

## Focal Point

### "Don't Do It"

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[ "Long Version" includes the following INTRO: ]

Yo Rich

How come y'all go ruthless  
turn around and try to be positive?

[ D-Loc ]

Look man, people try to tell me that I'm ruthless

[ Richie Rich ]

So when I'm kickin knowledge I be frontin on the  
schoolin

[ D-Loc ]

But you're wrong

[ Richie Rich ]

It's just another song

[ Richie Rich & D-Loc ]

and another attitude that we use to school you

[ Richie Rich ]

You know what I'm sayin?

A lesson is a lesson no matter how it's told

You can't teach a dog and a cat the same trick, Jack

Don't do it

[ VERSE 1 ]

Hitler was a killer, Frank Ward was the Mack

Felix Mitchell made money in 20 g stacks

Moses split the sea, King Tut wore gold

And Jesus, he's the King, so the story is told

But my posse, we keep jockin the freaks

24 a day and 7 a week

The Oaktown is always poppin

( ? ) tops, gold tones, the boys ain't stoppin

Not long ago, and brother listen to me

The kid on the block with a Atari

Was the most and he had all friends

They're playin game after game, again and again

But the times have changed and now comes the grind

The mixed up kids have to make up their minds

The slow lane or do they wanna move fast?

The dopeman, they say he ain't gonna last

The preacher, he's busy tryin to save souls

The devil, he wants all control

You see, life is to be lived on the right accord  
So don't sweat it, young brother, when you can't afford  
A Benzo, a mobile phone and a yacht  
Because the brothers in the fast lane haven't forgot  
There's a heaven and hell, you only get one turn  
To live eternally, or to eternally burn  
You're not a cat with nine, you live once not twice  
So what I'm sayin is take this advice  
And don't do it

[ VERSE 2 ]

You see, the book of life has flipped so many pages  
The styles have changed over ages and ages  
If it don't get better, then I suppose  
The winds of life should blow the book to close  
You see, the world is corrupt and God don't like it  
And one day like lightning he'll strike it  
AIDS is takin over and so is the coke  
But the preacher's real busy just tryin to provoke  
The people to give at last one Sunday  
Perhaps it can make live better for Monday  
And if Tuesday through Saturday you stay on your  
knees  
You notice a change, the wind was a breeze  
Other rappers had a chance, but they blew it  
So all I'm tryin to say is, don't do it

[ VERSE 3 ]

You see, the blocks are crowded with penny-anny  
hookers  
Fresh clean cars and real hard lookers  
But lately I haven't felt the same  
A spell so strong to be in the rap game  
The microphone is like the mental high power  
My wisdom gives way, so lyrics devour  
The average, the best, the epitome  
Anyone who holds rank of an MC  
Will be slurped like the drink through a straw  
So get the punchline, I'm down by law  
Two R's will be given as a single clue  
Richie Rich is rhymin hard and careers are through  
See, the West Coast holds the key to the door  
So obscene weak rumors should be heard no more  
There are punks on the mic, they get paid  
Well, here's news, you're bein played  
I don't plan to be a king and I don't wear a crown  
But lyric for lyric, my speech is down  
And on a one on one basis, tongue for tongue  
The judge's decision, your rhyme's too young  
So mellow out, coward, McDonald's is hirin  
My brain is in effect, in other words firin

Rhyme after rhyme, don't wonder how I do it  
You had a chance, but you blew it

[ "Long Version" includes the following VERSE 4 ]  
Suckers gettin jobs, they can't hold em  
I'm a fiend for mics, that's why I control em  
And dancin ain't never been my best thing  
But I'm a fiend for music so I entertain  
And rap is not the only thing that I do  
You get me on the court and I'll run em and hoop  
But now off the court, back to my sport  
Rappin, the record that you just bought  
Put the tape in your deck, turn your Zap to fo'  
Rattle and roll and break, you know  
California is the place where the hustlers dwell  
But there's a message at hand that I'm tryin to sell  
You've got an Uzi in your trunk, a nine in your coat  
Switchblade, backfade in case you cuttin a throat  
See, the life of flash holds cash but now it's dirty  
And those who participate, they die early  
The coroner's office is way too packed  
Due to sub-machine guns and hand-held gats  
Dope is for pigeons and pigeons are birds  
So in essence, peep the final words  
Don't do it

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