

# You Do, I Do

## Def Squad

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Hah! Yo, this ain't nuthin' but rock shit  
I don't think ya'll niggaz can't keep up with this!  
FUCK ALL YOU MUTHAFUCKAZ!  
FUCK YOU! Hah!  
I don't think they can get with it!  
There's too much shit goin' on!  
Yo yo yo yo yo

Redman

I was chillin' up, ??? Dog Deluxe  
Rockin', diamond and G with the rooftop cut  
I'ma grown man, don't got no time for games 'n stuff  
I got balls that'll beat ya ollets 21 rough  
Look at my face, Doc's the name, don't forget it  
I makes ya make ya scream: "BOW!"  
Like my name's Willie, I get sick with it  
Re-dig with it, I had a nine inch slug up  
Before yo' stink bitch bit it, I betta clippin' crap  
That ya'll cats is black, a prays if the eight jacks  
So send neck through facts, reservoir (---) go ball when I was four  
Explore whores, when rock came to the door  
You never seen before, life to your hood  
My steady shows leave niggaz faxes like Rosewood  
When I drop the filth weather, bigga built  
Our dog fucked the shit outta bitch, of Tiger Mill  
You drinkin', I'm drinkin'  
You smokin', I'm smokin'  
You freakin', I'm freakin'  
You fuckin', we fuckin'  
You fucked up, we fucked up  
We make it, we take it  
You hate me, I hate you  
You talk shit, I talk shit

Erick Sermon

In a flash I be the E, cat 'n mouse and cash  
Not many ballin' niggaz out there, can touch my style!  
Or touch the S-class, the 5-00 sittin' on parrellies, chrome  
The big 2-0, catch the pitcher, my whole rap steez is deep  
For all ya fake dues, I'm the only show that peeps  
Last week I was uptown, playin' the streets  
????????1-5-fifth and get...BUDDAH  
That's when I do, when I roll dolo, I call her bitch  
There was a time if I ain't doin' that, I ain't doin' shit  
I might go to the studio and make a hit  
I call my baby's moms, an hear her talk shit  
I scoop, I ain't get my kids, niggaz please  
We hit Toys 'are Rus and then Micky D's  
And go to a movie, the end (of) the day, and talk to 'em  
And take 'em back around away, and that's REAL!

Keith Murray

Well it's the sly Gemini, me and potatoe cuttin' drops  
Have the guy, wellknown but still just gettin' by  
And I verify mathematics don't lie nigga  
Put in some work, and get a piece of the pie  
It be the niggaz that don't immediate pertain to the situation  
That be tryin' to come up off the chips, and niggaz makin'  
And always worried if I'ma diss you, you insecure bitch

To the government, stay out my shit!  
Niggaz was glad when I came with the keys to the chains  
To the cellblock to the stage, now it's time to rock  
I return like I never left, D-E-F, got the whole world gaspin' for breath  
We got these hoes spread it out like mustard  
I ask flava and chop, they said: "Yo, don't trust it"  
No, no no noo