

H.A.W.K. f/ Will-Lean, D-Gotti

"Do You Luv It"

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Yeah that's right, Houston Texas..

[Hook]

Nextel phones, and twinkie inches of chrome
Million dollar homes, and players'll still moan
Got the game mapped out, and Rolexes and platinum
necklace
Benz and Lexus, represent Houston Texas do you love
it

[D-Gotti]

The game done changed, it's stangs we bring
Five S. Cardige ring, connected with gangs
Real range on death defying leapords, niggaz ain't soft
Rougher than raw, shop on the Internet fuck the mall
9-9 L-Dog, top released for sixty G's
Wreck streets, D-Gotti the owner for what you see
It's what it be, it's under the bomb concedes me
Man tone large land, and pool and concrete
Running, from Federal agents with surveillance taping
Five star rate, seven figga mail we making
For granted we taking, but when we smash it's over
Niggaz pulling out new Vipers, and stretch Range
Rovers
Syruped out or sober, I'm intellectually thoed
Pimp pens on futon, off in my Gucci robe
And all praises to my Pa with his high, cause ballers
designed
To hop off in my shoes, cause I'm thoed and on fire on
my

[Hook - 2x]

[Will-Lean]

On roam, connected with cell phones
Million dollar homes, parvay with marble stones
Caddy Fleet wood bromes, platinum Rolex with ice
Foreigns off the lot, without checking the price
To be precise boppers want when they hear, the Jag
horn
Creased up in Ralph Lauren, or dobbed out in Phat

Farm

Princess cut Clover charm, got my rocks on glare
So extroadinare, it make you stop and stare
Don't dare to compare, your knots to big shots
That cruise on big yachts, protected like Ft. Knox
V-12 dubbed out, 20 inches I pulled out
Chopping and knocking, these niggaz up off the block
On dots tops dropped, hogging flossing on chrome
Low-Pro's Perellis on my celly, dogging the zone
Holding my own playa, on top the Astro-dome
Frequencies get cloned, while I'm getting my mail on
on my

[Hook - 2x]

[H.A.W.K.]

Of course, I'm in convertible Porshe
Race horse golf course, front page of the Source
Text for intercourse, with the beautiful ladies
600 Mercedes, everything's all gravy
Do you feel me baby, Benz 2 triple 0
Steering wheel mo-mo, on twinkie Lorenzos
Screens glow, as they fall from the ceiling
Say oooh what I'm feeling, when you're playing with
millions
Hoes stalk me, from Texas to Milwaukee
My minutes'll cost me, so hit me via walkie-talkie
Alast it's iceless, cause my jewelry's so priceless
One look and you're hooked, and I'll leave you
sightless
Accumulate dividends, with my ball-point pen
Vocabulary extraordinary, sometimes hard to
comprehend
Lenden is what I wear, devinare soft my fair
I'm known everywhere, as a seven figga playa on my

[Hook - 2x]

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