

Hi-C, Do It

[Hi-C:]

Yeah... H-I'

It don't stop... y'all niggaz must have forgot

Y'all motherfuckers gon' mind me

Yeah... check it out, check it out

Now I won't call ya crab if you don't call me slob

Livin' in the West is a full-time job

Niggaz be trippin' off of petty shit

Nigga miss me with that bank and then check yo' grip

You gots to know when to ride, know when to hide

Know when to blast, and try not to die

Niggaz be whoopin' that yang and shit

Knowin' they be suckin' up a gang of dick

You need to stop runnin' your mouth, be quiet

You won't throw a rock in a riot

See we can make shit like this all day

And serve it to yo' ass like some Aliz

All I wanna do is be a high roller

Step in my way I'll eat yo' ass like ebola - virus

Hi' is the name - you knew it

Fuck what ya heard, I gotta do it like I'm used to it

[Chorus x3: DJ Quik on talkbox]

Do it - do it, do it, do it

(I gotta do it like I'm used to it)

Do it - do it, do it, do it

{"I'm a veteran, boy"}

[Hi-C:]

Now I don't mean to flag, sag, brag or boast

But I'm the most - underrated nigga on this Coast

I'll fall on my knees, throw my hands up to God

Thinkin' to myself "Kumbaya my Lord"

If it don't work this time, I'll quit

I'm right back in the field, slangin' that shit

But life goes on and the earth rotate

Players still play and then haters still hate

Don't step in my path, I'll whip ass

And if a nigga talk shit - I'ma do ya bad

You gets the benefit of the doubt

But if you ain't legit I'ma knock yo' ass out

Back in your mouth with that gangsta shit

Half dance in the house, nah we don't quit

Rem and Cashe and Kenny Mack

Lil' V from St. Louis even got my back

Quik (?) and G-One

From the land of the trees and a gang of guns

So come on down, be the first to get wet

You don't have to give me shit, I'ma take my respect

Leave a bitter taste in your face like lemon

Stackin' more chips than that nigga Russell Simmons

Y'all don't wanna see me in a rowd' fight

Thank you for comin' out, God bless ya, good night

[gunshot]... y'all niggaz better watch me

[Chorus: DJ Quik on talkbox]

Do it - do it, do it, do it

{"I'm a veteran, boy"}

Do it - do it, do it, do it

[Hi-C:]

Now let me dig deep in my memory bank

And come up with some shit to make a nightclub sink

Fool what you think, we was doin' this for free?
Scratch in the bank, videos on TV
Don't hate me 'cause you're mad at the earth
Let the pistols bust and lay yo' ass to the turf
Guys are male bitches, they never get this work
A six million dollar man is what a nigga worth
Ladies in the house if you're down to win, say
(Nigga, what's up on my end?)
All the ladies in the house if you're down to win, say
(Nigga, what's up on my end?)
All the players in the house thats makin' scratch, say
(Bitch, it ain't goin' down like that)
All my players in the house thats makin' scratch, say
(Bitch, it ain't goin' down like that)
God gave me the talent, so why not use it
Fuck what ya heard, I gotta do it like I'm used to it

[Chorus x5: DJ Quik on talkbox]
Do it - do it, do it, do it
(I gotta do it like I'm used to it)
Do it - do it, do it, do it
{"I'm a veteran, boy"}

[talkbox adlibs]