

What You Do

Little Brother

Yeah, yeah, check it out now
You're now tuned to the sounds of Phonte, Big Pooh and 9th Wonder
It's Little Brother, (ain't no other) put it down like no other
And I know it's a lot of madness out there, a lot of snakes
A lot of fake ass niggas, claiming they doing this and doing that
Just watch what you do, aight?

I don't know about you but this nigga here watching me chase
Cause at the end of the day, I don't need no case
Bitches had grimy niggas runnin up in your place
Cause they ain't mention to you past mistakes, and it's fucked up
You lucked up with this chick toting more bags
Than the trash man on a Monday morning
I dips bout your downfall, already forming
In the mind of this nigga brainstorming, he gotta get her back
Somebody gonna take the rap
So he kept putting bait in the trap until the snake bit
See everybody doing dirt on the low man
Cheating on his wife and his wife didn't know
Wife withholding information on the low
Now old flame back and somebody gotta go
Once the shit hit the fan then you know fo' show
You better watch what you doin cause you don't know

You better watch what you say and what you do
Cause you never really know who got they eyes on you
They be plotting, scheming, eyeing, scoping
Waiting for the day they get you out in the open
You better watch what you say and what you do
Cause sometimes it's hard to tell what's fake and what's true
They plotting, harassing, scheming when they spot you
One wrong move homeboy and then they got you

Dear God, it's my time, believe me I'm with it
But before I go, forgive me for the times that I didn't
Use better judgement against the people I shitted
Them young girls I fucked over and the sins I committed
Thought my master plan was hand crafted
Never thought my master plan would backfire and get my own man blasted
Now we both on our way to hell in hand baskets
Screaming fuck the world for telling us we can't have it
The hoes, prestige and dollar signs
Ready to serve any nigga feeling like he want a part of mine
My conscious would speak to me a lot of times
When I was busy starching up my white collar crimes
The blueprint follow mines, nigga we can go settle it
I got banks in Switzerland and hoes in the Netherlands
That specialize in offshore accounts and embezzlement
So if your dough get tapped, you know where the hell it went
You funny niggas best be going, the dope specialist
Did more pedalling than Greg Lemond
And you ain't tryna see none of that, a wild thundercat
Tryna outrun my past life when I was coming back
And now I kneel and both palms together
Looking for answers and proverbs, songs, whatever
And when my soul burns in hell, to myself I owe it
Cause money, sex and power was the motive, for real

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