

**Britney Spears F/ Pharrell Williams****"Do My Thing"**

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This is Lil' Rob  
Lil' Rob comin at you with my own style  
You wanna know about me look me up in the gang file  
And you will see just how I'm living  
I didn't choose nothing because the choice wasn't  
given to  
A little vato going a little fuckin loco  
Was just out of hand, not poco  
Because all these vatos talkin shit about a homey  
When they don't even fuckin know me  
They said they kicked my ass, they say I got shot  
But when I heard that I started laughing on the spot  
Cause what the fuck is that all bout  
They say I'm dead so I had to put this tape out  
To let these levas know they're all about bullshit  
And that these vatos got to quit while they're ahead  
Before they look stupid  
You say you don't talk shit but I know you did  
So you put a filero to my neck you fuckin LEVA  
What the fuck's next? A cuete to my head did I cry?  
I'm not afraid to die and when I do I die with Brown  
Pride  
I got a pussy ass voice so you say  
But you listen to it anyway  
You say I can't rap but where the fuck are you  
Just keep talking shit cause that's what little kids do  
So remember this line for the first time  
You do your thing holmes, but I'ma do mine  
Now fuck that shit up

{Chorus}

"Doo Wah Ditty"

Lil' Rob not even puttin' in one hundred percent  
But if I did you know that no one could get close  
Because I'm the man with the most  
Don't brag or boast but I'm a vato from the West Coast  
Southern Califa's down for the Brown thing  
And San Diego is the name of the city that I was  
brought up in  
But the gang life I was caught up in

Started backin' little levas every weekend  
Yeah I know I'm skinny but I ain't down for the tweakin'  
Go off smoke marijuana; si mon the Mary Jane  
God damn but I don't use God's name in vain  
So I take that back ese con respecto  
Cause I got respect, something you'll never get though  
A little vato now seventeen with a glock  
I got my finger on the trigger, not afraid to pull it ese  
So don't tempt the man behind the gun  
Because this vato might have you on the run  
And at the same time cryin, shoot down your legs  
but holmes is still tryin to get away  
But hell ya gotta pay  
Pump the fucker back and let the shotgun spray  
Until you lie there dead  
Just for talkin shit you got a bullet in your head  
So if you persist to go on with the shit talkin  
You best keep walking cause this vato's gonna be  
stalking your ass  
Harassing it more than the hura  
Or maybe not the hura pero homey keep trucha  
Or better yet just don't fuck around ese  
Cause I don't like killing off the Brown ese  
So remember this line for the second time  
You do your thing holmes but I'ma do mine

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