

Waka Flocka

"Oh Let's Do It"

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[Diddy]

I got my billions up f-cking with them white folk
now I don't give a f-ck cause I'm richer than them white
folks
Lamborghini trucks, y'all ain't even seen it yet
(?) just to Diddy bop it
Now I'm hustlin out of Harlem Paulie Castellano
B-tch I am a problem, I just bought the Delano
pimpin in my convo, b-tches come in combo's
pictures of Christopher on my wall all in my condo
I dont f-ck with fake hoes, all I touch is J-Lo's, all I drink
is my sh-t
Ciroc by the case load
Movies is my next sh-t
2 mill on my necklace
Badboy, 80 million muthf-ckin records

[Rick Ross]

I f-cked my money up
I bought another Rolls Royce to pick my homies up
my top back like old boy
step your game up, you ride n-gga hold on
I switched the game up
one stack thats for the whole zone
thats 36 a kilo, b-tch I think Im meano
b-tch I think I'm scarface
B-tch I'm Al Pacino
flipping my (?) painted my new Benzo
took my b-tch to red lobster
I can feed no friends hoe
b-tch Im on my high horse
Jewels I rock I die for
cause that sh-t that I bought
shoot your ass thats my fault
b-tch I'm on this asphalt
money making (?)
b-tch Im on my last straw
them choppers always do the thing

[Waka Flocka Flame - Chorus]

YEEEEAAAH, O let's do it

Ayy, O let's do it
Ayy, O let's do it
YEEEEAAAH, drug dealin music
Ayy, I influence
Ayy, I influence

I f-cked my money up, damn
Now I can't re-up
Ran off in his spot just to get stacks up
Now I'm back on deck,
So shawty what the f-ck you want
Heard he talkin sh-t but this ain't what the f-ck he want
Locked my CEO up
Now it's back to coka
N-ggas talkin sh-t bruh, hang him by a ropa
Hit em with the choppa
Call that sh-t hot lava
Call me waka flocka aka young wild n-gga
Aka young drug dealer
Got purp, got kush, got pills got white
In the trap all night with the hard and the soft
Stacks on the flo' (?)
Shift it to the left then he shift it to the right
So icey brick boys got it all night
These lame ass n-ggas ain't got no fight
Kick in my door we gon shoot out all night
O let's do it, O let's do it

[Gucci Mane]

Stack my money up, rich boy we so g'd up
I'm countin cash in my office sippin coffee with my feet
up
haters sending threats like they want beef but they
know they don't
meet Flocka at the dealership I told him get what the f-
ck you want
they locked my homeboy (?) up 1999 for murder
now n-ggas claiming (?) that I aint never heard'a
hit you with the garbage, why would I when I got
shooters
you heard Gucci was locked up but that was just a
rumour
got purp got pills got (?) got powder for you snorters
you wanna find me, I-20 East Atlanta to (?)
I send my female shooters that rock a by baby
shawty in my hood we got them AK's.

[Chorus]

