

Dougie D

"Who Gone Do It"

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[Hook - 4x]

Who gon do it, the way I do
Who gon get this bitch hot as I do, and keep it live as I
do

[Dougie D]

First of all, look I'm in mash mode
Motherfuckers wasn't even expecting, but here I go
You know me from the Maab, you know me from the
S.L.A.B
Niggaz be wanting to see Dougie, show his raw naked
ass
What about niggaz that's hating, I don't feel that there
What about niggaz that's pressing, I kill that there
I'm a certified G, like a freak on with one T.V
I keep a click of killas, that's stupid and all coo-coo
Like the way I keep it live, yeah we like that boy
Like the way I keep it on fire, yeah we like that boy
I'ma jump on the track, and ride it and keep wiggling
Panties'll get wet, while pads'll get messy
Who gon do it like I do it, no other or nan nother
Dougie'll get this motherfucker hot, like summer
A Guerilla Maab nigga, I represent it forever
Until I retire my jersey, and touch another level

[Hook - 4x]

[Dougie D]

God damn it, I'm on fire
Just as soon as I commits to speaking, the shit burn
down
I'm a lyrical mastermind, with my punch line rhyme
Make a motherfucker rewind, and play it one mo' time
I'm a street toner scholar, game I got a lot of
Flipping through the city, with my chicken on my wood
divider
Trying to get me I think nada, this beam on top of my
nine-a
Will go on top of your noggin, and knock everything up
out of it
Whoo, when you boys gon learn

When you fuck around with the fire, your ass will get
burned
I done paid my dues daddy, so you wait your turn
And my mind up on my money, I don't know bout yours
And I'm still riding, sliding cocked up
Don't give a motherfuck, squeeze a bitch up on her butt
Hollin' man hold up, getting full and fucked up
It's your nigga Dougie D, wrecking this bitch and
getting bucked

[Hook - 4x]

[Trae]

Follow me inside the mind of a thugger, that's known to
slug a
Never gon be nan nother, that's rougher coming out
the gutter
I mean it and I tell you, I spit it like I'ma give it gangsta
For the digits these niggaz be weaker, than a fake ass
wanksta
I'm a corner bender, on 20's with T.V.'s
And the bang be knocking off they fenders, pretenders
can never enter
To kick it with Maab related Guerillas, so niggaz hate it
They know that they perpetrated, they life'll be
confiscated
For fucking with a well known, with a weapon that's well
shown
Conversating on cell phones, with work to get it gone
I'm just doublizing, with ways to shut 'em down
And since I shut 'em down, it's best they lay it down

[Cl'Che]

It ain't nan bitch, can do it like I did it
Ain't nan mo'fucker, could screw it like Screw did it
Or amateurs trying, to rhyme against professionals
That's not fair, so bitch I dare
You, to even think you could do what Cl' do
Original S.L.A.B. rider, coming through
Cl'Che, Trae, Dougie D we love to do
When you hating on we do, and the do is in you
I got a rhyme or two, and it's just about you
Cause we dropping these albums, doing just what we
do
And I ain't, never by myself
I got the whole damn Southside, riding on my belt

[Hook - 4x]

