

## **S.A.S. "Doing Fine"**

Visit "[Doing Fine](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

### Verse 1

Mayhem:

Yo Haze, who they better than  
I'm a veteran  
Now they say "Yo, he tryna be American"  
That's a joke, you a wanker with no skills  
May is dope, and his gangster is so real  
Plus, who run the town like we  
I have New York writers tryna sound like me  
From a what to a where  
A clap to a grin  
Hot to this shit, feds of a Loc to a Crip  
Hid the game, I'm here now, the blitzers came  
Glist the chain, driveby with the Range  
See back in New York I would flip the 'caine  
And hit the strip with bricks 'til them chips exchanged  
See Funk Flex to Dame, Cam'ron and Jimmy, yes  
Fred and E, the whole gang is with me  
If you didn't listen then, understand me now  
Dipset, Roc-A-Fella, we family now, ow

### Hook

Haze:

Ma, just a little letter from your son  
Just to let you know I'm doing fi-ine  
Everyday on the block  
Whether rain or snow I'm stuck on my gri-ind  
Ma, you ain't gotta pay no bills (no bills)  
You know that your sons heart is real (so real)  
So stick with me, I'ma get those mils  
And make sure that success is sealed  
You hear me holla at ya

### Verse 2

Mega:

We G-A-N-G-S-T-E-R  
I never had a dream of being a rock star  
I'm a block star  
Flip yay, get paid errday  
Hoppin' in and out of hot cars, come on  
That's why I say to the hoes  
"Let's roll 'round town, so hop in my six and roll

around, come on"  
And we can take it to the hills, we can chill  
I work with the piff, you working my dick  
Now neck, neck, yeah, yeah  
That's how I get wit' 'em, neck in 'em  
Leave a little me's a little vex in 'em  
Yeah I'm disrespectin' 'em  
Now I'm with R-O-C, they wanna F wit' him  
When I was broke, didn't want sex wit' him  
No interest in him  
Wouldn't invest in him  
Now my pinky, wrist, and neck blingin'  
They drink my kids, cheers, that was excellent

Hook

Verse 3

Mayhem:

Yo this is heartfelt, it's what my heart felt  
I spit heat to the beat, make your heart melt  
I'm the author, like cancer I'm so I'll  
I've been grindin' and rhyming with no deal  
Tryna be me, I ain't into TT  
What you thinkin' I'm flossin' cuz you see me on TV  
We been rappin' for life, now rap is my life  
So I give you incite when I rap about life  
Ay yo, straight from the beginning  
We make it and win it  
It's great how I be feeling that faith like it's religion  
My destiny's to shine, deep up on my grind  
You just speakin' through the rhymes  
Need to read between the lines  
I was born to do it, beyond the music  
My foundation at home was strong, you knew it  
My moms been through it  
Year and out, May and Mega gon' make hits  
Straight flip then bring the chaddar home, I'm gone  
Haha, bitch

Hook

Visit [S.A.S.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.