

# Fabolous, Do The Damn Thing

[Intro]

Look, I can see them niggas stuntin to this right now, not now, but right now  
Yea, yea, ch-ch-yea  
Look, lo-lo look  
Look, lo-lo look  
Look, look

[Verse 1-Fabolous]

It's no love for the other side, fuck all the tricks  
Pop the glove on the other side, buck through the bricks  
Birds love how a brother ride, truckin it sick  
I'm heard of on the southern side, i pluck through it quick  
I been one of them boys since way back when  
This is way before a nigga brought grey plaques in  
So if i spray mac-10s, Bet you niggas lay back then  
Like you sittin in a Maybach Benz  
Yea I made crack grins but ain't a damn thing funny  
I keep a pocket fulla do the damn thang money  
I keep it comin with bottles of champagne dunny  
So keep it bouncin till you pull a hamstring honey  
These pimps just better have a gothic for me  
I got them hoes starin like they got a problem with me  
I got them boys slingin rocks in the lobby for me  
I'm rich bitch, ballin just a hobby for me

[Chorus-Young Jeezy]

I got a pocket full of money and my wrist all froze  
So fuck what you heard we don't love them hoes, heeyyy  
Do the damn thang, do the damn thang  
A nigga might grin but it ain't still funny  
Got a pocket fulla that, do the damn thang money, heeyy  
Do the damn thang, do the damn thang

[Verse 2-Young Jeezy]

My phone is tapped and so is my livin room  
We cant hide the money here, we need a bigger room  
Let me show you what I stand fo,  
Jesus Schwarzenegger call me commando  
On that Remy Martin, nigga matta fact  
I ain't Fat Joe but I can make em lean back  
Save your ammo don't waste it  
Got him dodgin bullets like he in the matrix  
Jeans strapped and ya better dip  
Carvin 15, got six clips  
Pilsbury nigga, got a lotta dough  
Call me bossan george, got a lotta hoes  
They place orders, so I bake cakes  
I'm a bodybuilder, pump a lotta weight  
You see the diamonds in my damn chain  
It ain't hard to tell, I do the damn thang

[Chorus]

[Verse 3-Fabolous]

You waitin instead of participatin with them boys  
You skatin on them 22 datins like them boys  
I'm hatin that they communicatin with them boys  
I'm waitin just to send them to Satan for that shit  
They see a nigga stoned look sick  
And I gotta stack of singles in my hand thats phone booth thick  
Cuz I'm so hood rich  
That I'm no good bitch  
And even if she gotta pimp then a hoe should switch  
And get ridda that shit spitta, get wit her, shit gitter

sit wit her, hit spitter, that don't bitch chitter  
My style fit wit her  
I tell her you don't want left now you need to go right like a switch hitta  
I know them tricks bitter  
When im in the six with her  
So im in a mix with her  
Fourty four six with her  
And I'm higher than a motherfucker  
But a nigga try then he gon die in this motherfucker

[Chorus]