

# Do You Know

Da Band

Y'all hear the guitars  
Wyclef is in the building  
Puffy came to get me  
I have officially made the band  
I'm a rockstar

Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh a Duh Duh  
Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh a Duh Duh  
Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh a Duh Duh  
Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh  
Do you know where you're going to  
Do you like the things  
That life is showing you  
What are you gonna do  
Do you know

So where you from?

Where chicks rock Air Force 1's  
Belly shirts tied up and our hair stay done  
So where you from

Where they don't rock Air Force 1's  
We hit the block out the spots holding Air Force guns  
So where you from

Philly spitters rock Dickies and boots  
A deuce deuce in my tube socks inching the shoe  
Man where you from

Where guerillas don't be messing with cops  
You catch a case  
Go on the run and still hugging the block

So what you doing

Big Ballin' money makin and flossin'  
Sean Johnin' you know how we do it in New Orleans  
So what you doing

What I'm doing, man I'm doing it big  
I'm cockin it back the mack crack, crackin' your wig  
Man what you doing

Man I'm minding my bizz I'm trying to feed my kids  
I can't starve dog I need my rib  
Yo what you doing

Shuttin' broads down believe me  
On my grind all night cause your girl is greedy  
whoooo

Do you know where you're going to  
Do you like the things  
That life is showing you  
What are you gonna do  
Do you know

All I know  
Somebody better have my money  
If being broke is a joke  
I don't find that funny

All I know  
That chicks better respect my gangsta  
I'm far from your mother  
But I still will spank ya

All I know  
Is this project living and sh...  
What could you tell me  
If you ain't never been in this here

All I know  
My flow put me through better doors  
And bought two gold pedals  
For that Bentley Azure, euurrrke

Please, don't give up, on your life  
Ghetto child, it's alright, it's alright

The sun will come out, tomorrow  
Even though we grindin' down in the ghetto  
But so we go, so we go  
When the sun come out to shine  
I'd be so ready for die now  
Forgive me for my sins  
But I still holding me nine-ah  
VIP looking for another man for rob now  
Just another way for escape Riker's Island

I'm gonna prove to these dudes  
I can get me a Coupe  
Without snatching you out of yours  
With that steam on you, blakoww

I wanna prove  
I'm a superstar  
My rims sitting on Shaquille O'Neals  
You know who we are

I gonna prove it  
That Babs is the best in the game  
So thugs hold on tight  
Like I'm snatching your chain

And I'm gonna prove it  
To the chicks that cold shouldered me  
And the record labels  
That chose to look over me, ha  
I ain't going back to jail  
To a pack of Oodles and Noodles  
In the wack of my cell  
Dudes get cut in the yard  
We rushing the guards  
We taking over it's a riot  
Gun button the Sarge  
All of my homies with wheels  
Waiting for in the peel  
Is all the way real

We peel penintentiary steel, come on

Do you knooooowww Ohhhhhhhh  
Do you know where you're going to  
Do you like the things  
That life is showing you  
What are you gonna do (You gotta know)  
Do you know

Bad Boy, Refugee camp collabo, let's go

Babs from Brooklyn and I do my thing

Chopper City straight out of New Orleans

The infamous Freddy P. from the M-I-A

It's Sara stokes with the Midwest Swing

Dylan Dillinger doing me thing

E-Ness that Philly cat sticking for bling, pow

Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh  
Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh