

How We Do (feat. 50 Cent)

The Game

paroles officielles {How We Do (feat The Game)}This is how we do
We make a move and act a fool while we up in the club

This is how we do

Nobody do it like we do it so show us some loveThis is how we do

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Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love

Fresh like, unhh; Impala, unnh

Crome hyrdolics, 808 drums

You don't want, none

Nigga betta, run

When beef is on, I'll pop that, drum

Come get, some

Pistol grip, pump

If a nigga step on my white Air, Ones

Since red, rum

Ready here I, come

Compton, unh

Dre found me in the, slums

Sellin that skunk, one hand on my gun

I was sellin rocks when Master P was sayin Unnnh

Buck pass the blunt

These G-Unit girls just wanna have, fun

Coke and rum

Got weed on the ton

I'm bangin with my hand up her dress like, unhI'll make her cum, purple haze in my
lungsWhole gang in the front in case a nigga wanna, stuntI put Lamborghini doors on that Es-
co-lade

Lil pro so look like I'm ridin on blades

In one year mang, a nigga's so paid

I have a straight bitch in the telly goin both ways (Ah!)

Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me

I give it to ya just how you like it, girl

You know I'm rockin with the best tre pound on my hip

Teflon on my chest

They say I'm no goodCuz I'm so hood

Rich folks do not want me around

Cuz shit might pop off, and if shit pop off

Somebody gon' get laid the fuck out

They call me new money, say I have no class

I'm from the bottom, I came up too fast

The hell if I care, I'm just here to get my cash

Bougie ass bitches, you can kiss my ass I put gold Daytonas on that Cherry Six-Four
White walls so clean it's like I'm ridin on bulbs
Hit one switch mang, that ass so low
Cali got niggaz in New York ridin on hundred spokes
Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me
I give it to ya just how you like it, girl
You know I'm rockin with the best fo' pound on my hip Gold chain on my chest (Ah!)50, unh
Bentley, unh
Em came 'n gotta nigga fresh out the, slum
Automatic, gun
Fuck 'em one-on-one We wrap up ya punk ass, stunt 'n ya done
Homie, it's Game time
You ready? Here I come
Call Lloyd Banks and get this motherfucker, crunk
It took two, months But Fifty got it done
Signed with G-unit
Had niggaz like, huh?
Don't try to front
I'll leave yo' ass, slumped
Thinkin I'm a punk
Get your fuckin head, lumped
Fifty got a, gun
Ready here he come
Gotta sick, vendetta
To get this, chedda
Meet my Ba, Retta
The dra-ma, setta
Sip Am-a, retta
My flow sounds, betta
Than average
On tracks I'm a savage
I damage
Any nigga tryin' to front on my clique (G-Unit!!)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>