

# Future, What It Do

Yeah  
What it do, baby?  
Yeah, uh  
What it do, baby?  
What it do, baby?  
What it do, baby?

Then I copped the coupe for you no time  
Then I copped a Rollie for you both times  
Then I stepped your fashion game up lately  
I'm just tryna ask you, what it do, baby?  
What it do, baby? What it do, baby?  
What it do, baby? What it do?

Real talk, I'm fuckin' with you and you know it  
Ain't just talkin' with you, baby, I'm a poet  
Ayy, I just throwed a couple G's on your feet  
I just throwed a couple G's on your feet  
I'm just ballin' just to show you we can ball  
Ayy, why you callin'? Girl, you know that I'm a dawg  
Play your position, can't be playin' niggas cheap  
Niggas like me would put sand sheets on your seat  
We be fuckin' in the AM, I'ma hit you past 3  
Ayy, that's the same way that I fell for you  
I used to come through, roll some L's with you  
We shared a bond and the bid was long overdue  
That's why we was in here drinkin' Hennessy  
We tryna get out all our memories (You remember that?)  
Ain't none of your ex's my enemy  
They damn sure ain't no friend of me (No)  
What got me to this point?  
I'm really fuckin' with you, spendin' cash on that ass  
Got to layin' up with you, pulled off when I smashed  
You let me have my way, I got this good girl goin' bad  
I ain't treat you like trash, what I'm really tryna ask  
What it do, baby?

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I'm just tryna ask you, what it do, baby?  
What it do, baby? What it do, baby?  
What it do, baby? What it do?