

## **Christina Aguilera F/ Lil' Kim**

### **"What They Do"**

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[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

[Verse One]

Yo, yo

Lost generation, fast paced nation

World population confront they frustration

The principles of true hip-hop have been forsaken

It's all contractual and about money makin

Pretend-to-be cats don't seem to know they limitation

Exact replication and false representation

You wanna be a man, then stand your own

To MC requires skills, I demand some shown

I let the frauds keep frontin

And roam like a cellular phone far from home

Givin crowds what they wantin

Offical hip-hop consumption, the 5th thumpin

Keepin ya party jumpin with an original somethin

Yo, I dedicate this to the one dimension-al

No imagination, excuse for perpetration

My man came over and said, "Yo we thought we heard you"

Joke's on you; you heard a bitin-ass crew but um..

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

[Verse Two]

Thin is the line that run between love and hatred

The game is ill-natured, it's nothing sacred

Aiyyo, it's funny when I see some rap niggaz due to make it

A few'll blow up, or go as far as they can take it

My nine to five, is just to hit ya get the party live

I'm Black Thought, used to rap for sport

Now the rhymes sayin rent payin life support

I take it very serious-ly, within this in-dustry

It's various crews that try to touch me

But I come with the beautiful things, and I bless the

track plushly  
Around the world crowds love me, from doin tours  
Receipient of applause from all of you and yours  
Creator of original sounds to send to stores  
you take home, to absorb and sweat it out your pores  
Now who can stop the music runnin through these veins  
Infinitely go against the grain, that's why my motto's  
to..

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...  
Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

[Verse Three]

Livin the life of limos and lights  
Airplanes and trains, short days and long nights  
Keyboards and mics, bass chords and drum kicks  
And my mental thick to hit my head like brick  
As I embark on a mission welcomin to the dark  
When I first spark the arts, when the listenin start  
Open your head wide, and let the Thought inside  
My style fortified by all of Philadel-phi  
I've dealt more stealth than all the wicked weal-thy  
Mentality undetectable by the naked eye  
Then I get paid when the record is played  
To put it short "I want it made" like Ed, nuff said  
Then after that, I'm puttin on my cousin Hamed  
We let the ladies blend with the darkskin thoroughbred  
and discover, my level is that of no other  
And Roots crew reign offical and true while I'm  
continuin to..

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

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