

## Do It Man

Masta Ace

Check it out yo, 'ey yo  
They call me Big Noyd, the one that smack the taste out  
your fucking mouth, I keep it gutter that's what I be about  
that's what I breathe, what I eat, that's what I shitted out  
I'm from the streets and I'm a G and I know nothing else  
like when there's beef I grap a Tec from the fucking shelve  
stuff it in my jeans step on the scene, ruin your health  
snitches run their mouth, that's why I do it myself  
no need to co, there's noone ratting me out  
just to find the guy, I keep it gully nigga ride out  
before my thuns come and air out your hide out  
matter fact say no more, your raw to grap your four  
your scared to call your dog, nigga let's get it on  
I set it off, I start long blows  
knock your ass out and leave your dead with a bloody nose  
winking to your front door, who you know as raw as me  
a skinny nigga, but up on the streets i'm a beast, motherfucker

Yeah, yeah, this is how we do it man  
we busting them chrome nines and running from one time  
this is how we do it man  
my mind on my money and my money on my mind, yep  
this is how we do it man  
we strap with them big gats, and chases some cool cat  
this is how we do it man  
we hold it down we don't fuck around niggaz know our style, yep

Hope I don't get shot today  
'cause I heard some niggaz letting off rounds, like a block away  
it's like walking through Vietnam  
sorrounded by americans dressed like the vietcom  
see that kid, 16, try to cop a gat  
ever since he was a brat he been a copy-cat  
and he ain't scared to pull it blood  
so I better watch my step or I might catch a bullet slug  
see there's all kinds of rival stuff  
we all in the line of fire nigga, and survival's tough  
send my son to the store, 'cause there's mole on the bread  
they might send him home with a hole in the head  
and just like 'Windex Cleaner'  
it's clear that niggaz settle problems with their index finger  
and my moms has yet to strove  
'cause she know that folks catches strays like pet control  
these are dangerous times, the life's on the line  
a nigga might get it by the knife or the nine  
I gotta stay awake when I hold the cake  
'cause the grim reaper looking for a soul to take  
and the next cat may be him  
so I look over my shoulder, when I'm standing at the ATM  
ya can go 'head and worry 'bout the crackers, fine  
but that nigga with the nine, skin is black as mine

This is how they do it man  
sawed-off shot, screaming give me what you got, nigga  
this is how they do it man  
straight off blunt spillers and natural born killers  
this is how they do it man

chrome play the nine, put your life on the line, woaw  
this is how they do it man  
holding down the block, the plot just won't stop, no