

Vado

"Don't Make Me Do It"

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Ft. Ace Hood, Meek Mill, French Montana & DJ Khaled

[Hook 1]

Light some kush off in the air right now, right now
For my niggas out here lost, and the ones who're down
to ride
Drinks up (drinks up), free my niggas (free my niggas)
We gettin' money, screamin' "fuck you and your
feelings!"
Don't make me do it (don't make me do it)
Don't make me do it (don't make me do it)
Don't make me do it, (don't make me do it)
Don't make me do it (don't make me do it)
'Cause I'mma ride for my niggas, I would die for my
niggas
Go to war for my brother and that's word to my
momma
Don't make me do it

[Verse 1: Vado]

It's Kool Mo push D in the Wild Wild West (Harlem)
All the ballers respect me like Worldwide Wes
Denim Supply vest, I bet your girl'll slide next
Chanel hoodies - "what, you think you fly?" - um, yes
Don't make me do it, bang bang when that thing ring
Squeeze the lev' when that thing aim
Jesus head when that chain hang
We The Best and that name rang
My same gang, straight champagne
Like "fuck you and your campaign"
My shoes strange and my nuts hang
Ya'll don't get it, this shit is nothin' to me
I don't go get it, I get it comin' to me
You blow, glow vivid, built like a Hummer to me
No diggy, have a reverend the day you runnin' to me

[Hook 1]

[Verse 2: Ace Hood]

Fuck all that talkin', my money do that
Gettin' some head in the back of the back

Still I'm gon' ride with that strap on my lap
As I'm whippin' the 'Lac, that's a matter of fact
Still smokin' on that good good
Nail a bitch with this good wood
Fuck around with my people, dog
And it's Death Row like that nigga Suge
Say long money, tour bus, eat a rapper like cold cuts
Make a check then I blow it all, and it's fuck a hater like
four sluts
I'm on one in that two-door, top gone like chemo
Eighty grand for that Cube, blow it, my pockets fatter
than sumo
I'll do it! I'll make a movie
All this ice around my collar got me coolin' (bling-blow!)
I say "now you're my brother's keeper", blood is right
up under my sneakers
Ballin' hard, you stuck in the bleachers
We The Best, it's nice to meet ya

[Hook 1]

[Verse 3: Meek Mill]

Oh lord! I'm feelin' myself
I'm in the big boy Phantom with the suicide doors, I'm
killin' myself
Got a bad bitch with me and a brand new semi that's
still in my belt
I ain't feelin' these niggas, I'm grillin' these niggas, I'll
kill 'em myself
Hold up - she pop molly, pop that pussy
He puffs loud, we pop that pussy
That's your chick? I got that pussy
I treat that shit like pop that pussy
Like hold up - sippin' on lean, we pour up
Ask your main bitch, yeah, she know us
These niggas ain't wanna see me blow up
Pocket full of green like a four leaf clover
Hold up, wait - I walk in this bitch, I fuck shit up and I
leave, gone
Hold up, wait - I walk up to his bitch, start talkin' that
shit
And she's gone, back to crib, kickin' him out
I'm dickin' her down and I'm kickin' her out
Free all my niggas, I wish they was out
The best ain't me, and I'm gettin' them out

[Hook 2]

Light some kush off in the air right now, right now
For my niggas out here lost, and the ones who're down
to ride
Drinks up (drinks up), free my niggas (free my niggas)

We gettin' money, screamin' "fuck you and your feelings!"

Don't make me do it (don't make me do it)

[Verse 4: French Montana]

I fly the birds in like the Falcons, man, don't make me do it

I'll wet your crib up, have you duckin', man, don't make me do it

I get higher than Buddy Williams, man, don't make me do it

Every time we pull up's like a dealer, don't make me do it

Money over bitches, man, they made me do it

Youngest, coldest nigga, man, they made me do it

Told your bitch "what your twerkin' with", made her do it

I'm talkin' hit after hit, man, they made me do it

I be thinkin' 'bout the next shit, that make me do it

Then I turn into the next like you made me do it

You heard Flex droppin' bombs, streets made him do it

We The Best, Coke Boyz, man, you made us do it!

[Hook 2]

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