Just incase you forgot, we go by the runners, hold up Chris Brown, this what we do, we do this

I be throwin' up my cash, actin' like money aint a thang, yeah (yeah)
I'm just speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they mad cause they cant
, yeah
I'm Feelin' like a can't lose
And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and the cribs

And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and the cribs I just tell em' it's what I do (its what I do) It's what I do, hey, it's what I do

Everywhere I go they show me love, so I give it back Throw a couple stacks up in the air cause imma get it back See somethin' sexy up in here, imma bring it back They keep on runnin' back, they keep on comin' back

Everybody knows CB see me, sittin' in the front row, playa Stuntin' with my J's on, and it's all for them haterz, yeah We get into that Guap boi, my money to long boi, we do this for fun boi.

I be throwin' up my cash, actin' like money aint a thang, yeah (yeah)
I'm speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they mad cause they cant, yea
h

I'm Feelin' like a can't lose

And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and the cribs I just tell em' it's what I do (its what I do)
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do
NaNaNa, NaNaNa, NaNaNa, NaNaNaah
NaNaNa, NaNaNa, NaNaNa, ey ey it's what I do

Single once again, I'm bout to go where I never been Gone with the wind, cause that ish irrelevant. We can get it in, I mean get it in And I got stamina so don't forget to bring a friend

Nah bring ten, but they gotta be tens Now that's a hundred them, let the runners in, yeah yeah So I give it like an elegist, my CD's sellin out you aint married to the gam e you celibate

I be throwin' up my cash, actin' like money aint a thang, yeah (yeah) I'm speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they mad cause they cant, yeah h

I'm Feelin' like a can't lose

And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and the cribs I just tell em' it's what I do (its what I do)
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do, yeah
NaNaNa, NaNaNa yeah, NaNaNa, NaNaNah yeah
NaNaNa, NaNaNa yeah, NaNaNa, ey ey it's what I do

I keep cash on me, no black cards

They don't know what dem is, I deal with hood brauds

That's a nine on me, that's no ipod, you want my watch homie gimmie five bri cks for it

I got the mazerati, I had to lick for it, we all luv to talk, that's what I paid for it

He say I bought fleet, and all of em mine, four brauds with me, and all of e

m dimes

Six chains on me, and all of em shines

I got my bread right, feels like im 6'9

Aint just hot in mine, I'm hot in every city, she want a pretty boy I brough t Chris Breezy wit me

I be throwin' up my cash, actin' like money aint a thang, yeah (yeah)

I'm just speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they mad cause they cant , yeah

I'm Feelin' like a can't lose

And when they ask me bout the cars (cars), and the girls (girls), and the cr ibs (cribs)

I just tell em' it's what I do (its what I do)

It's what I do, hey, it's what I do, yeah

NaNaNa (nana), NaNaNa (nana), NaNaNa (nana), NaNaNaah

NaNaNa (nanaah), NaNaNa (nana), NaNaNa (nana)

hey hey It's What I Do