

Fabulous, 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-Fabulous]

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-Fabulous]

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 stones 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]