

# Chris Brown, What I Do

(\*Prod. by The Runners)

And I got stamina so don't forget to bring a friend  
Nah bring ten, but they gotta be tens  
Now thats a hundred them, let the runners in yeah  
Swag heavy like an elephant, my cd sellin out  
You ain't married to the game, you celibate  
I be throwin' up my cash, actin' like money ain't a thang, yeah (yeah)  
I'm speedin' down this fast lane, stuntin' and they mad cause they can't, yeah  
I'm Feelin' like a can't lose  
And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and the cribs  
I just tell em' it's what I do (it's what I do)  
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do, yeah  
NaNaNa, NaNaNa yeah, NaNaNa, NaNaNaah yeah  
NaNaNa, NaNaNa yeah, NaNaNa, ey ey it's what I do  
I keep cash on me, no black cards  
They don't know what dem is, I deal with hood broads  
Thats a nine on me, no ipod, you want my watch homie, gimme five bricks for it  
I got the maserati, I hit a lick fo it, when I don't wanna talk, thats what I paid fo it  
Seven car fleet, and all of em mine, four broads wit me, and all of em dimes  
Six chains on me, and all of em shine, I got my bread right, feel like i'm 6'9&quot;  
Ain't just hot in mine, I'm hot in every city  
She wanna pretty boy I brought Chris Breezy wit me..&quot;  
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And when they ask me bout the cars, and the girls, and the cribs  
I just tell em' it's what I do (it's what I do)  
It's what I do, hey, it's what I do, yeah  
NaNaNa, NaNaNa, NaNaNa, NaNaNaah  
NaNaNa, NaNaNa, NaNaNa  
It's What I Do