

roscoe dash**"I Do"**

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I have all the swag, body bag
Life's a fucking party, I'm wasted, someone call a cab
Stumbling to the car but they keep asking for
autographs
I'm going home with girls, girls, girls, yup, all of that
Tell me is it the fame or the money
Either way this people all think there must be
something about me -
stunning
Ah, everythang (I'm juiced up, I know the truth stuff)
Cause everything I do is just actually too much
For y'all niggas
Oh yeah and I'm awesome over all niggas
Motherfucking dimes, I can't even see you small
niggas
So pardon me (please)
I don't mean to brag
But I just spent 40, 000 yen on these jeans I have
On baby
Oh yeah money long baby
You just... your makeup on the waistline of my draws
I mean oh you can be the inspiration for my next song
Just motherfucking do with me and bust jimmy johns
I'm the bomb dot com
Shout out to my moms
It's Been a long time coming and we still going strong
We win it, can't let up
Cause once these clowns forget us
It's gonna take a lifetime trying to make them unforget
us
So I'm gonna represent us
From start and to the finish
I work hard to pay off
Ball - I gets the play off
You used to ball too, until you got laid out
Back in 95s damn I bet that's chaos
Life's about lessons, sit back and watch me teach
Like a game of badminton, I'm so out of reach
I'm at the finish line, give my winning speech
It goes "ahem, um"
But all y'all said I couldn't do it

I hope every time you grab a... you forced to hear my music
You're so cubic, I'm so coolest
Got your girlfriend playing nudest
I'm, with no script, but I don't trip
Trust me I give a bat pri sa, means like aristocrat
No lady and the tramp but they were gifted cats we tripled that
I used to have problems, until I learnt to deal
I was taught to stay positive and always keep it real and I do
I do, I do, I do, I do,
Oh, oh, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do

Chorus:

I was taught to always keep it real it when I do
what I do, and I do, and I do, and I do, and I do (3x)

Do It

K La:

Stumble in the elevator, drifting down the highway
Drunk texted all my numbers, don't know who the fuck is calling
Feeling extra reckless I could probably use some counseling
It's a party at the condo, I don't really feel like talking
Feel like killing the party and these hoochies in Air Jordans And pissing
off all the bitches who wish that they could afford them, See um Don't brag
a lot
Cause when you, have a lot
You don't, talk about it
You just, laugh a lot
And you just, walk it out, pop it out and stock it out, but ya'll bitter
bitch ass haters don't know what I'm talking bout
Do you? Cause I do
The best I can me and my crew - the best of friends
And the niggas that ride for me will put to sleep the best of me
And stay in your place, pass the ace, and put a smile back on your face
Cause it's a blessing to be next to the best dressed bitch up in this place
But I failed to mention that, um, I do this shit
While you other candy-coaters on that other... box of goober shit
I rap... sing and do it on another box of... shit

And if you ask my haters probably tell you I'm a super
bitch
Yeah, uh huh, that's cause I do this shit Cause I do it so
right, and I do
it so good
And I do it just like I said I would
Cause I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do
I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do, I do
I was taught to always keep it real it when I do
what I do, and I do, and I do, and I do, and I do (2x)
What I'm Supposed To Do

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