Do That $#!%

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 on beat
You thinks it's so damn lovely 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 crystal
Charge your pistol, meanwhile, the real style long gone, 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
C'mon do that shit, c'mon do that shit
C'mon

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 nigga 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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