyin gotta have my
sons straight so they can shine
Wake up to get it up I hope you on the grind, cuz if you
bullshitn' you'll get lapped this time
Im on the money makin mission got me handling bucks
Been countin money for so long my fuckin hands
cramp up
Get my keys I be ridin, put my b's in my pocket
Keep ridin dirty cuz the people cant stop it

Chorus

Webbie

Hustlin, 50 streets back against the wall
Scarred up since I was small, ive been through some
shit to ball
The heat was on I couldn't stop, I had to let the cannons
pop
The Bentleys fallin through the roof and now Im standin
at the top
Grindin with my nigga B, finally where im supposed to
be
I know my boy watchin over me still I keep my shit close

to me
Im doin this for my nigga T, specially for my nigga Mell
Specially for my niggas doin the L and getting outta jail

What ever be good as hell it aint nothin on a nigga
plate
Hungry than a motherfucka a hustla eat a nigga face
Imma keep it trill you can chill but time aint gon wait
You betta go head and get your paper before it get to
late
Had to set myself straight at to set myself a goal
By 2010 im tryin to have a hundred million more
52 foot ceiling you cant touch it marble on the floor
Webbie trillest nigga I aint doin nothing but get my
hustle on

Chorus
Lil trill

Imma start this thing for my dog B, trill fam, trill ent
Deaf kids look up to me so I gotta be all I can be
And I grind hard just to get this far, love my pops for
what he did
Never thought I'd be this big, never thought I'd be this
kid
I do it big but I keep my stacks
From big money to big racks
You got a check then we can talk, if you aint got it then
you can walk
I do my thang betta ask around, chevy whip sittin off
the ground
Burnin rubber throughout your town, ohh yeah boy we
get it down
No blue cars black cars now, couldn't see me through
an ultrasound
Too far like a mile long, im getting money like Mulan
Imma buy a house, buy my own estate
Been hungry eat your whole plate
Never turn on your main mayne or you'll crash like an
airplane
Trill fam that's till the end, we all family can be friends
Hustle hard for your dividends, loyalty never defense
That crooked man cant be your friend, betta leave that
boy alone
Or he will leave you all alone
Time to start from scratch homes
chrous.

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