

# Doing the Most (feat. Lil Dotz)

## Fredo

[Intro: Fredo]

Ah shit

Rest in peace G Dot

The king, you feel me?

Right now I'm with his little brother next up

He's been doin' the most

And he's been doin' the roads, ayy

[Chorus: Fredo]

You've been doin' the most, you've been doin' the most

Pretty girl, right now, you've been doin' the most

Fred don't like how you've been doin' the most

Two girls want a pat-down, I'm doin' 'em both

I've been doin' the most, that's me doin' the most

All them drinks are on me, that's for you and the hoes

Can we raise up them glasses? We're doing a toast

Got them Cartier glasses and I'm doin' the most

[Verse 1: Fredo]

Now I don't like how

You ain't tryna see me without your eyebrows done

But I still I think I found the right one

Cute face, no waist, Coke shape, nice bum  
Girl, I'm smokin' on Gelato, you should try some  
Nah, these niggas ain't strapped, they need to buy some  
Last year, man, we bought about five guns  
If I was you, no, I wouldn't try my one  
Black girls say they love me like good weave  
Them white girls are into me like a good read  
Wanna blow on me just like some good weed  
AP got the good freeze, I'm really what the hood needs  
This bad B wants some good D  
Twenty bags, you can come and book me  
I'm brought up on gang shit  
Woop tryna show this girl on the 'Gram quick  
But Woop-Woop don't know that Fred already banged her

[Chorus: Fredo]

You've been doin' the most, you've been doin' the most  
Pretty girl, right now, you've been doin' the most  
Fred don't like how you've been doin' the most  
Two girls want a pat-down, I'm doin' 'em both  
I've been doin' the most, that's me doin' the most  
All them drinks are on me, that's for you and the hoes  
Can we raise up them glasses? We're doing a toast  
Got them Cartier glasses and I'm doin' the most

[Verse 2: Lil Dotz]

She's been doin' the most, girl, I ain't feelin' it  
Her box was big, I thought I had to put my D in it  
Ever since a youngin I've been really tryna see me jivs  
If he's got a bustdown on tonight, bro, I'ma leave with it  
'Cause look, I've never cared, and yo, I'm never scared  
How you talkin' 'bout that job? Bro, you was never there  
'Cause you're a liar, oh, now you're fired  
This is 41 in my zoot, throw me the lighter  
Your girlfriend rolls up my zoots when I get tired  
This neck's too much, baby girl, throw them fives up  
Yeah, go and bust it wide open for a young dripper  
I bought my young boys twenty Rambos, we don't run, nigga  
We got the city locked, PG made the city pop  
Probably why your girlfriends leavin' late to come and see the boss  
Oh yeah, you're mad now, look at the ass, wow  
If you reach for my shine then it's lights out

[Chorus: Fredo]

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Pretty girl, right now, you've been doin' the most  
Fred don't like how you've been doin' the most  
Two girls want a pat-down, I'm doin' 'em both  
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