

# Do It Big

## Lil Boosie & Webbie

(Overlapping chorus) 4x  
Nigga do that shit  
If you gon do that shit(Chorus) 3x  
Do it big then  
If you gon' do it, shitDo it big then (3rd time in chorus)(Verse 1)  
I copped a ol' school Cutlass  
It was navy blue  
Fuck them hub caps  
I had to cop them 22's  
Throwback 1952  
Like my nigga Boo  
Some Baud's(Girbaud's) too  
Now what's a fit without the shoes  
Six hundred fifty dollar gear  
Man I'm fitted up  
Fresh cut, all you niggaz hoes gettin fucked  
Gas tank filled up  
Plus I'm grilled up  
A couple fire ass blunts and a full cup  
Fuck a Expedition  
Me, I wanna Benz truck  
Skinny chick suck a dick  
I want a thick somethin  
Fuck five figures, man  
I hustle hard for six somethin  
Come noon or noon  
Soon I'm a be rich somethin  
What's conversation  
If a nigga can't just hit somethin  
Why fuck a clown  
If you can fuck a nigga really thuggin  
If you gon score and hustle, do it big then  
You pull it out in public  
Bust it, do it big then  
If you gon flip yo buckets, shit  
Do it big then  
You know them rims look much better  
When they keep spinnin  
Chorus(Verse 2)  
If you gon fuck that hoe  
Then gon get some head then too  
Then gon head fuck her friend too

If yo gon drink a motherfuckin Brew  
Gon head drink a few  
Gon head and hit that Gin too  
You can't afford to do it big  
Shit, pretend to  
Southpole had them shirts  
With the pants too  
If you can't get that dolja  
Then grab that killa straight  
If you can't get that Henny  
Then get some E&J  
That Shell gas too high  
Then go to Circle K  
Long as you doin' it big  
Shit, you doin' great  
Bitch you gon show yo ass  
Then gon make it shake  
If that's a fuckin hater  
Then gon make 'em hate  
Chorus(Verse 3)  
They holla why you do it big  
Cause I only live once  
So I gots to do it big  
From my car size to my blunt  
And I stunt  
Cause I ain't never had a quarter  
Used to borrow from ballers  
Now I'm that neighborhood staller  
Do it big with his daughter  
Tommy'd out, sometime she Polo  
Sometime she wear them throwback dresses  
She ain't even four, though  
And if you paralyzed don't feel played  
Do it big like no legs and jump a Escalade  
You got a beat up Cutlass  
You besta hit the corner  
Crown 'em down, then the sound  
Then you twenty one 'em  
Daddy cluck and momma stressed  
Ay man I gots to do it big  
Been hungry for too long  
Ay man I gots to pull a lick  
Huh, you stack yo paper  
You can do it big  
You fuck with niggaz who major  
Then you can do it big  
You fuck with niggaz who wear gators  
Then you can do it big  
When we sign with a major label

We gon do it big, fa sho' gon do it big  
If you steal cars  
Get nothin but Emmitt Smiths  
If you start them wars  
You best keep choppers on yo hip  
Yo, you pop that X  
You do it big until yo jaws lock  
If you toot that powder  
Get a half a zip don't short stop  
--tweezy

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>