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Andreas Lebbing "Do Our Thang"

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(*talking*)

Hold up, it's the Mix Tape Messiah Boy Pokey, know I'm tal'n bout Rolling vehicles on swangs, diamonds on our chains yeah

[Hook]

Go on show em, how we do our thang

Throwing diamonds in my chain, show em how we do our thang

Rolling vehicles on swangs, go on show em how we do our thang

Throwing liquor in my brain, throw some dick off in your dame

And let my niggaz, do the same

[Chamillionaire]

Up on a hill, but Chamill time to chill

I ain't trying to sit still, just trying to peel

I put my hand, wrapped up around the wheel

Turned down one mill, and shining still

Not panicking, I'm landing in Nevada and five grand I spend

I'm mashing in you mad again, well I'm throwing sand in two tanned twins

Rims gigantic and, you pissed cursing and slandering

Cause I'm on the other side, of the planet and

You stuck watching, Making the Band again

Having sex with your hand again, keep sticking your dick in your stiff hand

Act like, you wannna plex with Cham

Cause your pockets, addicted to stick man

Don't forget to switch hands, can't knock us the top up We fold up trunk locked up, unlocked up and popped

You boys think I'm diabetic, I don't mess with you sweet cakes

I eat steaks and we chase, the green face like beef cakes

Chamillionaire, but they call me Pistol Pete in each state For pete sake if he hate, my heat make his teeth break Deface, he think we playing with y'all And that boy, be able to taste his DNA in his jaw

[Hook - 2x]

[Mussilini]

It be the M-U double S-I, L-I-N-I

Me, Chamillionaire, Po-Yo be the billionaire, we be so fly

We gangsta with it niggaz roll in the gangsta city, stay gangsta fitted

Don't be in the gangsta bidness, you lil' wanksta niggaz I keep a toll on the block, and I'm swanging thick Head banging niggaz, blades swang at niggaz Duke and jab in the Benz, so I break a nigga South claiming nigga, here to slang a nigga You can aim a nigga, and I'll tame a nigga Pop game in the lane, with a gang of niggaz Hot flame through the brain, of a laming nigga My name stay the same, won't change a nigga Bring pain through the game, like a famous nigga Tote stainless niggaz, that's born to hate Mad cause they gal, wanna fornicate Better meditate cat keep your cool, cause Mussili' ain't make the rules

But Mussili', gon break the rules
And make them dudes, and waitress dudes
Like a And 1 Mix Tape, through the lane I'ma take these

Eight days in the game, we dynamite
Bout to line a pipe, and take a minor flight
Necks bling cause the diamonds bright, techs bring

cheese finer life
Fresh thing on china white, da-da-da-la-la-la
Lo-lo and la-la-la, make them hoes say ma-ma-ma

We leave a hole in your eye dada, if you fuck with us

[Hook - 2x]

fools

[Big Pokey]

Y'all know how we do our thang, hoe we from the clutch Big rims wide bodies, 6-4's strapped doing double dutch

I'm the boss I could tote the bucks, line my ducks up in a row

Nigga out here getting stage money, buying birds pimp hoes

14-5 when I let em go, stop and go's when I'm on the move

Glock 4-5 in the pop spot snooze you lose, you know the rules

Old school like a eight track, my cake stacked like a brick wall

Put it up don't fuck with it, cause you don't know when you might pitfall

See the roof when the 6 crawl, hands free when I'm on the phone

Can't keep the same line, cause bitch niggaz keep talking wrong

Some hoes catch dial tones, hung up on what you talking bout

Baby you need to be saying something, for the simple fact we talk a lot

I'ma keep doing my thizzle, on the fa rizzle On the grizzle, I got em for thirty fizzle a pizzle my nizzle

Everything I touch is fa shizzle, you know the dizzle I'm either on the floss with my pistol, or a sizzle

[Hook - 2x]

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