

Doing What I Do

Mac Dre

Yea, yes, yea, yes, mmhmm
Mac Dreezy, Mac Dreezy (who)
I'm back baby
Oh boy where ya been
I'm back
Boy where ya been
Check it

I'm out the roof of a old school
Trynna campaign
Smokin' champagne
Doin' the damn thang
Now this a damn shame
How these smurf's hate
But these Gilligan's been trippin' since my first tape
Well here's another knock
Dope as a hover rock
For you to bump while you sidin' through the parkin' lot
After the club
Pull it on a dove
Hollerin' at hutches that's trynna get dug
Out, drout on niggaz like me
M to the D from the R-O-M-P bo billy
Usin' gangsta scare tactics
Tennis shoe pimpin' in my Nike Air Max's
Back on the street after 5 in the slammer
I'm lookin' saucy somebody get a camera
Oh, you mad
I ain't mad at you
I thought you knew
I'm just doin' what I do

I'm doin' what I do (This is what I do)
Bitch don't get mad if I'm not fuckin' with you (I ain't fuckin' with you)
Or fuckin' with you (Damn sure I ain't fuckin' with you)

She heard the 15's knock when I hit the block
Then I hopped out butter and she had to jock
I'm a ho magnet
Heat I'm gon' pack it
Doe I'm gon' stack it
Lick I'm gon' jack it
On the scene
Always smokin' green
In the pen I had CO's bringin' me the damn thing
It's yo niggidy (It's yo niggidy)
Mac Drigidy (Mac Drigidy)
Back in the V look at me I'm livin' free
No parole
I can choke a ho
Get mail, post bail, and they gon' let me go
I'm here to let you know
This as real as it gets
I'm makin' hunks and chunks
Don't fuck with kibbles and bits
Big face, hundred dollar bills
Got me, straight face

Gunnin' for the skril
I'm runnin' with the P.O
Goin' for 2
With the double R crew
Doin' what I do

Mac D-R-Ebonics
Dope as chronic
Put it to a beat and make it stank like vomit
Boy I'm a foo-el (foo-el)
Human jew-el (jew-el)
At the studie turnin' blunt into do-bells
With D-Con cause he keep the bomb
And the Crest Side be the turf where we from (Crest Sida)
I'm a hustla
Straight chip getta
And she gotta pay for Dre to get with her
No doe ho
Leave me alone
I'm in the drop with the Cali sun heat in my dome
Feelin' like a movie star when I slide
They know who the hell we are when we ride
It's Country Club Crest Side crew
Actin' some fools
Potna doin' what the fuck we do
Gorilla gurpin'
Stay out the way boy
And bow down when you see Mac Dre boy

[Chorus x2]