

## Do Something

Hurricane Chris

Ay, ay, ay. Say dis real rite here ya heard me. Niggas jus don't neva stop hatin, Ay.

I think somebody tryna do me somethin, (do something) cuz i can't sleep (do something). And i'm nervous when i eat, (do something) and i ain't even got no beef (do something). But it feel like i got beef (do something), cuz i ain't slept in a week (do something). And i ain't takin a step outta my door without that heat. (do something)

I think somebody tryna do me something, cuz i cant sleep. My ma ma cooked a meal for me, but i cant eat. Its too much shit on my mind, i can't stop thinkin bout dyin, so whoeva cross that line, you gon get dat .45. My daddy jus got home, but they jus came and got my nigga ,poor Victor Feelin got caught up wit two choppas and a pistol. And i 'm beginning to hate these rap niggas real fast. Put my name on a track im gon come where you at and blast. Just the other day i almost had to do a nigga. He thought i was go fight him, but i wus gon shoot a nigga. Now i know that sound fucked up, but i aint got no time. Soon as you whip a nigga he jus gon go get his iron, his nine, or his rugle, howeva he wanna do ya. I aint thinkin, i aint talkin, i aint boxing, ima shoot ya. His nine or his rugle, howeva he wanna do ya. I aint thinkin, i aint talkin, i aint boxing ima shoot ya.

I think somebody tryna do me something, i see him lookin. Come play me like a rookie, watch how quick i leave you shaken. I hop outta the bushes wit that thang like surprise, and if you try to run then that choppa knock off yo thighs. La-la-la-la-la-la-la, take off i'll shoot off yo tires. Me an my clique be posted up on the block, wuts yo sign (get em up), but back to the subject of how these hataz wish me death, i peeped the way these niggas try to play me to the left. So i keep the "K" off in the trunk, i'm heated when i step, cuz beefin ain't beefin until you stop somebody breath. And if we creepin, i'm creepin, bussin til it ain't nuthin left. If we creepin, i'm creepin bussin til it ain't nuthin left, like dat.

Do something, do something, do something, nigga do something. D  
o something, do something, do  
something, nigga do somehting.

I remember one Sunday we hit the scene, it was packed, sittin o  
n 22's wit the paint wet black.  
Me an my nigga he got my back, i got his back. Dem hoes standin o  
n top of the car shakin cat.  
We finna do a show, so we pull the truck to the back. But when  
i hit the door, them niggas  
ain't know how to act. Dem hoes grabbin on my chain, pullin on  
my plaits. Dey want me to take  
em home and hit em from the back. But when we got outside, them  
pussy niggas wus hatin, actin  
like he wanna do me something but he fakin. I asked him wut it  
wus wit no fuckin hesitation,  
one false move ima leave you shakin on the pavement. I had a fu  
nny feeling that something was  
going on, nigga wanna do me something cuz im ridin on chrome. I  
had a funny feeling that  
something was going on, nigga wanna do me something cuz im ridi  
n on chrome.