

## Mcgruff "What Cha Doin to Me"

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[mcgruff]

Now check it, uptown kid on the record  
Who you thought? who you expected?  
Gruff number one, get layed, lust in the sun  
Now I'm gettin paid without bustin my gun  
Make music, but still in I say boot it  
But still in all I stay looted, still in all  
I'm the slick cat that heav' recruited  
No one see platinum and then play stupid  
Harlem's on the rise now, you surprised now  
For those who slept, bet they recognize now  
Can't hold us, can't stand to see my ro' wristband wit  
boulders  
Can't withstand my soldiers, told ya  
We gon' explode like oklahoma  
Put the rap game in the yoke and the coma  
Feel fame comin closer, photograph name on poster  
Dame in the rover

[chorus: shay best]

What cha doin to me? keep comin baby  
How you makin me feel, keep comin baby

[mcgruff]

Yo give it to ya hardcore, but never raw baby  
Be on tour crazy, leave shows wit three or four ladies  
Tryin to stroke out, stand up, poke out  
Let the smoke out, let the loke out  
Sexin broke out, rock begets no doubt  
Niggas wanna be playas but just no clout  
Man bubbly refresh my mouth  
Besides that been fresh before fresh was out  
Check it out, check my background, check how I'm layin  
my mack down  
Check the store near you, for the hound phat sound  
Herb could flow, you ain't the first to know  
Watch me burst and blow, 'cause I'm thirst for dough  
No question g, millionaire destined to be  
Tucks no less than a g, who fresher than me?  
Or heavy d, check the pedigree  
From uptown to beverly, papes be steady, see

[chorus]

[hook 2x: heavy d]

Ooh rougher than rough, big m, little c, gruff  
You can't get enough, say what

[mcgruff]

Gruff official, what the deal nigga, bust the crystal  
Bust the style, baby lust the style  
Dutch your isle, knowwhatimean? philly two mile  
Nowadays niggas really be foul  
What's goin on out there? is all I hear  
Black on black crime, and you know the law don't care  
War out there, almost got caught out there  
But I didn't, so I gotta thank the lord out there, 'cause  
there is one  
Know people listen to my songs in they system  
Know people think I don't belong in prison  
Lord forgive 'em, please, for all that sinnin  
Puffin weed and tossin women

[chorus 2x]

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