

## Don Trip

### "Oh Lets Do It"

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Tool in my pants, 40 cal hammer  
No skinny jeans for me I wear my shit like MC Hammer  
Yeah I got that sack on me, but never on camera  
Choppers in the closet, bowls in the hamper  
100 round drum or a 50 round banana  
And I just had a son so add a 90 box of pampers  
No I don't ride with reindeer but I'm flier than Santa  
And colder than the North Pole, I'm on top like antlers  
Money's on my agenda I don't have to check my  
planner  
Rats working with pigs trying to put me in the slammer  
Heavyweight, I just grab them pounds and body slam  
them  
I meet my plug in person so there's no  
misunderstanding  
Dammit I'm so fly that's the fifth time I missed my  
landing  
And they aint let me in the game, I kicked the door  
down and I ran in  
Fucked the game so good I fucked around and pulled  
my hamstring  
Ballin' wit my brothers call me Peyton or Eli Manning  
Yeah I want your bitch, although she don't mean a  
damn thing  
Yeah I'm pipin' hot in this bitch you better fan me  
Sittin' fat family, betcha can't stand me  
But I get more head than Neutrogena and Pantene  
Eastside General, active and commanding  
Championship team, punk bitch, check the standings  
Met her in the club, she's not wearing any panties  
Fucked her in the lot soon as shorty finished dancing  
Yeahhhâ€¦ hoe let's do it  
I'm so out of "Orbit" but don't bite me when you chew it  
I guess I'm just a craftman, she just wanna use me  
I just wanna nail her, she just wanna screw me  
And I'm ice cold once again shorty blew me  
Straight from the A, gimme brain till she stupid  
I might blow my money quick, but I sure never lose it  
Play around with my set and I will spray you like reuzit  
Yeahhhâ€¦ bitch I did it  
More head than a fitted, more bread than a biscuit

I sound like Kermit the Frog, but my bitch ain't Ms.  
Piggy  
And I'm 'bout my hog but I ain't fuckin' with no piglet  
New niggas is food, to my dudes you just riblets  
And I keep running circles around you bitches till I'm  
dizzy  
If I don't catch your call or read your message that you  
sent me  
I'm not acting funny, I'm just a little busy  
Shoutout to my nigga Turk, young and thuggin' doin  
digits  
These fuck niggas got big gums the way they snitchin'  
Read my affidavit, about to turn it to a hit list  
God as my witness, I won't leave a witness  
Niggas ain't real, they cartoon, Walt Disney  
And them boys rattin' like Mini, and Mickey  
Mouse, no mice I got a sanitized kitchen  
Reelin' in paper I'm about to go fishin'  
Yeahhhâ€¦ Bitch I does it  
And I don't got no friends I just got blood brothers and  
cousins  
Again, young and thuggin, I'm hot go check the oven  
And if he not real no more, well that means he never  
was then  
Waka Flocka flipinfum nuh uh uh uh, fuck, damn  
I don't know how you supposed to say his name, but  
what up to him  
Naw, I'm not dissin' him, don't start with that nonsense  
You don't know me, eastside G, till I D.I.E, Don Trip

NOTCH

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