

Lost

"Do What U Wanna"

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(Code 6)

Whoa na niggas, it's that wicked Westbank puttin' it
down again,
Worldwide status, you know how we do it,
Off top baby, it's a street thing

Chorus (Tre-8):

Nigga do what'cha wanna,
Maintain, do ya thing how you wanna,
Any nigga talk stupid he's a goner,
Body bag, toe tag, call the coroner, whoa
Nigga do what'cha wanna,
Maintain, do ya thing how you wanna,
Any nigga talk stupid he's a goner,
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First Chorus (Tre-8):

Paper chaser off top,
Livin' foul cuz you hot,
Slugged up, thugged out, on your way to the top,
Too hot for these bitches, lil' Daddy, you on fire,
Hoes they admire your whole attire cuz you not for a
shopper,
Then your peers, look here, you the shit,
Role' around your wrist, livin' life like you rich,
It's a part of the game to maintain so do your thang,
These bitches know they can't hang,
So you glisten like a chain,
Shinin' and big timin',
Blindin' like a diamond,
Hoes, steady whinin' cuz you always shinin',
Drivin', in a Benz, next day in a Lex,
With a triple beamer but it ain't finished yet,
Faw, they can't take ya, shive is in your nature,
Hoes they wanna date'cha,
Niggas wanna erase ya,
That's a technical foul, throw them bitches out the
game,

Well get it, how you live, in other words do your thang

Chorus

Second Verse (Code 6):

Man, these niggas don't know my steez I throw the
beats,
Talk a bitch down to her knees when it comes to makin'
cheese,
Nigga please, I only associate with G's,
Ice Mike Entertainment we bring it to you with ease,
Swarmin' like killer bees,
In your system like weed,
And your hood, and your radio and TV,
And we all in, haters wanna see us fallin',
You think we ballin', but still blunts be callin',
We got dealers and killas in every ward,
Lil' thugs with Dillingers in their back pocket, now that's
hard,
Runnin' you niggas heads, bodies turnin' up dead,
Raw is how we play it,
You know somethin'? Better not say it,
Witnesses don't make it out,
And it don't matter how you hear it
or if you see it don't open up your fuckin' mouth
Mindin' your business is a plus,
And holdin' court on the street is a must,
Especially for us

Chorus

Third Verse (Zeeda):

Slugged up, thugged out,
Takin' niggas out,
It's the bitch with the clout,
Comin' straight from the South,
With the boots in my mouth,
The ice around my neck,
Now watch this bitch flex,
Cuz I'm rollin' in a Lex,
Got it up in the game,
Goin' out with a bang,
Somethin' like a rig or tanks,
And I'm stickin' like a stain,
Wet them boys in the brain,
Comin' sharper than a pane,
Killin' hoes no remains,
Got some dope? I'll leave 'em drained,
I'm the bitch with the ice,

Roll a seven on the dice,
Trigga platinum on the sights,
So you know we ain't nothin' nice,
And I'm all about the price,
Buy weight or your life,
Keeps a pistol or a knife,
Try to fuck me we gone fight,
Rest up all with your wife,
Sleepin' on the bunk tonight,
Met my bail, watch me kite,
Fuck a ride, watch me hike,
Mail came, all the night,
See a bitch all in the stripes,
But I say I can't fuck around, Lil' P-P ain't nothin' nice

Chorus

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