

## Do It Right

Tony Yayo

Hold on to ya looove. (yeah!)  
If you wanna do it, (g'eah!) take your time {LET'S GO! }  
Do it riiight! You can do it baby.  
Get yo' money riiiiight! (g'eah!) {TONY YAYO! }

After two fifths of Cru - I had the plan made (made!)  
Nigga got his food ate, patched it up with' a band-aid.  
Max mayonnaise, macaroni cheese, and mustard (mustard!)  
Your bitches look busted! - Shit got me! Disgusted! - Clusters droop off the  
left wrist  
I think I got a death wish.  
Sittin' back, suicidal thoughts of doin' it,  
Hittin' the switch. - All my niggaz could move a brick. I can move the shit  
on a slow day, no play, okay? (Okaaay!) I be speakin' to my bitch Oshay.  
And as we roll on. - "Hold on to ya loooove."  
Mami fiendin', she want more drugs. (more!) Shaking and she goin' through wi  
thdrawls  
Big pitfalls. - I'm 'bout to be the shit dog.  
Can a nigga stop what I'm bringin' - singin'  
Soundin' all good, I'm going all around the hood. - It's Max B!  
If you wanna do it, take your time  
Do it riiight!  
You can do it baby. Get yo' money riiiiight!

Get high till we can't see  
Your rap career over! - Look for plan B! (what?)  
These rap niggaz - softer than cotton candy  
I ain't a boss! - All my niggaz family! Every nigga near me (uh-  
huh) - got a gun just as big as Camby  
That's Marcus, and open coffins.  
Bootleg cable - and bitch  
You get what you bring to the table (uh-huh!) - I got shrimp  
And spaghetti! - And Prego sauce! Yeah, my boy polished,  
Homie ding those off - and I hear him knockin'. (whattup?)  
It's the Wavie Crockett - with more hoes  
From River Road and more O's, and plenty rolled. From food stamps to big che  
cks (uh-huh!)  
And I'll smack a bitch with' a 100 stacks off a reflex. That's a jackpot! -  
650 with the ragtop  
And Pillsbury for a mascot.

If you wanna do it, take your time Do it riiight! (Y'all niggas know what ti  
me it is, nigga!)  
You can do it baby. (Call me: "Eury"!)  
Get yo' money riiiiight! (Cause I'm spendin' Euros, ya heard?)  
S.O.D.! - Swammies On Deck, homie.  
My killers O.D. and die for respect homie. (BLAOW!) The barrel of my gun - s  
tart to pre-cum Fiendin' to buss, I'm low when the D's come. G-  
Unit is a money-makin' fountain  
25 on the wrist, my chick in Christian LaBoutan's.  
Kick a nigga in the head, football punt a nigga,  
Then stab a nigga quick like a London, nigga!  
Your career is a blender nigga. - Mine is promised!  
I wear a 9 in the snakeskin Pradas.  
With' a 9 in a chick that's chasin' dollars  
Like I'm chasin' dollars;  
By any means necessary,

Yeah, a nigga necklace heavy.  
Let the caviar dreams star out  
I'm in the hood with the Porsche out!  
To the G5 turbulation,  
The fly dude by it - where they camel-  
racin'. {Whooooooooooooooooooooo Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid! }

If you wanna do it, (That's money! That's money right there!)  
Do it riiight! (That shit is better in Vegas, and out there in Dubai.)  
You can do it baby. (Youkno'Imean?)  
Get yo' money riiiiight! (And makes Vegas?)

You know?  
But you can't gamblin' on!  
You gon' only better cameras and shit!  
Big money!  
That's big boss shit, ya heard?