

Roberta Flack % Donny Hathaway

"Whatcha Gonna Do"

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Chorus

I say

I can give it to you but whatcha gon do wit it,

I can give it to you but whatcha gon doo (2x)

wha-wha wha-wha whaaat

[Jayo Felony]

I can give it to ya but whatcha gonna do wit it

When I'm in Texas I'm bumpin' screw music

With Big Mike and Scarface with Luke Luke

Me and lil' Crook like Bo and Luke duke

When I'm in Miami I go to scoop Luke

to see the peep show and hit some duke shoot

Went to Branson, back to back, Lex Coupe

Up in "Harlem World" in my Timb boots

Two suckers had beef so I watched them shoot

Called up Benny Rat, copped a bullet proof

Seen T-Funk he took us to the fruit

Then he went to the Tunnell and brought down the roof

Mink coats and moet, bitches drippin sweat

Slang a cassette to Funkmaster Flex

And now Im bumpin' on East Coast tapedecks

Went from Swatch to platinum Rolex

S.D., Jersey we getting more sex, flow next, go next

Chorus

Hook

Im too sexy for my motherfuckin hood, hood

Im too sexy for my motherfuckin low ridahh (2x)

[Method Man]

If my niggas cant eat then y'all niggaz can't sleep

I just begun to creep, Nightmares on Elm Street

Release from Jones Beach to South Beach, capeesh?

Kickin dust as I bust, fuck peace

And all them crooked cops on the beat

My niggas bring the funk like your Grandpa feet

Til death do us part, save my bullets for the charts

With darts, like HBO watching after dark

No love for a mark, even less for a trick

That wanna be like Mike, Mike who my dick
Real shit Hot Nicks
Run wit my niggas that aint got shit
Pop shit, and peddle poetry for profit
One time, out for mine, but cant stop it
Trying to keep they hands in my pocket
So I bring obnoxious, infected lah that be toxic
Leave the crime scene spotless
Mix the green with the chocolate, here's the topic
Niggas, synchronize your watches
We goin in, wit nothin but a Clan logo
Mr. meth, (DMX!) I'm running loco motherfucker

Chorus

Hook

[DMX]

I got a wicked flow and I'm gonna kick it yo, feel the
pressure
Snatching niggas up just like change off the dresser
Niggas hit me with the best shit then what
I shake that bullshit off *arf arf arf* then go nutz
Ive been down too long, cant a motherfucker show me
nothing
Y'all bitch niggas is duckin me like you owe me
something
I got more homies than an esse, but lets say
I couldnt talk you wouldnt walk my way on your best
day
The best way you can hope to get close to me
Is right here under my wing like you're supposed to be
The first time you start acting fuckin strange
Best to be ducking range
Talkin shit wearing a fuckin' chain
I break niggaz like promises
Split em' open like Thomas'
And sell more drugs than a pharmacist
Strapped wit nothing but a rhyme a long history of
violent crime
Attitude that doesnt mind doing time

Chorus

Hook

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