

# How We Do It (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

## Shoreline Mafia

This is how we do it  
Dance, twenties, fifties, hunnids  
I'm a dope dealer baby I be countin' money (Countin' racks up)  
And like you other niggas all my niggas really thuggin'  
Can I was never into thuggin'  
What you mean she ain't got it? (She ain't got it)  
We ain't fuckin' now she got  
I need money outta pockets (Outta pockets)  
You ain't growing then nigga stop it  
If I got it I'ma pop it, I'm in Neiman's with my rocket  
.30 hangin' off my Off-White denim  
Nigga's Patek tickin' and they feelin' like some children  
Hella wavy baby, real niggas in the building  
I'm tryna break your back, I ain't really with the building  
Stealin', robbin', we want all the problems  
Count a couple thousand then I stuff 'em in my wallets (Countin' racks up)  
Rich, made, I get money in six ways  
These niggas switch lanes they gang  
This is how we do it  
It's Friday night  
I pour three lines  
The codeine's here on the Westside  
So I reach for my liter then I pour it up  
Designated driver take the keys not my cup  
Pop some xans now I'm faded  
Count a hunnid bands up like nigga yeah we made it  
Big body Benz (Skrt)  
You can't see through my  
I've been creepin' while you sleepin'  
Finna shoot you and yo mans  
I mix molly with my hand  
I get geeked up, count my M's (Off the mollies)  
If a nigga run up on me pull this .30 out my pants (Okay)  
Just got a big joint rolled up (Rolled up)  
My own liquor what I pour in my cup  
I don't got six bitches, I don't show up  
Seen the diamond chain, they go nuts  
Brought ten bottles, I don't think it's enough  
We run out like more in the trunk  
Nigga talk down then a nigga get snuffed  
Lotta joints gettin' rolled, lotta cones gettin' stuffed  
I told my jeweler Freeze my wrist up  
Wanna keep on the team then she gon' need cuffs  
Cartier frames and my AP bussin'

Realest in the game, know it ain't no question  
Hello bitch, you don't dress like me  
Lowkey wanna be just like me  
I can pull up in a fresh white tee  
Guaranteed every bitch in the party want me  
Pull up sittin' low in my seat  
Smokin' on KK like a G  
Bad bitch ride with me, she a freak  
Smokin', drinkin', going hard all week  
Let's go This is how we do it (Haha)  
It's Friday night (Uh)  
I pour three lines  
The codeine's here on the Westside  
So I reach for my liter then I pour it up  
Designated driver take the keys not my cup  
Pop some xans now I'm faded  
Count a hunnid bands up like nigga yeah we made it

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