Mavis Staples "Do It Right"

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Chorus
French Montana:
If you wanna do it, take your time
Do it right
You can do it baby
Get yo' money right

Verse 1

Max B: After two fifths of Cru, I had the plan made Nigga got his food ate, patched it up wit' a band-aid Max mayonaisse, macaroni cheese, and mustard Your bitches look busted Shit got me disgusted, clusters droop off the left wrist I think I got a death wish Sittin' back, suicidal thoughts of doin' it Hittin' the switch, all my niggaz could move a brick I can move the shit on a slow day, no play, okay I be speakin' to my bitch Oshay And as we roll on, hold on to ya love Mami fiendin', she want more drugs Shaking and she goin' through withdrawls Big pitfalls, I'm 'bout to be the shit dog Can a nigga stop what I'm bringin', singin' Soundin' all good I'm going all around the hood, it's Max B

Chorus

Verse 2
French Montana:
Get high till we can't see
Your rap career over, look for plan B
These rap niggaz, softer than cotton candy
I ain't a boss, all my niggaz family
Every nigga near me, got a gun just as big as Camby
That's Marcus, and open coffins
Bootleg cable, and bitch
You get what you bring to the table
I got shrimp and spaghetti, and Prego sauce
Yeah my boy polished, homie ding those off

And I hear him knockin', it's the Wavie Crockett
With more hoes from River Road
And more O's, and plenty rolled
From food stamps to big checks
And I'll smack a bitch wit' a 100 stacks off a reflex
That's a jackpot, 650 with the ragtop
And Pillsbury for a mascot

Chorus

Verse 3 Tony Yayo: S.O.D. Swammies On Deck homie My killers O.D. and die for respect homie The barrel of my gun, start to pre-cum Fiendin' to buss, I'm low when the D's come G-Unit is a money-makin' fountain 25 on the wrist, my chick in Christian LaBoutan's Kick a nigga in the head, football punt a nigga Then stab a nigga quick like a London nigga Your career is a blender nigga, mine is promised I wear a 9 in the snakeskin Pradas Wit' a 9 in a chick that's chasin' dollars Like I'm chasin' dollars By any means necessary, yeah a nigga necklace heavy Let the caviar dreams star out I'm in the hood with the Porsche out To the G5 turbulation The fly dude by it, where they camel-racin'

Chorus

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