

# U-Way (How We Do It) (Remix)

YoungBloodz

(Wodie, Shawty, Shawty, Wodie)  
(Wodie, Shawty, Shawty, Wodie)  
(Wodie, Shawty, Shawty, Wodie)  
(Wodie, Shawty, Shawty, Wodie)

Now this one there that for them country folk  
Them heavy Chevy ridin' players with them hundred spokes  
And when I holla shawty shawt I know ya hear me, hoe  
And since you hard like blow, now tell me what you in for  
You and your partner ride a Benz, but your endz low  
You shake it, we take it, that's how we get it on the blow  
You, you wit, that's how we do it shawty, you ain't know?  
How to get it, willing to risk it with my cashload  
We sweepin', really we creepin', I chop you up bro  
Me and my nigga dead serious, like facin' death row  
'Bout that paper, my nigga serious bout that cash flow  
Punk ass, while I be comin' straight up out that Alto  
A-T-L and New Orleans will chop you up, bro

[Chorus]

Now where I'm from, we say Wodie  
And where I'm from, we say Shawty  
A-T-L and New Orleans  
Now how we do it when we do it Wodie, (U-Way)  
Now where I'm from, we say Wodie  
And where I'm from, we say Shawty  
A-T-L and New Orleans  
Now how we do it when we do it Shawty, (U-Way)

'Gon slide them thangs out that attic, time ta polish 'em down  
We about to get it krunk, and let the violence go down  
Niggas ducked off in cuts, niggas sittin' on top of houses  
Pull my gun out like "What!", niggas run away like cowards  
Smoke angel dust, be ridin' at night in Jags and stuff  
And hit a nigga, prolly turn into a massacre  
I'm tellin' ya  
Please don't play, cause all day I been inhalin' blunts  
And my whole mind is blown away  
I feel like killing stuff (Skurt!)  
I pull up in a dropped Hummer  
And shoot 50 at them cocksuckers  
Say biatch, it don't, Wodie let me get 'em  
Just gimme the word, Unless shawty gonna spit 'em  
Nigga's blessings be with 'em, cause Lil Wayne burn niggas  
Bet them they gon try up for listenin' flippin' jurn niggas  
Y'all better learn niggas, If ya dumb, she can't chea  
Represent Cash Money, for all time, A-T-L. (Atlanta)

[Chorus]

We be them boys, have fro's with them grills  
And we be them boys, who gon' show you how it is  
From New Orleans, to A-T-L, my nigga, we let it loose  
So watch what you sayin', before we back the tap on you  
I got a, teck, it's on  
From the night to the early morn  
Young Bloodz, and Hot Boys, see we gon' let this shit be known

Brother it's on, we gone, see we gon' hit you with some shit  
To make you bop ya head, and cut the food straight on that bitch  
Don't be surprised, in time, cause we gon' show you how we do it  
Cause when we do it, that's how we do it, Snizza off that fluid  
So get to it, my nigga  
And don't you fall, my nigga  
It's Attic Crew, with Cash Money, on the rise (rise, rise, rise)

[Chorus: x2]