

## Do Dat

Petey Pablo

Aiyyo check this verse out  
My platinum chains, my big willy, my Mercedes-Benz  
That's right?  
Are you a gun busting nigga? (Buh-Buh-Buh-Buh)  
Are you a bitch baggin nigga? (Whu-Whu-Whu-Whu)  
You got ice and ya chain and ya chong wit your Rolly on  
Not just any Rolly but you bought the most expensive one.  
Hey take ya car keys (Jingle Jingle) to ya class E  
Big body be for your CD- I mean, DVD  
For ya T.V in ya head beats, in ya back seat  
Haha, y'all think I'm mean  
Runnin round talking bout the shit that you be talking bout  
How you the drug game sold up and locked down  
John Gotti got life and I'm sure he never told nobody  
Boy lets put on an album so the fuckin feds could buy it  
You shouldn't be shouting out them bodies you buried  
Nine millimeters and Techs and them AK47's  
Illegal weapons you talking bout you snucked in the club  
You got so many guns  
Tell me why you rappers steady getting robbed  
I got two more verses for you (huh)  
this ain't just to an individual person  
These questions here for all of ya

I can write a song without ice, bitches, and cars  
can you mutha fuckas do dat? (DO DAT?!)  
I can blaze a track without bustin a gat at a cat  
can you mutha fuckas do dat? (DO DAT?!)

Yoouuu gon' have to change up all yo shit in a little bit  
When the radios in the club get to pumpin this  
And they start to finding out what what rappin really is

Verse 2, now that you know what the song's about  
Yall probably cussin me out  
You gonna listen to it anyhow  
Lets talk about somebody like Eskimo  
Rentin they jewelry from Jacob and don't think we know  
You got a platinum piece but your chain is plain white gold  
After the video it got to go back to the store  
That's Crazy, talkin bout some shit you don't own  
Oughta be ashamed of yourself  
Yo, don't they call that frontin, holmes?  
You ain't Jigga, Nigga  
Nor can you spin like Puff  
And got a cash money deal  
So what's your Big Willy talk for?  
I get so excited man, your track got me leapin  
Then you start rhymin and (Yawn) I get sleepy

It's a sad situation, record labels buggin out  
Cuz they star artist done ran out of shit to talk about (Whoa!)  
Yeah that's crazy and you think about it baby  
Only thing that changed in yo rhyme was ya date "2000"  
Oh that shit is hot, put that on the album  
You heard it with my man kick that shit (??)  
Loud and proud, nigga swear he be throwin down

Arthur lose his voice every time he opens his mouth  
I oughta hold up a signs and boycott they ass right  
No more muthafuckin sound alike!  
Sound-a-like (Mobb Deep!) Sound-a-like (Jay-Z!) Sound-a-like (B.I.G.)  
And we don't need no more please!