

Future, What It Do

Yeah
What it do, baby?
Yeah, uh
What it do, baby?
What it do, baby?
What it do, baby?

Then I copped the coupe for you no time
Then I copped a Rollie for you both times
Then I stepped your fashion game up lately
I'm just tryna ask you, what it do, baby?
What it do, baby? What it do, baby?
What it do, baby? What it do?

Real talk, I'm fuckin' with you and you know it
Ain't just talkin' with you, baby, I'm a poet
Ayy, I just throwed a couple G's on your feet
I just throwed a couple G's on your feet
I'm just ballin' just to show you we can ball
Ayy, why you callin'? Girl, you know that I'm a dawg
Play your position, can't be playin' niggas cheap
Niggas like me would put sand sheets on your seat
We be fuckin' in the AM, I'ma hit you past 3
Ayy, that's the same way that I fell for you
I used to come through, roll some L's with you
We shared a bond and the bid was long overdue
That's why we was in here drinkin' Hennessy
We tryna get out all our memories (You remember that?)
Ain't none of your ex's my enemy
They damn sure ain't no friend of me (No)
What got me to this point?
I'm really fuckin' with you, spendin' cash on that ass
Got to layin' up with you, pulled off when I smashed
You let me have my way, I got this good girl goin' bad
I ain't treat you like trash, what I'm really tryna ask
What it do, baby?

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What it do, baby? What it do, baby?
What it do, baby? What it do?