

Kool Moe Dee "Doin' My Thang"

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(*phone rings*)
(Yo Moe, what's up?
Where you been, man?
What's up with the new sound?
I ain't heard from you in a while, man
What you been doin, man?
Some of my homies don't even know you
What's up with that?
What's up with that?)

Let us begin with a funky in-tro
My name is Kool Moe Dee, what up, what up - yo
And for those of you who just don't know
Or might no recognize me from the funky - flow
I am the brother from the Wild Wild - West
But I'm not comin on the new wild - quest
Because I can't get with the new - sound
Because I don't like the way it's goin - down
Brothers always say they wanna keep it - real
But how many brothers really kick the - skill
So what you got a little street - appeal
So you promote genocide, for what? A - deal?
Well, I was never with that - scene
Because the ends could never justify the - means
And if it's all about gettin that - green
I been there, I done that, I mean
I'm doin my thing, kid

(Yo, what kinda flavor is that, man?
I want the new stuff, man)
Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid
(The hardcore, gimme the hardcore stuff, man
Come on)
I'm doin my thing, kid
(I hear you, but the brothers ain't with the positive stuff
Won't you kill a rhyme?)
Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid
(Shoot somebody in the next verse, aight?
Kill somebody)

Brothers say they wanna be hard-core
So in their own communities they start - war

You really don't care because you say you got - yours
But think about it for a second, stop, pause
If all you wanna do is get - paid
Then you ain't nothin but a paid - slave
The Uncle Tom of the New - Age
Cause sellin out ain't nothin new - wait
Cause you can pull a trigger on a nigga well
You think you're bigger, nigga, stop and think you sell
Ain't nothin hard about committin homicide
Cause genocide is really suicide - right?
Well, think about it on a higher - level
You sold your soul and you got hired by a - devil
To reek havoc in the ghetto, y'all go head on
Keep runnin with God like a runnin rebel
Doin my thing, kid

(What's all this rhymin about God
What you're tryin to do, man?)
Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid
(You a reverend or something?
Tryin to be a preacher or what?)
I'm doin my thing, kid
(Give it up with the preachin God
Just rhyme, just rhyme)

Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid
(Alright then, flip the flow, change your flow
Be like somebody else)

I'm true to the game, so I keep inventin
Hype rhymes for the times and I'm representin
Kick flavor while I'm eatin up the best of em
Then put em in the pile with the rest of em
When I flip it and hit it, some brothers don't get it
They want me to kick it like others - forget it
I tailor-made a style for the microphone
You can search the rap files but it's mine alone
I won't get in to fit in the flow, it's won't simulate
Now bein one of the best causes them to hate
The freestyle master cause I'm a outcast
You ever stop and ask yourself how to outlast
All those before me and the many that came after
The critics who dissed this I dimiss with laughter
Ain't no puzzle, put a muzzle on their face
And watch the hype crowd sing
I'm doin my thing, kid

(Man..
Alright, I see what you're doin
I can get with that)
Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid

(I kinda like that, yo
Go ahead and do yo thing, kid)
I'm doin my thing, kid
(Yeah, yeah, I dig it, I dig it
Go ahead, do your thing)
Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid
(Hit me with one more and let em know where it's
comin from)

I worked with Sugarhill Gang, Run and Heavy D
Eric B., Big Daddy Kane and Public Enemy
>From '79 to '94, now that's longevity
You got a problem with the flow, here's a remedy
Just sit back, relax, in fact, try to hear it
Cause I'm comin back to back, you gotta wear it
Ain't no sense goin against the grain
Get yourself a surf, dude, ride the wave
Cause this ain't the regular style, ain't no competators,
I'll
Take out the negative while just like a predator I'll
Prey and on play on and stay on the airwaves
You heard I'm fallin or fell, chalk it as hear-say
Ain't no defense mechanism or criticism
Capable of doin no nothings here, that's how I'm livin
You can bring whatever you got to bring
I'm the champ, the master, the king
I'm doin my thing, kid

(Yo Moe, you all that, man
You gon' go far, man)
Hey yo, I'm doin my thing, kid
(I'm not lyin, you gon' make it to the top)
(...)
(Do your thing, kid
Do your thing, kid
Do your thing, kid...)

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