

Brooklyn Zu f/ K-Blunt, Popa Chief, Preacherman

"Do it For"

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[Ol' Dirty Bastard sample]

All my babies get big, all my babies get big
I'mma come and see ya'll, don't worry about it
I'mma come and see ya'll, Uncle Dirty gon' come see
ya'll when he get down
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...

[Intro: Buddha Monk]

I don't know what y'all doin' this for
But we doin' this for our nigga Dirt Dog
It's the Brooklyn Zu and we gotta be thankful for this
And we doin' this for all our people out there
So all my people out there that's ready to get down with
us
I just want y'all to do one thing... smell me

[12 O'Clock]

I do it for them chicks who caught a baby from a rape
And fucked that nigga raw and caught their period late
She-she's on welfare, get a hundred and sixty eight
Her bills one seventy, seed need a birthday cake
The lazy-ass chick who don't clean, cook or bake
And plays the couch, Jim Jones, Rick Lake
"Hello" when I enter the door, pull my pants to the floor
Want me fuck the pussy 'til it's sore
I do it for the rich, middle-class and the poor
The projects, the suburbs, the liquor store
I'm the rap law in here, do it for the sneaks and the
gear that I wear
The sound of a tec when it's blastin' in the air
I do it for the piss in the project stairs, for a breath of
fresh air
I do it for that beat that's bangin' in my ear
My Brooklyn Zu niggaz is here

[Chorus x2: Preacherman]

Livin' in this world is crazy
And it been so hard but we made it
Everything the Zu been through
Thank all the fans you know how we do

[K-Blunt]

First of all, who said it gotta be that way?
I don't wanna be the last one to pray today
I don't wanna go to sleep, knowin' shit ain't right
I don't wanna hear my mom fight my dad tonight
All I wanna do is go to school and get good marks
Graduate, get a job, get that hurt out of heart
For the children that thought, all they had was pain
I do it for the umbrella to stop that rain
They say we do it to breed killas and gangbangers
We don't do it like y'all do it, we do it for coat hangers
And butter for that bread, that's ten days old
Water and electricity to heat that cold
For our grandparents who struggled for the right to
speak
We do it for them, through this mic we eat
And we do it to this beat like makin' love so sweet
We did ten shows at ten grand, that's a hundred K this
week

[Chorus x2]

[Papa Chief]

Aiyo the Devil could never make me do it, somebody
had to do it
I felt obligated to Z-U it
Not because I wanted to, cuz I had to
Nobody does it better, Brooklyn Zu forever
We stay chasin' chicks and cheddar
Through the rough and stormy weather we gon' make it
together
Blaze a forest, pour out a whole keg of beer
For the warriors that we lost that are no longer here
For the big bucks, the big trucks, the groupies that blow
and suck
For all my niggaz with the big thangz tucked
For the baby mamas and them seeds, the pink slips
and them D's
For all our fans who right here to overseas
When we do it, it gets done right
Murderin' mics, the gunfights, hustlin' mornin' to
midnight
Back to daylight, from the street bikes to the chrome
bikes
Papa Chief do it just because it feels right

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Preacherman + extra harmonizing]

Keep movin'... yeah, keep movin'...

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