

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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You think of only you
Just doin good for yourself
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