

Yukmouth, Do It B.I.

[Hook]

Til the day that I die do it B.I.

Since I was born I was taught to keep it P.I.

I'm that nigga thugged out in the V.I.

And I've been slangin major "D"; since I was knee high [2x]

[Verse 1]

When you was break dancin and back spinnin on ya noliu

My niggaz wrap a thousand grams with patrolium

Jelly like like Belly, it ain't shit that you can tell me

Once you trapped in the belly of the beast

With niggaz waitin on the commissary

Locked in solitary confinement, no more grindin, wifey pondin diamonds

I'm a frontline soldier like a lineman

Guns firin', sirens, that's all in my enviroment

Gangstas, pimps, thugs, that's all in my enviroment

Niggaz that's slung drugs with no thoughts of retirement

Ballin, timin, grindin, that's all in my enviroment

Expirement, when I blaze you up fuck the firemen

Call the coroner, set up shop on the corner

With rocks and marijauna, make it hot as a sauna

It's just another day in Oakland, California

I touch G's and never had a diploma, like that

[Hook 2x]

[Verse 2]

When you was learnin how to boogaloo and pop lock

I was baggin opium and bloons at the hop spot

And slangin double ups to goons at the rock spot

We got the block locked, and give a fuck if the cops watch

This chop chop and turn ya car into a drop top

Just like a chop shop, blak blak, make a cop drop

Keep ya mouth shut, our neighbors don't talk to cops about us

They know we'll come and shoot they fuckin house up

Rock ya ounce up, with ya little arm and hammer

I'm breakin pounds up, with jack knives and sledge hammers

Some of my niggaz in the feds locked up in the slammer

Some of my niggaz got bread then headed for Atlanta

My family put the murder game down like Alpo

I hate my algebra class but still love to count dough

Niggaz is breakin like turbo and o-zone

I was pushin O's on the block until the dope gone

[Hook 2x]

[Verse 3]

When you was spinnin techniques learnin DJ shit

I was tryin to touch and hundred ki's like Freeway Rick

I was rollin with a mossberg like DJ Quik

Out here the Feds and the D.A. hit over he say shit

The block hot like a heatwave hit

But I'ma bubble on the low just like Freeway shit

I'ma follow all the codes, never be a snitch

Just concentrate on this "D"; I whip and this "V"; I flip

I stay Fila'd down in mobsta suits

If you talk to cops I shoot, let the choppa loose

Rest in Peace to Tupac and Big Poppa too

I never boogaloo like shaba do, I'm a mobsta, dude

[Hook 2x]