

# Twista

## "I Do"

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[Chorus]

I'm doin' me  
And you should do you  
Why you worried 'bout me  
You need to worry 'bout you  
I'm-I'm doin' me  
And you should do you  
Why you worried 'bout me  
You need to worry 'bout you  
Yeah boy I do  
And you should do you  
Yeah boy I do  
And you should do you  
Yeah-yeah boy I do  
And you should do you  
Why-you-why-you worried 'bout me  
You need to worry 'bout you  
Yeah boy I do

[Verse 1]

Act-act-act-act a damn fool  
Ball and I talk shit on every cut I do  
(Yeah boy I do)  
Dr-dress like it's my duty  
The stitchin' in the pants  
Match the brown in my Gucci  
(Ya-ya-ya-ya-yeah boy I do)  
Blow-blow-blow one before court  
Then pull up on your block in the new four door Porsche  
(Yeah-yeah boy I do)  
Talk-talk business on my cellular  
Smoke a lot of weed  
And make money on the regular  
(Yeah boy I do)  
Be-be-be-be about mine  
Take my cars to the club in a single file line  
(Yeah boy I do)  
Windy City campaign  
Fuck the orange juice  
I mix the 'Tron with the champagne  
(Ya-ya-ya-yeah boy I do)  
A hundred thousand for the watch

A hundred thousand for the car  
A couple thousand for the Glocks  
(Yeah boy I do)  
Get-get nice I do  
See the way the outfit match up with ice I do

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

St-st-stay fuckin' with the crooks

Peel the backwood  
And mix the sour diesel with the kush  
(Yeah boy I do)  
Smoke-smoke out my perimeter  
This Benz is so-so sick  
That they gonna have to take my temperature  
(Ya-ya-ya-yeah boy I do)  
Stay flooded like a star  
Make the color of the diamonds  
Match the color of the car  
(Yeah-yeah boy I do)  
Play-play a G-shock  
If I'm in the club  
I got on the AP watch  
(Yeah boy I do)  
Stay-stay sippin' on the Goose  
Then throw twenties  
At the thickest one in here that's gettin' loose  
(Yeah boy I do)  
The da-the damn thing soon  
As I get up in the motherfuckin' champagne room  
(Ya-ya-ya-yeah boy I do)  
Range Rover white body  
White 24 Vellano's  
While you sittin' on Asanti  
(Yeah boy I do)  
The tr-truck candy blue  
Suede interior  
Killin' 'em with the strut I do cuz

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

No-nothin' less than stackin' dollars  
And I stay lookin' fresh  
In nothin' less than Parish and Prada  
(Yeah boy I do)  
I'm only fuckin' with ya boss  
I ain't gotta break it down  
I just get it all off

(Ya-ya-ya-yeah boy I do)  
Ma-ma-move-move with alarm  
I'm not a shark in the water  
I'm a school of piranha  
(Yeah boy I do)  
In the Maybach on my iPad  
Shut the curtain on the haters  
Whenever I ride past

[Chorus]

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