

Red Hot Chili Peppers

"Doin' My Thang"

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For sho', this Myke Miers
Just doing my thang you know
Just trying to get it done
Uhh, Check it...

[Verse 1]

I've been trying to do my thang in this rap game, for a long time
I kick strong rhymes, but it's been hard times
Been through the industry mumbo-jumbo
You see life is like a obstacle course, sometimes you stumble
Stay humble, with the little acclaim I gain
I'm prepared for whatever fame'll bring
Will I fall the same traps as these cats before me
Will the fans ignore me, or will they adore me
Will I have glory and wealth, or just stories to tell
Am I destined to succeed or is it for me to fail
Yo dog, I don't know what the future will hold
All I know, is I'm trying to complete my goal
Let the truth be told, I don't trust nobody but a few
So I don't give a damn about you
You a fan or a friend, or you buying my CD
Other than that, we don't really need to speak
But Yo!!

Chorus:

I'm just doing my thang yo, I'm just doing my thang yo
I'm just doing my thang yo, I'm just doing my thang uh
"Oh-Oh-Ohhhhh, you gotta do your thang" - [scratched in sample]
I'm just doing my thang yo, I'm just doing my thang yo
I'm just doing my thang yo, I'm just doing my thang yo
"Oh-Oh-Ohhhhh, you gotta do your thang" - [scratched in sample]

[Verse 2]

I be up late night trying to make tight rhymes and beats, I ain't trying to sleep
See, the best is what I'm trying to be
I never reached that, but I be close enough

Trying to get the crowd opened up
You know what sucks, how these wack MCs get on
Knowing damn well, their whole style I shit on
I grown too hot for y'all MCs to sit on
You making bets, then I'm the one you put your bid on
Put your money on me and I guarantee you'll get your
win on
Myke Miers get his spit on and kid on
Me and Diverse, ain't just trying to get in the game
We tryin' to change it
That's why we considered dangerous
Playing us as the trend-setters
I've been better, than most of y'all, but you know what,
I'm getting better
The better I get, the more cheddar I get
I'll sever your clique
Can't get fresher than this
But Yo!!

Chorus:

[Verse 3]

I tar-get the mar-ket, where I fit
Where ever I fit, then I hit
I get, DJs to play my shit from state to state
Doing shows so they can see me, face to face
I don't know what it takes to make a hit, I don't have a
clue
I just do what I know how to do
Feed it to the people who want real hip-hop
If it's tight they will cop
If it's ain't they will not
It's that simple that's how I keep it
So they could peep it, there's no secret, the mic I freak
it
Yo, man I seen it without even looking, you predictable
You was hating me way before I kicked a flow
You didn't know your info, was on the wrong source
You were on the right path, but you on the wrong
course
It's like Jordan playing baseball, he in the wrong sport
Or Agassi shooting hoop, you know he on the wrong
court
But Yo!!

Chorus:

[Heavy scratching until fade]

