

Blakroc

"Done Did It"

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Yeah, ha!
Black Keys
What up!
Y'all gotta put yo hands up!

Yeah I settle back into the breeze
Get my cracker barrel on and focus on the cheese
Cheddar come, cheddar go, cheddar spend
I'm showin up in Heaven with a nut, let us in

The airport, the four point Sheraton
Holdin fifty G's in the duffel for a friend
He better come get it , a friend is a friend
But if the hunger pain win than he better come with it

I done did it
The game in the critic
Puttin' diesel out like the Chronicles of Riddick
Im acidic when the cigar is litted
I'm the best of my pedigree, all things considered
I can't count all the goons outfitted in
Arraignments and secret indicts to outwit it
I'm still small beat
Bitches still want me
The impact I had on the block
It still haunts me
So many beards in the game going grey
The body wanna rest put the brain wanna stay

Streets ain't a place, it's a thought
Can't make long money when niggas tempers is short
I can guarantee you lose with a short fuse
But I can guarantee a mink when you think

You done did it
You done did it
You done did it
You want some more?

You done did it
You done did it

You done did it
You want some more?

Damn I'm seein' niggas in my sleep
Same ones who helped me trap figures in the street
From the spirit and beyond, they agree
Wealth has a cover price
Death is the fee
I thought clear when I was younger bout the dime
But the appetite for money tends to navigate the mind
I knew smart well
Structured a new cartel
They gave me that new car smell
Vain, with a deep sharp pain
OGs dubbin me the street muck queen
Pokerface in the middle of a drop off
Keep tellin' me he good keep my socks on
I'm in a rush, show the money like Maguire
Or get your ass nestled in the trunk like a tire
Situations is dire I'm not a new buyer
Get it or you can feel the Cannon like Mariah

You done did it
You done did it
You done did it
You want some more?
I swear you got me down

You done did it
You done did it
You done did it
You want some more?
I swear you got me down

You niggas joke with your money
Sit up in your mans crib and smoke with your money
Like everythings chummy
Ok, well we'll take yours and we live like the Pope with
your money
Thats funny, get ghost with your money
And bring the game a whole new approach with your
money
See you niggas rather boast with your money
And see how many bitches you can grope with your
money
I sell you a jewel, never let the money overrule, cause it
rules over life and the doom
Clean with the vest, I stress, invest
A drug dealers dream is a dream nonetheless
Yeah I settled back into the beat
With the ratchet stickin out the cracks in the seat

Now back in the street
My young boys are askin to eat
Tough guy you ain't lastin' a week

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