

## Def Squad "You Do, I Do"

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Yo, this ain't nothin' but rock shit  
I don't think y'all niggaz can't keep up with this  
Fuck all you motherfuckers, fuck you  
I don't think they can get with it  
There's too much shit goin' on  
Yo yo yo yo yo

I was chillin' up, whom? Dog Deluxe  
Rockin', diamond and G with the rooftop cut  
I'ma grown man, don't got no time for games an' stuff  
I got balls that'll beat ya ollets 21 rough

Look at my face, Doc's the name, don't forget it  
I makes ya make ya scream, "Bow"  
Like my name's Willie, I get sick with it  
Re-dig with it, I had a nine inch slug up  
Before yo' stink bitch bit it

I betta clippin' crap that y'all cats is black  
A prays if the eight jacks so send neck through facts,  
reservoir  
Ja Ja go ball when I was four  
Explore whores, when Rock came to the door

You never seen before, life to your hood  
My steady shows leave niggaz vexed like Rosewood  
When I drop the filth weather, bigga built  
Our dog fucked the shit outta bitch, of Tiger Mill

You drinkin', I'm drinkin'  
You smokin', I'm smokin'  
You freakin', I'm freakin'  
You fuckin', we fuckin'

You fucked up, we fucked up  
We make it, we take it  
You hate me, I hate you  
You talk shit, I talk shit

In a flash I be the E, cat an' mouse and cash  
Not many ballin' niggaz out there, can touch my stash  
Or touch the S-class, the five double O sittin' on Pirelli's,

chrome

The big two O, catch the pitcher, my whole rap steez is deep

For all ya fake dues, I'm the only show that peeps  
Last week I was uptown, playin' the streets  
Step upon 1-5-fifth and get [Incomprehensible]  
That's when I do, when I roll dolo, I call her bitch

There was a time if I ain't doin' that, I ain't doin' shit  
I might go to the studio and make a hit  
I call my baby's moms, an hear her talk shit  
I scoop, I ain't get my kids, niggaz please

We hit Toys are Russ and then Micky D's  
And go to a movie, the end today, and talk to 'em  
And take 'em back around away, and that's real

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Well it's the sly Gemini, me and Potatoe cuttin' drops  
Have the guy, well known but still just gettin' by  
And I verify mathematics don't lie, nigga  
Put in some work, and get a piece of the pie

It be the niggaz that don't immediate pertain to the situation  
That we tryin' to come up off the chips, and niggaz makin'  
And always worried if I'ma diss you, you insecure bitch  
To the government, stay out my shit

Niggaz was glad when I came with the keys to the chains  
To the cell block to the stage, now it's time to rock  
I return like I never left, D E F, got the whole world gaspin' for breath  
We got these hoes spread it out like mustard, I ask Flava and Chop  
They said, "Yo, don't trust it", no, no no no

