

# Rich Boy, What It Do

(Lil Jon)

Hey! Hey! Rich Boy... Lil Jon (what's up Polow?)

It's a lot of motherfuckin' bad bitches in this motherfucker (uh-huh)

I think I'mma walk over to one of them motherfuckers and tell 'em this

(Chorus - Sean Paul & Cutty)

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone number baby?)

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone number girl?)

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone number baby?)

(Picture you naked in the back of my Chevy)

(Verse 1 - Rich Boy)

The cars, the clothes, the hoes, I know that

That purp, that kush, that dro, we blow that

we popp-in', rollin', drinkin', smokin'

Puffin', passin' now, we chokin'

The pa-parazzi, snap, and shoot me

The Prada, the Louis, the Fendi, and the Gucci

The diamonds so big she tell a nigga "look daddy"

A nigga so jealous that he don't wanna look at me

Nigga look at me (why ya knockin'?)

We ballin' and shoppin' them bottles poppin'

The rims, the paint, the ride, so fly

The twen-ty eights, be sit-tin' high

The lows, the highs, the mids, the tweeters

Bang-in' hard, you hear, my speakers

(Boom boom boom boom) the trunk be knockin'

The bit-ches strip-pin', lean-in' rockin'

(Chorus 2 - Sean Paul & Cutty)

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone number baby?)

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone number girl?)

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone number baby?)

(Picture you naked in the back of my Bentley)

(Verse 2 - Rich Boy)

We ball, we shine, we all, be grindin'

My chain, my rang, you see, the diamonds

We leanin', sip-pin', drankin', pourin'

Prometh-azine, that pur-ple ocean

So what it do, ya know, ya boy

Ya know, I got-ta keep, that toy

So pass the K, I make, 'em feel me

These nig-gas hat-in', tryin' to kill me

The seats in the ride like peanut butter and jelly

The pedal to the flo', I'm bossin' in the Chevy

Ooh, what it be like baby? Show me

Some hoes wanna blow me but they, don't even know me

My jewel-ry sick, it's so, contagious

You see, my wrist, the shit, outrageous

Mon-te Carlos, and Impalas

Mon-ey, rub-berbands and dollars

(Chorus 3 - Sean Paul & Cutty)

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone number baby?)

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone number girl?)

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone number baby?)

(Meant to be naked, we were meant to be naked)