

T. Rex**"Do U Potna"**

Visit "[Do U Potna](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro:]

I'm do me [x3]

I'm do me [x3]

[Verse 1: T.I.]

You niggas talkin king

But they potna claim

We spendin money, gettin money, nothin in between

Chasin a hundred mil, ain't gon let nothin intervene

Respect the hustle busters gon do that by any means

Haters I really mean

Put this on anything

They say I start a lot of shit, I say I finish things

Just like some dental cream

I go in niggas mouth

And like a limousine, I stretch a nigga out

This ain't what you want now you better take a different route

I ain't Bankhead? bitch nigga what is this about

Used to bound when you see me oh we dissin now?

Ay stop the music listen dude I come get with you now

But once them hammers sing

Just know it's not a dream

We handle things just like [?] nawmeen

You hear em sayin that about me, hear I'm sayin this

New orleans niggas in ya face, you wasn't sayin shit

Money you say you get

30 mil in six years? listen ford put down for 20, that was this year

And let's get this clear, just between you and me

That apology was BET not for DTP, I'm doin me

[Chorus:]

You just do you

And I'm do me [x3]

You just do you

I'm do me [x3]

[Verse 2: Young Jeezy]

If you ain't

Talkin bout money you ain't talkin bout shit
You wasn't on the waitin list and you ain't ridin in shit
You pick a watch that cost a 100, then you wasted yo
time
If you think you can do me you out yo mutha fuckin
mind
Let's go
These niggas insane, yeah straight fooled
A half a million dollar car and some house shoes
Call the dealership... like ya'll tricked me
Then why the hell you put my engine where my truck be
I'm throwin franklins... I don't need ones
Smoke a pound every week like I don't need lungs
Buy em whole sale and sellin retail
I'm talkin seafood... yeah fish scales
I said I'm so hot... but my house cool
So many rooms that it look like a high school
Speakin of high school... I never passed that
Works right here... now where da cash at?

[Chorus:]

You just do you (and what)
And I'm do me (ay)[x3]
You just do you (and what)
I'm do me (ok)[x3]
Wanna see how it's done
Then watch me do me (ay)[x3]
Wanna see how it's done
Then watch me do me (yeah)[x3]

[Verse 3: Big Kuntry]

I'm the big homie... get use to me
You suckas ain't even close to what I used to be
You imaginary rappers swear to GOD that you moved a
key
While ya'll swore to me... I know ya'll ain't street
I gets MONEY... everyday dawg
I leave you stinkin in the trap well that's my grave yard
I tried to figure if you mel gibbs or nasty nas
I wanna know where these rappers got this brave
hearts
Cause that yak-up tear apart any size heart
So you suckas click-clack about playin with GOD
You rappers need to stick yo thumb out and take a hike
I see more man... in a full dike
Fuck what you like... this ain't a blind date
You tryna read like a blind, you gotta feel yo way
Watch me nigga I'm eat til I'm obese
I'm mr. cocane now watch me do me

