

**Fendrich Reinhard****" Do it Man"**

Visit "[Do it Man](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Big Noyd]

Check it out yo, 'ey yo

They call me Big Noyd, the one that smack the taste  
out

your fucking mouth, I keep it gutter that's what I be  
about

that's what I breathe, what I eat, that's what I shitted out  
I'm from the streets and I'm a G and I know nothing  
else

like when there's beef I grap a Tec from the fucking  
shelve

stuff it in my jeans step on the scene, ruin your health

snitches run their mouth, that's why I do it myself

no need to co, there's noone ratting me out

just to find the guy, I keep it gully nigga ride out

before my thuns come and air out your hide out

matter fact say no more, your raw to grap your four

your scared to call your dog, nigga let's get it on

I set it off, I start long blows

knock your ass out and leave your dead with a bloody  
nose

winking to your front door, who you know as raw as me

a skinny nigga, but up on the streets i'm a beast,  
motherfucker

[Hook: Big Noyd]

Yeah, yeah, this is how we do it man

we busting them chrome nines and running from one  
time

this is how we do it man

my mind on my money and my money on my mind, yep

this is how we do it man

we strap with them big gats, and chases some cool cat

this is how we do it man

we hold it down we don't fuck around niggaz know our  
style, yep

[Masta Ace]

Hope I don't get shot today

'cause I heard some niggaz letting off rounds, like a  
block away

it's like walking through Vietnam  
surrounded by americans dressed like the vietcom  
see that kid, 16, try to cop a gat  
ever since he was a brat he been a copy-cat  
and he ain't scared to pull it blood  
so I better watch my step or I might catch a bullet slug  
see there's all kinds of rival stuff  
we all in the line of fire nigga, and survival's tough  
send my son to the store, 'cause there's mole on the  
bread  
they might send him home with a hole in the head  
and just like 'Windex Cleaner'  
it's clear that niggaz settle problems with their index  
finger  
and my moms has yet to strove  
'cause she know that folks catches strays like pet  
control  
these are dangerous times, the life's on the line  
a nigga might get it by the knife or the nine  
I gotta stay awake when I hold the cake  
'cause the grim reaper looking for a soul to take  
and the next cat may be him  
so I look over my shoulder, when I'm standing at the  
ATM  
ya can go 'head and worry 'bout the crackers, fine  
but that nigga with the nine, skin is black as mine

[Hook: Masta Ace]

This is how they do it man  
sawed-off shot, screaming give me what you got,  
nigga  
this is how they do it man  
straight off blunt spillers and natural born killers  
this is how they do it man  
chrome play the nine, put your life on the line, woaw  
this is how they do it man  
holding down the block, the plot just won't stop, no

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