

# Do Your Thing

## Ugly Duckling

It's time to get looser than some old socks  
Standin on my soap box  
Run with the rhythm, unlockin like the Gobots  
Makin sure the show rocks afros and mohawks  
(Come on in and do your thing)

I don't hang out on the corner to shoot craps and slap box  
Cats think I'm square as Scoob and Scrap's flat tops  
Ready to blast rap's new national pastime  
Fast time line cats who blow like a gas line  
They watered it down and squeezed out the fatness  
Tried to get the world on their back like Tony Atlas  
You shattered hip hop, leaving only smashed glass  
Now it's half assed and divided like a back slash  
Cause you took the fast cash, with the cattle flock  
Life stock under control like a battlebot  
I don't sell like Madonna or Sting  
But I do it from the heart when I'm doin my thing

Do my thing, do your thing  
Do my thing, do your thing

Now once I get in top form  
They don't wanna lock horns  
If you get my pot warm  
Blow up like I'm popcorn  
Talk loud, I'll ignore you like the speed limits  
Or telemarketing, or when I read critics  
I'm on the sneak attack to deflate your rubber raft  
And laugh, making my escape in a hovercraft  
Or I'll get you with my tractor beam  
Then I'm a terrorist fleeing the disaster scene  
I'm gone like the vampire after dawn  
It's the Wrath of Kahn like that movie William Shatner's on  
Einstein makes it funky, their beats are stenchless  
When I'm on the track you can spot me like a benchpress  
I do my thing, I don't care if it's hip  
Movin from the launching pad to the landing strip  
But it's a crash landing, hits you at random  
Grab the mic stand, it's half a rap tandem  
Me plus D to the I, z's  
We keep it connected like a Siamese even if you don't please  
Even if you don't please, Ugly Duckling  
(Come on in and do your thing)

Now Greg the enginner, yo do your thing  
And my man Mike Felder, just do your thing  
And Jon St. James, got to do your thing  
And Ugly Duckling, yeah we do our thing  
We're out