

# Do That S

J-Live

Yo I'm just shooting the breeze with carbon dioxide  
That needs to be bottled and sold  
So you can lo' and behold  
Or would you hold it below  
C'mon let go and be high  
You can't deny the words I'm flipping make you reach for the sky  
You hear the (caters?) that I'm kicking while I'm walking the street  
I write rhymes just so I can go (clear throat) on beat  
You thinks its so damn luvly don't you nigga come here  
You just a frightened little kid all steps and no beard  
But let me tell you now your talking to a grown ass man  
I put some shit in your head to fill your stomach to head  
You don't believe me well it's taken me from here to Japan  
That's why I'm laughing to the bank without a getaway van  
You worrying about your ice and want your shorty to see  
The only ice that I need is in my L I T  
I keep my Hennessey straight  
So skip the fantasy plan  
That's why you get up and go  
That's shit you got to debate  
You steady worrying bout your cry-stal  
Charge your pis-tol  
Meanwhile  
The real style  
(Long gone?) (Nah)  
Miss-trial  
Guilty of the bullshit  
Innocent of killing it  
Even all your Fronting, Fake, Phoney Friends are feeling it  
What's the matter with your life?  
Strange you got something to talk about  
That you already know about  
And walk about  
Get some  
Feel good about it  
Write it down  
Think it over  
Then shout it out  
How that sound?

Yo if it sound like we talking to you  
I really think you want to do that shit (c'mon do that shit)  
And if you know on what we saying is true  
You better act like you knew that shit (c'mon do that shit)  
Put some action on paper now (do that shit)  
Go ahead and be yourself child (do that shit)  
Don't be afraid to use your own style (do that shit)  
Come on do that shit  
Come on do that shit

Now everybody want heaven but nobody want death  
Shit a lot you kids wouldn't even settle for injured  
So why you frontin' like you want drama see that shit ain't fly  
You need to spend a couple nights with a drama queen  
And did you ever seen a crack baby  
How bout a 30-year-old woman strung out into a little old lady  
You see some of these folks that gotta live in these streets today

Either shot up, smoked, or sniffed their life away  
Yeah, you wanna talk about your triple beam dream  
It's ironic cause you pass eight-grade maths  
You don't know the half, third, fourth or fifth  
Ain't old enough to drive talking about you pushing a six  
And frontin' like you gotta watch for the narks  
You gotta watch for your momma and on your ass saying 'Oh my God'  
You gotta watch for your birthday  
And wrote a half a album worth of rhymes like you little (wheeze?) little ni  
gga please  
Watch these, watch those fly by night MCs  
Biting Jay-Z's flow, go with the breeze  
I beseech you  
Get your own flow so when you blow up  
You won't make the real heads wanna throw up

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