

Slowride

"Do You"

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Slum Village
Do You
Detroit Deli: A Taste of Detroit

(Elzhi)
Do You
Cause nigga imma do me
Do You
Cause nigga imma do me
Do You
Cause nigga imma do me
Do You
Nigga...

(Elzhi)

Let me attempt to spit this
Assist this with a pen in my fist
Im scriptin Sonny Liston's lost b
Quick six whips sick clique it's Slum V
We stick chicks til their extensions fuzzy
Jewelry's thick and chunky ridiculous
Like in them pictures when slick rick was a young
bee...boy
And picked his gumby im comfy
Til you insist you'll take my existence from me
Clack Click, the clip spits buddy
I place you in ditches like egyptians that stitched
mummys
Your limp in bloody
I serve niggas like the homeless mission kitchen
We're fixing chicken for the bums free
You can't tell us we don't get this money
We keep a dollar up like richie rich's puppy
We looking for the dips with donkey's to hit
Its the Villa gorilla pimps, your chimps and monkeys
bitch

(T3)
Do You
Cause nigga imma do me

Do You
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Do You
Cause nigga imma do me
Do You
Nigga...

(T3)

When you see me in a spot never less than a dime
Yall might roll with 6 we sit with a 9
See, Im a sick rapper with a flow that's divine
Yall might flip the flow but don't flip it like mine
Yall might roll with a squad but it aint like mine
See im quick with the flow dogg im good to the go
Imma stack till i spit til i can't go broke
I want the Benz , the Range, I want it all , I want gold
Then i dips in the whips with the chicks in the clothes
Cause i chill with the chicks who be the centerfolds
Then i creep to the mo, with a freak on the low
Then i come thru the doe, then i mash on the flo
Yea I keeps it moving like the local D.O.T's
Keep serving these yo's with the bad tendancies
Let a nigga do his thang, shit stop sweating me
Gone roll with a playa girl it's all hustle free

Do You
Cause nigga imma do me
Do You
Cause nigga imma do me
Do You
Cause nigga imma do me
Do You
Jeeeeaaaa

(Elzhi)

But of course it be effortless we pullin up in the porsche
Medallion the size of a horse on my necklace
We done it again, done got under your skin
We come hot like a gun pop running ur jems

(T3)

Can none stop this thing of ours
The ladies they fein and double team in gstrings and
bras
Make em scream like electric strings guitars
Don't hate on the squad cause my niggas is stars

