

Sticky Fingaz "Let's Do It"

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Fuck niggaz though it was man? Right, right
I'ma holla at 'em dog nah mean
Got my nigga, Mike B, south suicide Queens
X-million, bout to tear it down wit my nigga
You know? Stick holla at 'em dog

I'm gettin' tired of the war stories, kid I heard 'em all
And before they could fake and make up another one
that's false
I'ma take it and break it down, so y'all could knock it off
It's my call, in my corner they too soft

Mr. 'I don't give a fuck', don't need much
But heat in the truck, weed in the dutch, beats I'm
beatin' 'em up
Streetsweepin' 'em up, niggaz deals is suckers
More than the game, don't let the fame go to your brain

I'm still in the rain, where lives get caught in the drain
It's nothin' to me, niggaz ain't fuckin' wit me
I dump at your V and leave you niggaz slumped in your
seat
Jump if it's beef but wolves need somethin' to eat

Nigga dollar signs cover my eyes, Gucci material
Bottom line, hand on my nine wit no serial
First class flights and TV's is digital

You could bust guns and get it right homey
Up in the club, we came to get it gully
Smoke weed, drink henny, man get it ugly
Hard liquor for sure, 'cause we don't pop bubbly

Load up your steel, nigga dump it only
We don't talk, true story, all about our money
From the streets we ride, you know our style homey
If shorty wanna bounce wit us then she out homey

Shit, 'cause it's all official
Load your pistol, I ain't right and I'm sure to hit you
Shoot through walls, you could die with your bitch too
So ladies, get out the way first

You gotta be kiddin' dog, I got to spray first, nigga
Turn your promotional van into a hearse
Oh, bitches love the way I sit in the drop, pull up in the
spot
They suck cock off the strength of the watch

Lil' homey and that's alone
Fuck you got guns for if your gats at home?
You need to have 'em on your waste like me
Run, duck, hide from the Jake like me

Been around the world on fake ID
I got businesses, shot witnesses
Bottom line, X-1 is hot with this shit

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Yo Woozy, Googly and Cookie
Roofies and usually on two-three
Luny, disrespectful and moody
Stupid, I hate the world I'm too into me

Drink until I throw up and smoke until I tweak
Can't see me settle for less until I peak
Two milly, I'm too willy
Fifty thousand pills a week, I'm too filthy

Stocks and realty, crops and feel we
Scotch and whiskey, I pop til I'm twisty
Talented and gifty, fuck til I'm limp D
I'm so empty, everybodies finish

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