

Imma Do It (feat. Kobe)

Fabulous

The block got my back and my boys do too
And my baby momma tripping saying she need more loot
Every block, every hood, every ghetto got beef
Gotta heater on my lap and another in the back
Shit, how'm I supposed to cope with all this
stress on me?
Everybody and their momma call the feds on me
I don't knew it, I'mma do it, I'mma do it
Look, I don't knew it, I'mma do it, I'mma do it
I got money on my head but I'm riding in the drop
Drop, drop, drop, yeah
Feeling just like JFK
In the city that little fly like JFK
Sometimes La Guardia, I ain't gonna lie to ya
If looks can kill then my style might bother ya
That's why I'm with Nadia, I call my gun Nadia
When she say hi to ya, ba-ba-bye to ya
Make it sound like Saudia Arabia, maybe ya haters ya
Watch what he say to her, ya think
I can hold my head high or die or I can live and duck
My attitude is celibate, I don't give a fuck
The block got my back and my boys do too
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I got money on my head but I'm riding in the drop
Drop, drop, drop, yeah
And who are you to tell me how to conduct myself?
Why don't you practice safe sex and go fuck yourself?
The rumor is that I'm a hazard to a suckers health
I coulda told you that, yeah, I coulda told you that
Picture me now I'm fly, where is them
exposures at?
Right here on my lap, that's where my composure's at
I'm back like a gun cocked, I'm so cool
That if go to hell all I'll need is my sunblock
Nigga, hold your head high and die or live and duck
My attitude it celibate, I don't give a fuck
The block got my back and my boys do too
And my baby momma tripping saying she need more loot
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I got money in my head but I'm riding in the drop

Drop, drop, drop I mean, let's be honest, ya never liked a nigga
Trying to lesbian this so I kept the strap on
Clap off, clap on, lights out like flights out
You could be departed, never me who started I Lambo gallard it, I am vehicallly challenged
That means the car is retarded
But regardless I'm tin man, heartless
No love hate, son, looking for love get a show on VH1 Nigga, hold your head high and die or
live and duck
My attitude is virgin, still don't give a fuck The block got my back and my boys do too
And my baby momma tripping saying she need more loot
Every block, every hood, every ghetto got beef
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Drop, drop, drop
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