

# Doin' Good For Yourself

Jungle Brothers

Souped up, gased up, got the fresh gear on  
Seen you with the Beamer and the new Liz Claybourne  
How you're doin, baby? Oh, you're doin good now?  
Go to slap you five and you raise an eyebrow  
See the brother changed cause he's full of ambition  
Seen the brother change cause he was on a mission  
Corn on the cob just to keep her job  
Treat the next kid like he's nothin but a slob  
Cause all you ever do is think about your wealth  
And makin sure you're always doin good for yourself  
You keep doin it

That's all you ever do  
To think of only you  
Just doin good for yourself  
Just doin good for yourself

Workin very hard, you work up, pray to God  
Hopin on TV will be your next job  
You go to work, you press some shirts  
Watch the blue tube and do your homework  
Slap your man five talkin like you're live  
In this time of life you still fight to survive  
You spot a break and break it some more  
Now there's two pieces layin on the floor  
Very much the same but different than the other  
This is what you call a faded out brother  
You say you got soul although you act cold  
State of mind changed along with your bankroll

But check him out, huh, he's workin out, huh  
I guess that's what a hard-workin man is about  
You run around and run around until you get dizzy  
Changed up your look so I asked who was he  
Now that's nothin like Dexter my man  
I guess you got caught up in the wrong hands  
Word em up, word em up, huh, word em up, hops  
Cold set my brother up and called the cops  
Flipped on everybody, turned neighborhood squealer  
No different, just as bad as a drug dealer

Girlfriend said that he was just a sweetie  
But caught by a biz that was a bit more meaty  
Ratted on your man's man, thinkin that you can-can  
Your man got slammed and now you're thinkin, "Goddamn  
Three strikes I'm out," now you done blew it  
You didn't think you was but very much so, you was

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You done dit it  
You done did it now

So there he goes again, back bendin for the other  
I know you're doin business but we used to be good friends  
Kool & the Gang, hangin the hang and all that  
And all of a sudden, the push of a button, a new route  
Oh, sure I'm happy for you but you're always on your own  
Cause the lyrics you be kickin don't be workin in my zone  
And I gotta include, don't mean to be rude  
But you gotta change up your little funky attitude  
Cause it's lonely at the top especially when you go pop  
You flip-flap-flip and then you finally get dropped  
Got it locked doin for yourself, take it from me  
You're better off bein how you used to be  
It's like that

I said you're better off bein how you used to be  
It's like that

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