

Geile Sau

"What They Do"

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Chorus [Fiend]

Oww I'm just doing what them drug dealers do
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,
come on
I'm just doing what them drug dealers do
Makin' money, smokin' weed, with my thug nigga crew,
ya heard me?

[Mr. Serv-On]

I got pimps lined up sayin' they lovin' my game
I got bitches screamin' out they gave their baby my
name
I can't bust for nothing, I can't fight with no hoe
I got 10 thousand project niggas rushing my show
Pushing side to side, cause they feel what I say
If you scared of real niggas, get the fuck out the way
Never loving no bitch, I won't live cause I'm rich
3rd Ward I represent it, yeah I'm bleeding for this
I wear my tank with pride, ain't no peace in my eye
Set a raw date, want my shit, and bitch you gon' die
Never fucking told 'em, couldn't running from cowards
No Limit, Tre 6, ya heard?, the world is ours

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[DJ Paul]

Until I go I'm hollerin', don't fuck with my click

It's Hypnotize, but I fucks with No Limit, bitch
These words are out my mouth, are from my heart they
come
I cuts bitches with my Auto T '91
I cock back the gat, niggas like on the run
It's no release on the trigger, 'til job is done
Off in my crew, lil' bitch, a coward has got no place
We fire shots from a Navi off in your place
Blaow, blaow, blaow

[Juicy J]

You got these Hoe-Town killas, M-Town figures
Hooked up with the fools from New Orleans now we
bigger
Droppin' off them Kizzies, junkies yellin' crazy
Can I get a hit before I put your block on frizzy?
I told that fucking junkie, with his nose all ruined
Get the fuck up out my face, I'm going to make this
money
and since I'm always stressin', I keep a Smith N Wesson
I look him in the face and then I put two in his chest

Chorus [Fiend]

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