

# I Did It for My Dawgz

DJ Khaled

I did it for my dawgs (I did it for my dawgs) (8x)  
Oh Lord!

Hundred in the mula got more diamonds than a jeewler  
Top down on the car, might be riding with a shooter  
Nigga down to do ya, I aint fucking with a curl bar  
Nickle plated ruger have you in a box on Worldstar  
Duck nigga, duck nigga, duck nigga, duck nigga  
Where I'm from you call the fuck nigga  
Pistol in the freezer, spend a kilo on the visa  
Courtside sportscenter, I can make you a believer  
Everybody going broke, keep it real, you gotta fight it  
Hundred kilo's in the beemer, boy don't make me get excited  
Couple milli on the neck like I'm tryna get indicted  
Got a mansion, got a yacht, bad bitch and a tiger  
Real niggas, taking over televisions  
Dope boys riding in a new set of benzes  
Hot boy, Young boy, still on fire  
What's a death sentence cause we all gotta die

Sittin' on them M's, mad shit is gettin realer  
Got my hood looking like Buying all these foreigners I be in and out the dealer  
Just to let my niggas hold on when they rollin, it could kill 'em  
And these suckas, I don't feel 'em  
I don't even see 'em  
I'mma die fly, Rest in Peace Aaliyah  
Half my dawgs dead, the rest of them is here  
If all your jewels fake, how the fuck we gon believe ya  
Said I did it for my dawgs, did it for my dawgs  
Everybody ridin' till you sit 'em in the morgue  
Started with a now I'm sittin' in a Porsche  
With the shooters right behind me  
Shit, you looking at a boss  
Rose gold rolie on my wrist, flawless  
Hundred bottles send 'em to the vip, ballin'  
Basketball leather in the Benz, Spalding  
Ya'll niggas talking, fuck is yall retarded?

I did it for my dawgs  
Did it for them niggas with a vision like a boss  
Did it for them niggas in the kitchen with the salt  
Now I'm in that white thing, 500 horses for my niggas in the But got bikes in my hand and a drop head Rolly  
Staring at the ceiling when I wake up in the morning  
My dawg doing life, try to see him 'fore he hit the coffin'  
Play with my paper, run up in your offices  
It's the '012 Ice Cube nigga with the Raider hat  
A maniac nigga, where the paper at  
Highway to life, need a hundred mill exit  
50 on the wrist, hundred on the necklace

Yo, watch who you drinking with  
Watch who you smoking with  
1.7 in my safe when I open it (cash)  
If I put 7 in ya face, will I open it  
And I know tomorrow aint promised but I hope it is

Love to get acquainted with you  
Stay and tear the jail up  
Did it for my dawgs so I had to put the bails up  
Get them thangs off so I haven't put the scales up  
Treat you like a pit, get ya ears and ya tail cut  
Choppas still hot, you can hold it for yourself  
Versace, same buckle on the loafers and the belt  
Yeh the pills is flying but the smokers is something else  
If the spot catch fire, the coke will just really melt  
The dough got 'em bringing in the broads  
Obvious the flow got 'em screaming for the lord  
If there's money on ya head what you think is the reward?  
I aint do it for myself, you know who I did it for?

[Hook]