

Trina F/ Lil' Briana

"Do-Re-Mi"

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[LL Cool J]

Uhh, uhh.. yeah

See I know how to get down, word up

It's so hot it's, LL's version of the East coast chronic

Smoke 'til your lungs collapse

You supposed to be the nigga, where all the drama at?

So ironic, L came back

Flooded the market - got your mens on the wall

holdin his blunt, too fucked up to spark it

Show me a nigga who can do like I do

Then gas your mans up so I can rip that nigga too

Braggin you goin platinum like that shit brand new

I was platinum in eighty-five, what THE FUCK wrong
with you, huh?

Come (?) L - what you call rocks to me is minerals

Tried to throw salt on my name, shit's political

The baddest man on the planet

So ill when I'm spittin niggaz take it for granted

Cram to understand it, I'll switch and write it lefthanded

Heat my pinky ring up and leave your bitch branded

Got a voice like a cannon - nigga shoot

I don't think she really hot, your career is a fluke

I'm the best MC to ever touch the pen

Take a look at what I'm doin it will not be done again

As sure I am the descendant of former slaves

I'ma resurrect brothers from they mental graves

Make 'em confess - LL's the most rugged

God, and no man's above it, gotta love it

[Chorus: LL, Erick]

DO - get this bread, use ya infrared

RE - fuck the industry, it's all about

MI - you ain't goin - FA

L said it - SO, puffin on the - LA

DO - get this bread, use ya infrared

RE - fuck the industry, it's all about

MI - you ain't goin - FA

E said - SO, puffin on the - LA (.. TI DO)

[Erick Sermon]

Uhh, E Dub on the microphone
Droppin bombs - spots get blown
So why would you assume my style wouldn't bloom
When I rap, wack MC's vacate the room
Cause they suck, and that's how I feel
I'ma smack down the A&R who signed the deal
Then wrap 'round his neck yo' reel to reel
So next time he know, how the real feel
Get loose and wrap hand 'round the steel
Leave you in the truck, wrapped 'round ya wheel
(I ain't playin) But y'all front like I ain't it
And every rapper y'all like, sample my shit
(Name one) I'm nice, and there's no mistakin
I threw a bomb rhyme in the hands of Troy Aikman
My track record is out there, gone
E.T. like maybe I should phone home (hello?)
I'm known for the dome bangers
Drop any song of mine right now in the club and it's
DANGER
Scarface, E, LL Cool (jigga jigga)
J, never heard it spit this way, hey

[Chorus: LL, Scarface]

DO - get this bread, use ya infrared
RE - fuck the industry, it's all about
MI - you ain't goin - FA
L said it - SO, puffin on the - LA (that's right)

DO - get this bread, use ya infrared
RE - fuck the industry, it's all about
MI - you ain't goin - FA
Cause 'Face said - SO, puffin on the - LA (.. TI DO)

[Scarface]

You a trash-ass nigga, slash garbage-ass rhymer
You switched from the raw to a chart climber
And now your shit is blowin out the stores
and uh, next month you fin' to go out on the tour but
Count - (two, three, and, four)
Your records ain't sellin no more
And damn - you done spent your money galore
Buyin all the stupid shit that your money can't afford
(uh-oh)
Tryin to keep up with the trendy
Got your bitch minked out in all Fendi
Bought your homeboy a brand new Bentley
And the well that wouldn't run dry is now empty
It's simply, cause you wasn't focused on the next day
and your next tape you can't give it away, but hey
I send these to these niggaz tryin to keep up with the

Joneses
Everything you see me I owns it
I've been quietly sellin tapes for thirteen years
So let's get, that, clear
You might have sold a few more tapes, but
realistically, are you that great? (nah)
Can't get respect but I done paid dues
Stood on the block slangin cooked up rocks, I'm the
same dude
I've been the same nigga since I came through
Do-re-mi too, damn fool!

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