

Masta Ace

"Do It Man"

Visit "[Do It Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Big Noyd]

Check it out yo, 'ey yo
They call me Big Noyd, the one that smack the taste
out
your fucking mouth, I keep it gutter that's what I be
about
that's what I breathe, what I eat, that's what I shitted out
I'm from the streets and I'm a G and I know nothing
else
like when there's beef I grap a Tec from the fucking
shelve
stuff it in my jeans step on the scene, ruin your health
snitches run their mouth, that's why I do it myself
no need to co, there's noone ratting me out
just to find the guy, I keep it gully nigga ride out
before my thuns come and air out your hide out
matter fact say no more, your raw to grap your four
your scared to call your dog, nigga let's get it on
I set it off, I start long blows
knock your ass out and leave your dead with a bloody
nose
winking to your front door, who you know as raw as me
a skinny nigga, but up on the streets i'm a beast,
motherfucker

[Hook: Big Noyd]

Yeah, yeah, this is how we do it man
we busting them chrome nines and running from one
time
this is how we do it man
my mind on my money and my money on my mind, yep
this is how we do it man
we strap with them big gats, and chases some cool cat
this is how we do it man
we hold it down we don't fuck around niggaz know our
style, yep

[Masta Ace]

Hope I don't get shot today
'cause I heard some niggaz letting off rounds, like a
block away

it's like walking through Vietnam
surrounded by americans dressed like the vietcom
see that kid, 16, try to cop a gat
ever since he was a brat he been a copy-cat
and he ain't scared to pull it blood
so I better watch my step or I might catch a bullet slug
see there's all kinds of rival stuff
we all in the line of fire nigga, and survival's tough
send my son to the store, 'cause there's mole on the
bread
they might send him home with a hole in the head
and just like 'Windex Cleaner'
it's clear that niggaz settle problems with their index
finger
and my moms has yet to strove
'cause she know that folks catches strays like pet
control
these are dangerous times, the life's on the line
a nigga might get it by the knife or the nine
I gotta stay awake when I hold the cake
'cause the grim reaper looking for a soul to take
and the next cat may be him
so I look over my shoulder, when I'm standing at the
ATM
ya can go 'head and worry 'bout the crackers, fine
but that nigga with the nine, skin is black as mine

[Hook: Masta Ace]

This is how they do it man
sawed-off shot, screaming give me what you got,
nigga
this is how they do it man
straight off blunt spillers and natural born killers
this is how they do it man
chrome play the nine, put your life on the line, woaw
this is how they do it man
holding down the block, the plot just won't stop, no

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