

## Swizz Beatz

# "Let Me See Ya Do Your Thing (Feat. Baby,...)"

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F/ Baby, Yung Wun

\* send corrections to the typist

[Intro: Baby]

Uh huh (off the top)

Cash Money, Hot Boys (all to me nigga)

You understand . . .

Say Swizz, give it all to me, don't hold it back

I want it, give it all, hit me in the chest wit it nigga

[Verse: Baby]

I got work, bricks, money, pistols

Hoes have bitch-ass niggas runnin' with 'em

Paid money, hard rocks, cheap digits, hard blocks

It's llello cola, heroin and boulders

Stunna Corleone, nigga I told ya this

Mack dimes, doin' time

Uptown riders everybody been dinin'

It's third wall nothin' but these uptown souljas

N-Y G's, the barrel high rolla'

It's Swizz and Stunna, in a Ram stuntin' (wassup)

20 inches, nothin' under (wassup)

It's glocks and bitches we been killin' snitches (oh)

Work? fuck the Feds, nigga we livin' (oww)

Yo ask me twice I ain't neva been nice

Always been a gangsta poppin' willas don't bite

[Chorus: Swizz Beatz]

Let me see you do ya thing - yo, if ya ballin'

Let me see you do ya thing - yo, if ya ridin'

(Let me see you do ya thiiiiiiiiing)

Oh no, where's the bitches?

Let me see you do ya thing - yo, where's my niggas?

Let me see you do ya thing - (c'mon) yo! buy the bar

Let me see you do ya thing - gon' floss ya shit

(Let me see you do ya thiiiiiiiiing)

C'mon, rep ya hood

Let me see you do ya thing

[Verse: Yung Wun]

I got the MJ 220 on the streets of Atlanta

Wit the 360 Modena parked diamond savanna  
Life's too short, so a nigga stretch the Porsche and put  
the big screen in it  
It's like a nigga at the movies when he sittin' in it,  
picture seems so vivid  
The windows all tinted, marble flo's in it  
I got doe like Bill when the chip was invented  
So it's, no thing for me to pull a few strings to  
Get a, few things that cost a few G's  
You ain't passed it down to me, so it has to be  
Way it be, as you see I'm tryin' to find me a place in the  
hills  
Put a blighty in the backyard and move right back to the  
ville  
I'm a always be where it's real (nigga)  
And chill where the caps get peeled (what!) and niggas  
get killed  
'Till I die I'm a live 'till I can't no more  
Sell crack and bust guns (what's up?) 'till I'm at the  
morgue

[Chorus]

[Verse: Baby]

I'm real, I'm steel, I'm hard to kill  
Been packin' bullets, shoot out at will  
Stunna Corleone, sellin' he-roine  
Uptown make this mine, stemmies get grown  
Casey Brice, ten the price  
Kill that nigga I'll shife his life  
It's Fresh, Stunna, Weezy, Turk, Swizz, Jada, DMX, let  
work  
Bitch, nigga, I hate them niggas  
All I fuck wit is these real ass niggas  
It's Ruff-Ryder, Cash Money  
D give me the name, I'll bust a hundred  
It's Ro-lex, hoe don't flex  
I'm worth\* 200-mil, bitch what's next?  
It's full-surface, Swizz that's next  
Nigga act up, we breakin' they neck

[Chorus] (2x)

[Outro]

Whoa, whoa  
Break it out whoodi . . .

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