

Beanie Siegel, I Don't Do Much

Beanie Siegel
Miscellaneous
I Don't Do Much

Hmm, shit, I don't do much
Y'knowmean? Smoke weed, fuck bitches, huh
Get paper cuts from countin money...
I just be chillin, y'knowmean?
Menage trois, knowmean? Quadrupla trois...
Y'knowmean? Shit I don't do much
All that shit, what you expect man?

[Verse 1]

Yo, I don't do much, you know Mac stay sucker free
So please don't fuck with me
You don't really want war
You don't really want the heat from the four
You don't really wanna eat out a straw
Man you niggas is broke, y'all niggas aint got no cash
Man you niggas aint got no stash
Where your wheel and your rims?
Motherfucker look at the heel on your Timbs
Nigga your walk and your talk you niggas is ass
Shit, I don't do much, you know Mac, lay in the cut
In the 'telly somewhere layin a smut
Champelly, purple hayin it up
Front row A layin it up
Or in the kitchen prob'ly weighin it up
Or in a mission prob'ly sprayin shit up
Niggas playin too much
I try to chill but they be sayin too much
But you know they dont say it to me
They don't play wit me
You shit where you eat, you might as well lay in your pee

Shit, I don't do much
I don't do much
Shit, I don't do much
Y'knowmean? Fuck...
Fuck, I don't do much
I be chillin man, I don't know about y'all though
Shit I don't do much

[Verse 2]

I roll a L, go in the booth
Spark it up, start blowin the truth
I don't do much, I smoke weed, pop pills, sip water
Fuck it, keep it real, keep steel, give orders
Suckers, give out halves, squurries, y'all call it quarters
Youngun, take this eightball, cuz you take long
And please, don't make me use this eight long
Cuz you could get all six up in your acorn
And trust me...
Y'all don't want that
Y'all don't want Mac to snap on you cats
You don't really want no problems
You don't layin under your squatter
You don't want me fire bombin your house
You don't want me duct tapin your mouth
Better yet, pourin lye in your mouth
You don't want me smackin up your kids
You don't want me layin up in your trash
Poppin up, then I'm poppin your ass
Cuz you won't do shit

I don't do much
Shit, I don't do much
Y'knowmean, I just be chillin I be smokin man
I don't be thinkin about y'all niggas man (I don't do much)
Y'knowmean, I be chillin
Shit, I don't do much

[Verse 3]

I just chill up in the middle of the block
Watch my younguns make a killin on the block
Tell 'em watch trucks who be wheelin through the block
Get shot, get shucked with vans chillin on the block
Shit, I don't do much, I just chill and relax alot
I don't hustle, I just tax the block
Shit, I don't do much, I just roll out and play wit tools
That make you faggots obey the rules
Shit, y'all don't do much
But drink 40's, look dumb on the block
Damn near 40, still runnin from cops
Y'all don't do much
Y'all niggas aint stackin no cash
That shit you pack got a crack in yo' ass
Y'all don't give a fuck, y'all gon' get cuffed
And I'ma laugh when y'all get stuck
Shit, I don't do much

Heh, y'knowmean, y'knowmean?
I don't do much
I don't give a fuck man, smoke weed, get high
Fuck bitches, that's my biz (I don't do much)
Y'knowmean?
I don't do much
Y'knowmean four pound?
Shit, I don't do much
I don't do much
And I don't give a fuck

[Thanks to outkastlayzie@aol.com for these lyrics]