

Dougie D, Who Gone Do It

[Hook - 4x]

Who gon do it, the way I do

Who gon get this bitch hot as I do, and keep it live as I do

[Dougie D]

First of all, look I'm in mash mode

Motherfuckers wasn't even expecting, but here I go

You know me from the Maab, you know me from the S.L.A.B

Niggaz be wanting to see Dougie, show his raw naked ass

What about niggaz that's hating, I don't feel that there

What about niggaz that's pressing, I kill that there

I'm a certified G, like a freak on with one T.V

I keep a click of killas, that's stupid and all coo-coo

Like the way I keep it live, yeah we like that boy

Like the way I keep it on fire, yeah we like that boy

I'ma jump on the track, and ride it and keep wiggling

Panties'll get wet, while pads'll get messy

Who gon do it like I do it, no other or nan nother

Dougie'll get this motherfucker hot, like summer

A Guerilla Maab nigga, I represent it forever

Until I retire my jersey, and touch another level

[Hook - 4x]

[Dougie D]

God damn it, I'm on fire

Just as soon as I commits to speaking, the shit burn down

I'm a lyrical mastermind, with my punch line rhyme

Make a motherfucker rewind, and play it one mo' time

I'm a street toner scholar, game I got a lot of

Flipping through the city, with my chicken on my wood divider

Trying to get me I think nada, this beam on top of my nine-a

Will go on top of your noggin, and knock everything up out of it

Whoo, when you boys gon learn

When you fuck around with the fire, your ass will get burned

I done paid my dues daddy, so you wait your turn

And my mind up on my money, I don't know bout yours

And I'm still riding, sliding cocked up

Don't give a motherfuck, squeeze a bitch up on her butt

Hollin' man hold up, getting full and fucked up

It's your nigga Dougie D, wrecking this bitch and getting bucked

[Hook - 4x]

[Trae]

Follow me inside the mind of a thugger, that's known to slug a

Never gon be nan nother, that's rougher coming out the gutter

I mean it and I tell you, I spit it like I'ma give it gangsta

For the digits these niggaz be weaker, than a fake ass wanksta

I'm a corner bender, on 20's with T.V.'s

And the bang be knocking off they fenders, pretenders can never enter

To kick it with Maab related Guerillas, so niggaz hate it

They know that they perpetrated, they life'll be confiscated

For fucking with a well known, with a weapon that's well shown

Conversating on cell phones, with work to get it gone

I'm just doublizing, with ways to shut 'em down

And since I shut 'em down, it's best they lay it down

[Cl'Che]

It ain't nan bitch, can do it like I did it

Ain't nan mo'fucker, could screw it like Screw did it

Or amateurs trying, to rhyme against professionals

That's not fair, so bitch I dare

You, to even think you could do what Cl' do

Original S.L.A.B. rider, coming through
Cl'Che, Trae, Dougie D we love to do
When you hating on we do, and the do is in you
I got a rhyme or two, and it's just about you
Cause we dropping these albums, doing just what we do
And I ain't, never by myself
I got the whole damn Southside, riding on my belt

[Hook - 4x]