

# Baby Let Me See You Do It

Waka Flocka Flame

Um, yeah, what?  
If you love life like I love life, say "hell yeah  
I ain't hear you, man (what?)

Put your hands up if you came to ball  
We drinking white Remy 'til we motherfucking fall  
Put your hands up if you love life  
We buy bottles by the 20, we don't want no Bud Ice  
What's popping? Baby, let me see you do it  
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My phone hot, them folks on my landline  
Dropped 64 bands just to tell time  
You a used-to-be, shawty, I'm what's popping now, get used to me  
Pussy, you are history  
So I called Wooh and Dunk  
These rappers' singles sound like Flocka, crowd like, "Uh huh, yeah"  
Shitting on my peers  
Headlight diamonds in my ear, I fuck them by the pair, I swear  
What I'm driving don't come out 'til next year  
I'm in the two-seater, ice, tats and wife beaters, yeah  
Old ass rappers need to retire  
30's the new 20", you a motherfucking liar  
Call me Sire Waka Flocka Flame  
Nigga tried to kill me, but his ese have no aim  
I'm what's popping now, shawty, you a used-to-be  
All I know is grind, you can call me Pusha T

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Okay, three three-pieces and two orange juices  
Riding in that Big Worm, sitting on deuces  
Ice cream man selling popsicles and looseys  
New jack in the city, where the fuck is Pookie?  
Back to the basics, strip a nigga naked  
Kick a nigga's door, find the work in the basement  
Scaring niggas straight to the place where Ma\$e went  
Exterminate the witness, judge asking where the case went  
You don't want no parts of me, my squad grand larceny  
Bucking on your goons, brought the Million Man March with me  
FN in the holster, kush in the coaster  
Barry Stevens jello, keep everything kosher

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I'm living good, I'm drinking good, I'm smoking great  
He's looking bad, his pockets slim, they losing weight  
Closed casket every verse, his career's a wake  
He run with them Kit Kat boys, give that boy a break  
I'm what's popping now, they don't wanna hear you  
If my life was in your hands, I still wouldn't feel you  
BSM gorillas, we are not tamed  
Mind filled with thoughts, heart filled with pain  
I'm what's popping now, I'ma chop him down  
MJ bullets hit him, make him spin around  
Wooh da King is a hazard, keep your hands off  
Diamonds shining so bright, call me black boss

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