

T.i.**"Do Ya Thing"**Visit "[Do Ya Thing](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey, hey, hey (do ya thang) hey (do ya thang) hey (do ya thang) hey, hey (do ya thang) hey, hey (X2)

Fresh out the house got the beat on suicide as I ride up and down Martin Luther King Drive, standin tall lookin down on the bloody boys snitchin all day I look around on the block.

I'm in a silver SL five pound on the block, aintcha ever seen a young playa clown on the Draw, (do ya thang) Aint nuttin to a G gang spit fluently, gruesome hoe's pursuin me, as if there's more than two of me

Monday my Chevy's orange(orrnge) and Tuesday its ocean blue
28's sit over, you Ferrari drops and Rovers too,(do ya thang)
Hoes sit'em out, T.Vs I'mma flip'em out, 50 bricks they ain't shit, tell 'em niggaz "shift it out".

I'm commin down shinnin rose gold feelin like a magpoles, Cadillac with five hoes, make these suckas hate mo', (do ya thang)
Damn right pimp we do this every night with the same big faces make these lame hoes bite.

CHORUSX2

I got that top down (top down)
I got the tints now (tints now)
I got it real now (real now)
I want sum bluts now (bluts now)
Do ya thang(im doin it)X4

I'm in the hood in a drop top, super-sport, mesh leather horses, holla and the Porsche is fallin niggas on their porches holla (do ya thang)
They call me thunder bill cut me down to somethin else, shorty somethin else, hot enough to make the sukas melt

I got a friutloop Chevy followin me on 24's look at your own Cutlass green diamond purple hearts (do ya thang) A James Bond car Drizzled as a porn star spring we was green, so my Cutlass is a orange car

I got a curly haired, dirty red bra, eatin lemon heads, leanin in the Lincoln with a pump by her left leg, (do ya thang) lookin in the tan and getcha left side then leave ya laid out and lay wood by the lake bitch.

Color coated rims chop the streets till they rock up, muscle cars straight buckin look how it stands up, yeah I'm in the ride look like a fruit drink, it makes these hoes thirsty when they see the pineapple paint

CHORUSX2

I got that top down (top down)
I got the tints now (tints now)
I got it real now (real now)
I want sum blots now (blots now)
Do ya thang (im doin it) X4

Baby that green, drop coupes that cream, earrings in my ear look like a baby flat screen (do ya thang) I'm doin it, my neck piece green, ice rubberliscous perk, imma grand hustle king.

"Super-Clean" is on the scene; Italian leather match the Polo boots, and the wood grain lame I'll show you how to do the do (do ya thang) blowin fruits same flavor as the candy gloss in the backseat got a freak pullin her panties off.

"Arrr!" weigh the anchor on the Cuban link chain, diamonds stacked on top of diamonds, custom made pinky ring (do ya thang) fishin hats, Polo shorts with the Polo man, wearin blue and tan in the blue and tan Avalanche.

Daddy's never had a chance, set up in the Avalanche, they hopped out the van and startin shootin like the cameraman, top down, hit the switch an let it drop down, passin by the underground, they can hear me underground.

CHORUSX2

I got the top down (top down)
I got the tints now (tints now)
I got it real now (real now)
I want sum bluts now (bluts now)
Do ya thang(im doin it) X4

(outro)
heh (do ya thang)
(do ya thang)

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