

# Doin' My Thang

Kool Moe Dee

( \*phone rings\* )  
(Yo Moe, what's up?  
Where you been, man?  
What's up with the new sound?  
I ain't heard from you in a while, man  
What you been doin, man?  
Some of my homies don't even know you  
What's up with that?  
What's up with that?)  
Let us begin with a funky in-tro  
My name is cool Moe Dee, what up, what up - yo  
And for those of you who just don't know  
Or might no recognize me from the funky - flow  
I am the brother from the Wild Wild - West  
But I'm not comin on the new wild - quest  
Because I can't get with the new - sound  
Because I don't like the way it's goin - down  
Brothers always say they want to keep it - real  
But how many brothers really kick the - skill  
So what you got a little street - appeal  
So you promote genocide, for what? A - deal?  
Well, I was never with that - scene  
Because the ends could never justify the - means  
And if it's all about gettin that - green  
I been there, I done that, I mean  
I'm doin my thing, kid  
(Yo, what kinda flavor is that, man?  
I want the new stuff, man)  
Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid  
(The hardcore, gimme the hardcore stuff, man  
Come on)  
I'm doin my thing, kid  
(I hear you, but the brothers ain't with the positive stuff  
Won't you kill a rhyme?)  
Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid  
(Shoot somebody in the next verse, aight?  
Kill somebody)  
Brothers say they want to be hard-core  
So in their own communities they start - war  
You really don't care because you say you got - yours  
But think about it for a second, stop, pause  
If all you want to do is get - paid  
Then you ain't nothin but a paid - slave  
The Uncle Tom of the New - Age  
Cause sellin out ain't nothin new - wait  
Cause you can pull a trigger on a nigga well  
You think you're bigger, nigga, stop and think you sell  
Ain't nothin hard about committin homicide  
Cause genocide is really suicide - right?  
Well, think about it on a higher - level  
You sold your soul and you got hired by a - devil  
To reek havoc in the ghetto, y'all go head on  
Keep runnin with God like a runnin rebel  
Doin my thing, kid  
(What's all this rhymin about God  
What you're tryin to do, man?)  
Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid

(You a reverend or something?  
 Tryin to be a preacher or what?)  
 I'm doin my thing, kid  
 (Give it up with the preachin God  
 Just rhyme, just rhyme)  
 Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid  
 (Alright then, flip the flow, change your flow  
 Be like somebody else)  
 I'm true to the game, so I keep inventin  
 Hype rhymes for the times and I'm representin  
 Kick flavor while I'm eatin up the best of em  
 Then put em in the pile with the rest of em  
 When I flip it and hit it, some brothers don't get it  
 They want me to kick it like others - forget it  
 I tailor-made a style for the microphone  
 You can search the rap files but it's mine alone  
 I won't get in to fit in the flow, it's won't simulate  
 Now bein one of the best causes them to hate  
 The freestyle master cause I'm a outcast  
 You ever stop and ask yourself how to outlast  
 All those before me and the many that came after  
 The critics who dissed this I dismiss with laughter  
 Ain't no puzzle, put a muzzle on their face  
 And watch the hype crowd sing  
 I'm doin my thing, kid  
 (Man..  
 Alright, I see what you're doin  
 I can get with that)  
 Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid  
 (I kinda like that, yo  
 Go ahead and do yo thing, kid)  
 I'm doin my thing, kid  
 (Yeah, yeah, I dig it, I dig it  
 Go ahead, do your thing)  
 Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid  
 (Hit me with one more and let em know where it's comin from)  
 I worked with Sugarhill Gang, Run and Heavy D  
 Eric B., Big Daddy Kane and Public Enemy  
 >From '79 to '94, now that's longevity  
 You got a problem with the flow, here's a remedy  
 Just sit back, relax, in fact, try to hear it  
 Cause I'm comin back to back, you gotta wear it  
 Ain't no sense goin against the grain  
 Get yourself a surf, dude, ride the wave  
 Cause this ain't the regular style, ain't no competators, I'll  
 Take out the negative while just like a predator I'll  
 Prey and on play on and stay on the airwaves  
 You heard I'm fallin or fell, chalk it as hear-say  
 Ain't no defense mechanism or criticism  
 Capable of doin no nothings here, that's how I'm livin  
 You can bring whatever you got to bring  
 I'm the champ, the master, the king  
 I'm doin my thing, kid  
 (Yo Moe, you all that, man  
 You gon' go far, man)  
 Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid  
 (I'm not lyin, you gon' make it to the top)  
 (...)  
 (Do your thing, kid  
 Do your thing, kid  
 Do your thing, kid...)