

Mars Volta

"What it Do"

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Typed y: SanETheRipstA@aol.com

[Hook]

I hit the club with a crew of niggaz
What it do nigga, what it do nigga
You wanna fight, I wanna shoot a nigga
What it do nigga, what it do nigga
You disrespect me I'ma bruise a nigga
What it do nigga, what it do nigga
Think I'm a punk, come and prove it nigga
What it do nigga, what it do nigga

[Bridge]

Fuck a hoe nigga, fuck a hoe nigga
Fuck a hoe nigga, fuck a hoe nigga
Fuck a bitch nigga, fuck a bitch nigga
Fuck a bitch nigga, fuck a bitch nigga

[E-Roc]

Fall in the club crunk, drunk and I'm feeling good
Bouncin and throwin bows, clownin and reppin the
hood
Start somethin boy I wish a muh fucka would
Run up on me, I'ma show you it ain't all good
Nigga we stay crunk in the club
Remy and Hpnotiq keep us drunk in the club
9 milli's and 40 cal's tucked in the club
E-Roc don't give a fuck, I will bust in the club
What it do, I will murder you chumps
You feeling like "Kriss Kross" then bitch nigga "Jump"
Uhh, left hook, right cross gone drop ya
All upside yo head with Champagne and Heinekin
bottles
What it do my nigga we can thug it out
Mac 11's, AK's we can slug it out
I give a fuck about a bitch nigga and his crew
Let's tear the club up bitch nigga what it do

[Hook]

[Yukmouth]

What it do, bitch..
6-5 Villa, 6-9 Villa, bonified killas
We supply the villas, West side nigga
Recognize the reala, I'd die for my scrilla, surprise
niggaz!
I let the led bust, niggaz step yo bread up
Talk shit til I'm fed up and get yo fuckin head bust
They throwin elbows dog I'm throwin bottles at em
My nigga just got parolled, I threw a model at em
Beef? I holla at em, with semi automatic weapons
Fuck what you stressin, get lit up wit AK 47's
I "Ryde or Die" like "Swizz Beatz"
So miss with the bullshit, all these bullets gone turn yo
ass to swiss cheese
Don't check me nigga check yo bitch
I hit niggaz with bar stools like a western flick
Test the click and get whooped on, look at me worng
and get hooked on
The Art of War, I read the book on

[Hook]

[Bridge]

[Bun-B]

Alright you punk pussy ass niggaz get the fuck up out
my way
I've been havin a bad year, fuck havin a bad day
They gave my right hand 8, the mutha fuckin state
My team is fallin off so now these niggaz wanna hate
I can see it in they eyes, I hear it in they songs
They just frontin like some pea cocks, too god damn
long
For the record let me say it, so hoe don't get it crossed
Tryin to take the crown from the king, you gone take a
fuckin loss
A V.I.P. nigga get in clubs through back do's
Strap in hand, I run up in the dance flo' and smack
hoes
Pistol whip security, put hands on the owner
Kick the DJ in his face and slap his ass with a Corona
I dragged the bar tender cross the stage til he passed
out
The first nigga touch me mayne I'm knockin his ass out
Say Yuk hold his right arm, E-Roc hold his left
Keep him up, don't let him fall, I'm bout to beat this
bitch to death

[Hook]

