

# 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, blatt I 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>