

Freak nasty super bad, earring in her tongue  
Smell good, Prada bag, angel perfume cologne  
I'm tryin to have me that, lipstick by Mac  
Make like a car accident, hit her from the back  
My fetti might be salty but my game ain't damp, see I be hood (?)  
but the only cheese I ever had, was from the goods  
and man that was divided among (?) brothers and sisters  
Raised without a dad  
Basically we was supposed to be have to make good  
but what we hadn't (?) get the gat from one of my (?)  
on the tough, Uncle Bruce (?)  
Hustle in my veins and lungs, sucker pump  
Chickenheads squash through my hood, with good intentions  
but always end up sparkin antennas on bus benches  
Watchu know, whatchu say, what's the sco'?  
Is it a go? Then you with me after the show  
You smell? We hit the hotel, and knock boots  
Taught me some thangs, like who? Like Dr. Ruth  
HEY!! (HEY!!) HOE!! (HOE!!)  
All up in the kitchen on the flo', feel the mantra

Do what you do good, cause you know what you know good  
Do what you do good, cause you know what you know good  
(Do what you know good)

Uhh, rappers sport my style like they sport clothes  
then have the nerve to say they made it up, now that's some hoes  
That ain't no stickin to the rules and regulationship  
That ain't no man if he can't admit he grew up on The Click  
On the East they got hot dogs and pretzel stands  
On the West they got tacos and burrito vans  
In the South, it's (??) and briscuit  
What about the Midwest? The midwest, dey just love to kick it!  
Top shelf, ghetto tycoon the area sponsor  
Can't be seen, like Bigfoot, and the Loch Ness Monster  
Dialin for dollars paper route and money counters  
Scrilla scratchin paper chasin poppin collars

Do what I know good  
I kick it in the hood real good  
Smoke real fat big blunts  
Sticky-ickies to the lil' krunks  
Thirty-one double-eight-seven, that's nine-eleven  
Act like you're livin

I ain't no Captain  
At the bar, signin autographs on napkins  
Ball til we have it all - bartender talkin about  
"Last call for alcohol!"  
I'm bout to get to, mashin on that (??)  
if we don't get no mo' (??) throw glasses at that Moesha fag  
and I'm walkin up out the do', step stuck and stutterin  
Didn't even screw up and hit the floor  
If I woulda fell, it woulda been embarrassing  
Full of that there liquor, walked into a closet  
But I'm a king size nigga, baby pull my coattail! And just..

[Chorus]