

## Ringo Starr

### "Do You"

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What, what?

Bitches backstab with no remorse, fuck bitches  
they get blasted when I'm lickin off, Heather B  
Hard hitter, when I'm gettin off, these bitches  
with no father figures they be trickin off, feel me  
They beez off the heez knees and naps to show  
If they try to run between these I blow they doors  
Put the jinx on em all like they sophomores  
Cause these bitches got the gall to holla hardcore  
I'm crackin jaws, Heather B the southpaw, with no look  
Give a fuck about these bitches, uhh, and that's the  
hook

You know how I'm gon' get it, split it, off the books  
And you ain't got to love me, trust me, simply hook

Chorus:

When you countin on your peoples and they don't pull  
through

I'ma do me (you gots to do you)

Niggaz game so weak I can see right through

I'ma do me (you gots to do you)

Everybody got a time and I know mine's due

I'ma do me (you gots to do you)

See you out there gettin yours, gots ta gets mine too

I'ma do me (you gots to do you)

Heather B, Grand like a Cherokee

Loredo, I need my hands on some alfredo

Streets condonin it, Back on the Block, Quincy Jonesin it

Prada, get publishing, what? I'm owning it huh

You feel me now? You get the point?

Heather B B B B drops oowops on your joints

You really, can't rate me or mistake me for another

I Brings In Da Noize And Funk like Savion Glover

Wicked, like those sisters and that stepmother

Got your clocks strikin twelve I'm bringin hell to

Cinderella

Fuck how much you sell cause, I read your album cover

You couldn't write a jam if your last name was Smucker

Got all my motherfuckers yellin Jersey up in here

No Limit like Master P I like how he Do Dat There  
Listen here I'm livin sort of dan-gerous-ly  
Plus I'm bulletproof no use in aimin at me

Chorus

I spits pure fire, I burn the finest of designs  
Heather B that MC that runs up on em from behind  
Who got your back now, where you ill crew at?  
The sons you talked about with guns, the ones with  
gats and all that?  
I figured that some rap for plaques over, R&B tracks  
You got to watch, what you say if you ain't really, livin  
that  
Another rapper lost, lookin all stank up in The Source  
What's all that shit fo'? Did your momma, raise a hoe?  
Fight it, and I win, I'm that rhyme, veteran  
with that Nighttime Sniffly Sneezin Rest Your Head,  
Medicine  
See me live rock on Keenan, and even, Letterman  
Rock Chris Rock, blow his spot, like nitro-glycerin  
Hold that like they don't know, but I'm like years ahead  
of them  
Plus I shed, more light right, than Thomas, Edison  
And I'll take it there end your career with one stroke of  
my pen  
And I got enough love, I don't need no mo' friends

Chorus

When they poppin champagne and you only drinkin  
brew  
I'ma do me (you gots to do you)  
When you know you broke as hell and your rent is due  
I'ma do me (you gots to do you)  
And you ain't got no love, you know you ain't true  
I'ma do me (you gots to do you)  
Frontin with them niggaz from that weak ass crew  
I'ma do me (you gots to do you)  
and I'm out

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