## Imma Do It (feat. Kobe)

## **Fabolous**

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 backShit, 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 itI got money on my head but I'm riding in the drop Drop, drop, drop, yeahFeeling 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 thinkI can hold my head high or die or I can live and duck My attitude is celibate, I don't give a fuckThe 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 backShit, 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 itI 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 thatPicture 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 fuckThe 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 backShit, 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 itI got money in my head but I'm riding in the drop

Drop, dropI 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 startedI Lambo gallard it, I am vehically 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 VH1Nigga, hold your head high and die or live and duck My attitude is virgin, still don't give a fuckThe 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 backShit, 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 itI got money on my head but I'm riding in the drop Drop, drop, drop Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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