

I Do It (feat. Big Sean & Lil Baby)

Lil Wayne

Phew, phew, yeah
If you weigh me down then I gotta remove you
If you in my way, then I gotta go through you (Don, Don) Look, look, look, funeral I don't talk
shit, bitch, I do it (Huh)
They say, "All facts," but don't prove shit (Huh)
You in my way, need to move, bitch (Huh)
Shut the fuck up, no excuses (Huh)
This a win-win, swear I'm so choosy
Money spread on me like Boosie
Real ones ride for me, no cruise ship
I don't really sleep or take naps, no snoozin'
All these burners here hot, but we coolin'
I was playin' dumb, they was thinkin' I'm stupid
My accountant just called, said, "Shit been movin'"
I'm 'posed to have no gun, I got two of 'em
I never remind a nigga what I do for 'em
I was dead broke, sleep on the futon
Now I'm up, now I'm big house, few of 'em
Everyday I'm lit, my life like a re-run
If I take your shit, can't give you no refund
Ten mil' for a deal I agree on
I put on for Atlanta like Deion
Chrome Heart glasses, I can't see 'em
From the apartments to an arena
Where that 'lil boy been? I ain't seen him
Look at God's child drivin' the Demon
Fuck what you heard
I don't talk shit, bitch, I do it (Huh)
They say, "All facts," but don't prove shit (Huh, yeah)
You in my way, need to move, bitch (Yeah)
Shut the fuck up, no excuses (Yeah)
This a win-win, swear I'm so choosy
Money spread on me like Boosie
Real ones ride for me, no cruise ship Yeah, I don't talk shit, bitch, I do shit (I do shit)
Soft top on my car like it's Jewish (It's Jewish)
Catch a body like Ray Lewis (Ray Lewis)
Blatt, blatt, blatt, blatt, blatt
Lil Tunechi, I'm in this bitch on the cookie like Lucious (Yeah)
I'm gonna sip, got that purple pollution (Yeah)
I get the checks and just do it no swooshes (Yeah)
Flex on my ex then I flex on my new bitch (Yeah)
No disrespect, I bust down the noose (Yeah)

Put it on my neck, now my neck is a nuisance (Yeah)
I am a mess, I am a mutant (Yeah)
Bullets go through your vest like it's translucent
I smoke the best exclusive
I'm somewhere else secluded (Secluded)
Fly to death, and your bitch just flew in
You a ref, my nigga, you blew it (You blew it)
I don't sketch, but the pistol, I drew it
Told myself to continue my duties
I got money from 2002, that I ain't seen since 2002
Me, Sean, and Brazy, my nigga, we boolin'
Ballin' so brazy, I dribble and shoot it
Just like I play for Emilio Pucci
I treat the Wraith like that bitch is Suzuki
I need a favorite woman like The Fugees
It's me, Sean, and Baby, we lit as Three Stooges
My skate stance is goofy, my bae ass is stupid
No fake asses truly, I'm makin' her moon me
Blatt, blatt, blatt, blatt, blattI don't talk shit, bitch, I do it (I do it)
They say, "All facts," but don't prove shit (I knew it)
You in my way, need to move, bitch (Move bitch, huh)
Shut the fuck up, no excuses (Yeah, yeah)
This a win-win, swear I'm so choosy (Yeah, yeah)
Money spread on me like Boosie
Real ones ride for me, no cruise ship (Yeah, yeah)I don't really sleep or take naps, no snoozin'
(No snoozin')
All of these burners here hot, but we coolin' (Yeah, snorin')
I was playin' dumb, they was thinkin' I'm stupid
My accountant just called, said, "Shit been movin'" (Yeah)
I don't talk shit, bitch, I do it
My accountant just called, said, "Shit been movin'"
Fake money, should keep your two cents (That mulah)
Catch a body like Ray Lewis (Yeah)
If you weigh me down, then I gotta remove you
If you in my way, then I gotta go through you
Funeral

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