

Rasheeda

"Do It"

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(feat. Pastor Troy, Re Re & Quebo Gold)

[Hook:]

Do it, (come on now)
Do it, (come on now)
Do it,
(Come on) Do the damn thang

[Verse 1: Rasheeda]

Come on let's start this shit
Shawty let's crank this shit
A little sumethin for them hatin' hoes
Who gets nothin' but them knees and boes
Why ya'll all in my grill,
Why ya'll can't keep it real
Always tryin' to plot and scheme
Wanna live this life is just a dream
Ain't no I in teams
All the real niggas know what it mean
Catch me ya'll just to slow
Hatin' hoes gotta let ya'll go
Don't never try to stop my flo'
Won't tell you this shit no mo'
Da baddest hoe that you ever seen
Two triple O, shawty bout that green

[Verse 2: Que Bo Gold]

Naw they don't understand
These niggas don't understand
These muthafuckers think we playin
See they don't know what we sayin
Fake niggas in our grill
Fake niggas all in our grill
These niggas don't wanna get to it
These niggas don't wanna do it

[Hook:]

Do it, (come on now)
Do it, (come on now)
Do it,

(Come on) Do the damn thang

[Verse 3: Re Re]

You can tell a real nigga from the fake fake
A trill nigga that's down in the cake cake
A hot girl that's clean not stank stank
Some bad weave for somebody
So u took a little drank
So I guess it made u think that you could when u can't
With the N with the ain't
Ain't nobody got time round here to playing round
Sucka with the big sack nigga better lay it down
Comin' through ain't bout that shady shit
Boy I'm mo' dirty than Dusty Rhodes
I drop the beat and rock the flo'
Representing that Que Bo Gold
So don't you try to test us out thinkin' we country with
no skills
Cause I drop the bass and tame the bass
Put this fire to yo grill

[Verse 4: Rasheeda]

Well I was born in Illinois okay ah
Raised in Atlanta, G-A yah
Lived in New York and L.A. yah
My nigga I'm da shit no matter where I stay
Cause, uh, I was cut like that, lil buddy I'm stacked like
that
From da front to da side to da back, Rasheeda, and I'm
tight like that
I ain't never been worried bout notha
Cutter her buddy, lil buddy I don't studder
9 double lock chrome for the lame lame
Big faces in my pocket not the chump change
Ride the Benz with the wood grain, grilled out, smoke
frame,
With the knock knock
38 pop pop all you haters just stop
Or you gone get dropped

[Hook:]

Do it, (come on now)
Do it, (come on now)
Do it,
(Come on) Do the damn thang

[Verse 4: Pastor Troy]

Brrrrdt! Uh, Stick em, ha ha ha, stick em
Fuck dem pussy niggas and who ever with em
All I say is sic em
And there go my boys

D-S-G-B, Pastor damn Troy
Boy you ain't ready
Boy you don't want it
Boy we ain't ready, bitch get disappointed
Shit, all I know is southern blo'd not lower than a dime
From thirty piece to quarter ki we strictly on da grind
No time to spit no evidence, no evidence, no charge
Since they ain't got no evidence
I gave them my lil boy
The scars from my hand as I crank up the speaker
Drop the bomb on you bitches, Pastor and Rasheeda
Bitch, do it!

[Hook:]
Do it, (come on now)
Do it, (come on now)
Do it,
(Come on) Do the damn thang

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