

Rakim f/ Chuck D

"Do Dat"

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[Intro]

Aiyyo check this verse out
My platinum chains, my big willy, my Mercedes-Benz
That's right? {*laughing*}

[Verse 1]

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

[Hook]

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?!)

[Chorus 2x]

Yooouu 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]

Verse 2, now that you know what the song's about
Y'all probably cussin' me out
You gonna listen to it anyhow
Let's 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 rhyming and *Yawn* I get sleepy

[Chorus]

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

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 sign and boycott they ass right
No more muthafuckin' sound-alikes!
Sound-a-like (Mobb Deep!) Sound-a-like (Jay-Z!) Sound-
a-like (B.I.G.!)
And we don't need no more please!

[Chorus]

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