

# I Do It

## 2 Chainz

Thank God for the first nigga started drinking  
Thank God for the first nigga started rapping  
Thank God for the first girl to start stripping  
And I'mma have to keep it muhfucking real with 'em  
I got a problem with these niggas  
I got a problem with these bitches  
Trigger finger keep itchin'  
I pull it, I do it

Hang up on a bitch, call it crucified  
Time to go to work, no suit and tie  
Bumpin' Makaveli, I be trappin' at the telly  
My nigga did a dime and he back already  
Got that sack already, man we got them racks already  
As far as your girl, I hit it from the back already  
I tried to get a tan, but I'm black already  
Your pockets on a diet, my pockets fat already  
Three niggas with me, me myself and I  
God don't like ugly, you should testify  
My T-shirt come from bergdorf  
I make so much from a verse I take a third off  
Bird call, swerve off  
Bust a nut on her, tell her that's a load off  
Shorty ass soft, like a Nerf ball  
If you don't like what I'm doing, nigga, fuck y'all

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Drank in my cup, hope this shit don't spill  
Pull up in the new edition and that's word to Johnny Gill  
How I come up with this shit and all these verses that I kill  
I have no imagination, everything I do for real  
Bitch I'm camouflage down put your camera phone down  
If she got an ass and the girl a fan, it's going down  
I'mma fuck you like I've been waiting a century for it  
Give the pussy up and I'll trade you the memory for it  
In the bedroom forever that's what her roommate will tell you  
Man I just hear this shit and think about what Tunechi will tell you  
He might call up Patricia, she 'bout to call up Melissa

Tell 'em come to the crib and do them both, double dribble  
I'm colder than a hospital, she love the dick that I give her  
Hit her from the front, back, side, twist her like cigarillos  
I put the gun to the pillow, I don't want blood on my clothes  
Gotta keep that Trukfit fresh, shoutout to all of my hoes  
Tunechi...

That's just how my OG would sum it up  
I been working all winter just to fuck the summer up  
It's just me and 2 Chainz, but the chain's never tucked though

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Well, if you know like I know that pussy pop like pyro  
And she know I'm a pothead, that pussy like a pothole  
I'm colder than the snot nose, man all these hoes is my hoes  
If she bougie fuck her once then leave her hanging, dry clothes  
I just built a cemetery, niggas dying to get in  
Niggas lying, they pretend  
Don't cross that line its paper thin  
High as a star, make a wish  
I'm a shark, I ate the fish  
I got no heart, I hate that bitch

You hate that bitch, well I hate that bitch  
Will jump a nigga like a chessboard  
Do a drive by while you're riding on your skateboard  
They ain't even know it  
Have Drake sing a song just to get her pussy wet  
Then I take her to the crib  
Man fuck that bitch right on the step  
Put it in and take it back out, then I back out  
Hair weave killer known to snatch the fucking track out  
Put me in the game coach, I'm the antidote  
Pull up, kick, throw and take the money and the dope  
True, 2 Chainz, I'm on a plane and a boat  
I am so cold I need a cover and a coat  
Kick it at the mall, call it football  
If you don't like what I'm doing, nigga, fuck y'all

Y'all ready? 1, 2, 3  
Right now it's me time  
A little time for myself, me time  
Oh yeah, right now it's me time  
Don't want no one else now, me time  
Bitch please don't call my phone, don't call my phone  
Said I wanna be left alone, be left alone  
Please, please don't stop by my home  
No, no cause I feel it's just matter of time  
Till you people make me lose my mind  
I'm 'bout to leave this world behind  
Right now it's me time  
You need to go kick rocks now  
Me time