

Do It To Death

Little Brother

Yeahhh... uh

Yeahhh... uh

'Bout a 9 on the Richter Scale
Wit a whole lotta mixtapes and shit to sale
Soon as the LB hit the shelves
Y'all niggaz is ass out like Chip & Dale's
Not rescue rangers, we don't rescue strangers
Who jump ship, 'cause they ain't think our ship would sail
And now they tremblin, cause Tay's the Gremlin
Who won't let y'all niggaz eat after twelve
Me and my team, yeah we be lampin
And let y'all silly niggaz, yeah we be laughin
Y'all ain't gory fellas, ya'll, are storytellers
On some, "Well y'know this one time at band camp..." shit
You don't wanna go to war wit the Cap'n
Tell ya boy to fall back like he was relapsin

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)

I'ma do it to death! (uh)

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)

I'ma do it to death! (uh)

You can voice your opinion, you could front on my LP
Criticize all you want but cain't none of ya tell me (what?)
That I don't deserve this; you lucky that we breathin
Trust me, there's a REASON I'm runnin wit LB
And we ain't goin out main crippled by the industry
Since rollin out the fame triple tremendously
The hunger still there, must I remind these dudes
When dinner is frozen pizza and Chinese food
I'm self-managed, self-made, and certainly self-centered
Nobody would take the job so I cast myself in it
(By choice) I'm independent, you'll understand inna minute
Learn from all the red tape, I went through in the beginning
(Gimme mine!) But see the bad side is Supastition
I'ma, do it to death and here's proof I did it, ja'know?

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)

I'ma do it to death! (uh)

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)

I'ma do it to death! (uh)

Young'n you write cautious, I flow nauseous
You Datsun, we Porsches; sturrin up losses
For bosses or so-called bosses
Runnin back home to you porches, nauseous
Cause and effect, it's because of me
You don't get no respect, and you ain't learned yet
That you are no threat, and I will not fret
I get more love than you on your own set
I'm willin to bet you got someone in ya ear
Tellin you, all the pretty shit you wanna hear
Like how you gon really put a end in my career
Keep sayin, "You a beast" Muh'fucker, not here
'Cause I am the king, and this is my throne
And all that treason will not be condoned

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)
I'ma do it to death! (uh)
I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)
I'ma do it to death! (uh)

This is the Black Civil War (war); poor vs. the poor
Hood vs. the block, what's Down South vs. at all
Small town vs. the big city (city)
Kinda like Pac vs. Biggie, we get to see the herds creep
I'm the street, while the labels is thirs-TY
Laughin and placin bets like, (ha ha) "Who gon have the biggest first week?"
WOOOW! See James Brown bit the dust
Everybody said, "Don't nobody speak for US!"
You cain't tell a nigga shit, turn the speakers up
Get the freaks for us, light the reefer up
All that Malcolm X {?} too deep for us
Yeah, you right so that spells defeat for us
Naw I'm wearin my vest, and I'm loadin my Tec
And I'm reppin my set, WHAT DA FUCK YOU EXPECT! BLAOW!

I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)
I'ma do it to death! (uh)
I'ma do it to death! (yeahhh...)
I'ma do it to death! (uh)