

Little Brother "What You Do"

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[Phonte (Rapper Big Pooh):]

Yeah, yeah, check it out now

You're now tuned to the sounds of Phonte, Big Pooh
and 9th Wonder

[Little Brother:]

It's Little Brother, (ain't no other) put it down like no
other

And I know it's a lot of madness out there, a lot of
snakes

A lot of fake ass niggas, claiming they doing this and
doing that

Just watch what you do, aight?

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

I don't know about you but this nigga here watching me
chase

Cause at the end of the day, I don't need no case
Bitches had grimy niggas runnin up in your place
Cause they ain't mention to you past mistakes, and it's
fucked up

You lucked up with this chick toting more bags
Than the trash man on a Monday morning
I dips bout your downfall, already forming
In the mind of this nigga brainstorming, he gotta get
her back

Somebody gonna take the rap
So he kept putting bait in the trap until the snake bit
See everybody doing dirt on the low man
Cheating on his wife and his wife didn't know
Wife withholding information on the low
Now old flame back and somebody gotta go
Once the shit hit the fan then you know fo' show
You better watch what you doin cause you don't know

[Hook]

[Pooh:]

You better watch what you say and what you do
Cause you never really know who got they eyes on you
They be plotting, scheming, eyeing, scoping
Waiting for the day they get you out in the open

[Phonte:]

You better watch what you say and what you do

Cause sometimes it's hard to tell what's fake and
what's true
They plotting, harassing, scheming when they spot you
One wrong move homeboy and then they got you

[Phonte:]

Dear God, it's my time, believe me I'm with it
But before I go, forgive me for the times that I didn't
Use better judgement against the people I shitted
Them young girls I fucked over and the sins I
committed
Thought my master plan was hand crafted
Never thought my master plan would backfire and get
my own man blasted
Now we both on our way to hell in hand baskets
Screaming fuck the world for telling us we can't have it
The hoes, prestige and dollar signs
Ready to serve any nigga feeling like he want a part of
mine
My conscious would speak to me a lot of times
When I was busy starching up my white collar crimes
The blueprint follow mines, nigga we can go settle it
I got banks in Switzerland and hoes in the Netherlands
That specialize in offshore accounts and
embezzlement
So if your dough get tapped, you know where the hell it
went
You funny niggas best be going, the dope specialist
Did more pedalling than Greg Lemond
And you ain't tryna see none of that, a wild thundercat
Tryna outrun my past life when I was coming back
And now I kneel and both palms together
Looking for answers and proverbs, songs, whatever
And when my soul burns in hell, to myself I owe it
Cause money, sex and power was the motive, for real

[Hook]

[Phonte:]

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