Do What I Do (feat. Nas, Rick Ross & Z-Ro)

Scarface

I am ghetto, boy, chillin'
Represent for the niggas in the hood and how they livin'
Heavy metal concealin'
Hustlin' 'til you touch a 9 to 5 of drug dealin'
It don't matter how I get it, I got it, fuck feelings
I don't have none, I'm 'bout my paper, nigga, ask 'em
Don't get confused on how the cash come
Never, by any means necessary better
Get up off your ass and get my money 'fore I stretch yah
Out in front your doorstep, when I brandish this .45th
You can make arrangements, you a dead man, a ghost
See I come from them cuts for real
Much long before this rap came, fuck the deal
I survived the game of life, nigga, fuck some skills
Crossin' me, get in the way, this pussy must get killed
I'm alive, he came, he bust 'til he left
I would have made for sure I was dead and fuck yourself
Yeah, cause now I'm at his ass with a vengeance
Blood in, blood out from the beginning to the ending
Real shit bein' spit, know your limits
It's best you mind your mothafuckin' business
If you ain't in it
So hard in these streets
Gotta pack a pistol plus talk to God in these streets
Go to church, Sunday, Monday, sellin' raw in these streets
Never took it home though, I left it all in these streets
Gotta do what I gotta do
I ain't promotin' no eviction notice on the door
Fuck it, I had to go for broke
Do what I gotta do
Hustle 'til I see the dirt
Riskin' 25 years just to see another verse
I was all alone, car full of niggas
How'd I get here? Car full of hittas
I was rollin' weed, they was snortin' blow
Such a cool breeze, heart so cold
Step up to the plate, where your money at?
Bobby Brown on cake with a hundred packs
New editions, Lisa Lisa
We were secret lovers, had to get a beeper
My Atlantic star, not a Notre Dame
Not a student loan, tried to motivate

Continental, my Bentley, this shit should be illegal
Selassie eye in the ghost, thousand bales of that diesel
Lord, go toe to toe with any pussy boy
Fuck, one time for facin' all the Boobie boys
26 inch plates on a 68
Where I'm from a half a key'll set a nigga straight
I just wanna make the car notes
Let mama make the pot roast
You should meet me at the car wash
Washin' all 8, that's inshallahSo hard in these streets
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Riskin' 25 years just to see another verseSpeakin' for those squeakin' in them cell blocks readin'
To blacks, whites and Puerto Ricans
Brothers with those ankle bracelets, impatient for their releasin'
To make it back to the block, the hatred, the priest hit
Time sure flies, look how many years went by
My young niggas already need hair dye
Alcoholic faces, women bad as a mug
Gettin' fat as fuck
Fried food be addin' up, the system thrives off its victims
They ask how this economic collapse
Can affect people all over the map
Tea party for tax reenactment is whack
The past the past, yo, to my vatos out in the East Los
Nietas on the east coast, shouts to Puerto Rico
Dominican Republic people, rep I
Brown and black, we must get it together
The prison industrial complex a fuckin' set up
The Aztec, almac, African settled on this land from the get up
I changed my aim, who I'm gon' wet up
When violence is resorted, knowledge is distorted
Unless it's payback for brutality
I'm more or less with that, get backSo hard in these streets
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Riskin' 25 years just to see another verse

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