

Do What You Like

Lil' Kim

QB ya shit shit is crazy yo
Can't fuck wit you
Fo real
They can't fuck wit you
They can't fuck wit you
What's wrong wit ya'll bitches man
What's wrong wit ya'll niggas man
C'mon The fuck is wrong wit ya'll niggas
Where you at nigga
C'mon nigga
Where you at Where you at nigga c'mon

Yo Check em out Yo yo yo
When it's murder on my mind, I do it all the time
Got tombstone flow, wit a casket rhyme
Your gats is plastic, I got platinum nines
With gold shells Banger Vegas tap ya spine
I'm the type to spaz out and take back what's mine
Rep for my hood niggas slingin crack and dimes
Half is mine
So you know it's half my time
In the pen or the box
Wit my man on the ox
We gon do it like we did it on the block
Let's roll
Like wit 60's 30's
40 niggas wit me
Rep ya hood
Rep ya block
Rep ya city
This is me talkin, without the Remy in me
I kick it from the heart, that's why niggas feel me
Show ya'll the true meanin why Banger act willie
Cause I start to spaz and smack a bitch silly
They call Leo Ganza wit the twin nine millis
Yea niggas

Do what you like (We don't give a fuck)
Go head and fight (All my bitches grab a nigga)
And fuck tonight (It's ya muthafuckin world)
Do what you like, do what you like
Do what you like
Bust of the nine
And fuck tonight
Do what you like, do what you like

Ayo yo ayo
This is for them niggas frontin, don't really want it
My 32 bullets got all ya names on it
Hit em in the brain, niggas slain
Layin dormant
Iced out grenade, wit the big chains on it
New Years blimp Wit B.I.G. name on it
Iceburg sweaters wit Kim name on it
Cease-A-Le Tee wit big blood stain on it
Every time I sign a check, I sign a thug name on it
Niggas got rhymes but they flow's so borin

No stage shows, so forget about tourin
Mad at my team cause my niggas stay scorin
All you gotta do is make a false move and it's warnin
My guns bust
Niggas get wet when it's pourin
Rain down long like Kim gettin dressed in the mornin
Five star general, spit a uzi at ya coffin
Run up in ya crib without a search warrant

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Once again it's on
The muthafuckin psychos M.A.F.I.A.
Bitches feel us, we the realest
My Bed Stuy niggas is who I ride for
Send that ass slow like I ride a six four
I'm what ya kids admire
Don't wanna see retire
Got bitches in the pen and in the church choir
Got a new attitude for the Y2K
Same shit nigga try me I'ma blow em away

Ayo move out the way Bris I'm about to hook off
Sick of muthafuckas tryna play us lick we soft
You have any idea how many words I shook off
I'm not havin uh no I'm not havin it
You heard what I said, don't make me raise my voice
And I know ya'll don't want me to call me boys
M.A.F.I.A. we break rules in the club
My whole crews in the club
And girl, don't you hate when bitches be wit the friends
Dancin all wild
Bumpin you again and again
Yea I know That some real punk shit
Fuck that I ain't tryna hear that drunk shit
Bitches like that get stomped out
You know the rules, beat a bitch till she conk out
Lady what we fear nigga you like
Give em a pussy invite
It's aight maybe get ya pussy sucked tonight

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(Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out)
Yea muthafuckas
All my niggas get high and fuck tonight
It's our muthafuckin world
(Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out)
Yea

Big shout from the house
Yea Queen Bee
M.A.F.I.A. style
B.I.G. Forever baby
Brooklyn
We gonna let ya'll know
Do what you want
Do what ya like nigga
It's 2000
YaknowwhatI'msayin
All hell to the Y2Kim baby
GB It's yo turn
All you hoes make a u-turn
Aiight Represent niggas