

This Is How We Do

Big Tymers

This how we do it, where I'm from
Thuggin in the club until I see the sun
Shi-ine, on my face, got the gun on my waist
Walkin to my escalade, tellin niggas im not afraid, to let the nine
sing out, let the ring out.

Got one more minute till last call
2 Drunk players leanin on tha wall
3 crazy niggas screamin alcohol
4 More niggas claimin that they ball
5 Bartenders and they all want leave
6 ugly bitches with some hooked up weaves
7 dyke broads and they all look rough
8 niggas hollerin don't fuck with us
9 bitches runnin off at the mouth
10 bitches tryin to hear what they talkin bout
11 cute shorties in the whole damn club
12 wannabe, gonna be, nuthin but scrubs
13 fights, niggas, bitches and dice
14 police reading niggas they rights
15 minutes on interstate-10
at the strip club, we gon' do it again

Comin thru my hood on spinnin blades
mommy know my name, niggas know I don't play
hop out the whip and we blaze in the shade
cuz I gotta get straight, got an ounce of that hate
early birds dont play, makin drops at the spots
we stuggle but we hustle, man we hustle round the clock
goin to the club where the bottles gon pop
we VIP niggas so them bitches gon jock
ay, ay
back on them 23s, Escalade all green, Cadillac lean, who that be nigga? (Hel
lo)
oh, you know it be Baby, he going to the club in somethin updated
Porsche trucks, Infinity graded
gotta give props to the man that made me
Red Gold, I start it went crazy
Afford to stunt, niggaz, stay in y'all places

Picture me and yo misses, lit up like Christmas
I look her in her eyes and ask her can she kiss me
I do you, but never ever him
He is a wimp, and you is a pimp
Then she go down, to my brown
One eye big guy hear that sound
Slurp Slurp, take that spit
Turn everything off bruh Check out my outfit
I'm in the club, smokin buzz with my thugs
Hoes show me love and I never been a scrub
I'm walkin out, thought Lil One had a grudge, she only wanted love, so I hit
em' with a dub
(thats nuthin lil one)
I'm in an Escalade faded, waistline crazy
The yellow gold stealth, faded
Glock packin, with the chrome cocked back
the hood gon' luv it, but them busters gon hate it.

[music fades]