

Big Shug

"Do Ya"

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[DJ Premier]

Yeah, yo

Ladies and gentlemen I present to you straight out the
Gangstarr Foundation:

BIG SHUG! Go ahead speak on...

[Big Shug]

Catch me sipping on that moonshine tonic

Freshly dipped in these hip hop garments

You try to bomb it, I take it and disarm it

Hit you in the gut now you vomit, Sean John all on it

But I rock them wheels

Real niggas pop up and stay right there

Fake niggas stand down and stay right there

This is street music so it stays right here

Big shug, I spit fire for the hood

For realness feel this, higher for the hood

Blazing blocks, ripping internet some web pages

I rip stages, with ?v-block? and singapore

You want the raw? It's pure and uncut

Me and my cats we're pure and uncut

You niggaz is butt, so I say screw ya

I bring them four fives and two twos to do ya

[Chorus]

I bring the fire to your grill, I barbecue ya

I got the flames on blaze, just to do ya

I'MA DO YA!

(*Ease up, don't squeeze up*)

(*Then let it be known, I don't play" Latee - No tricks*)

I bring the fire to your grill, I barbecue ya

I got the flames on blaze, I'ma do ya

I'MA DO YA!

(*Ease up, don't squeeze up*)

(*Then let it be known, I don't play" Latee - No tricks*)

[Big Shug]

You wouldn't know the truth if it bit you in the throat

If it was written all over linen in your coat
If it jumped up and slapped you to the floor
If it banged in your head like ?two-one-four?
You breath the fakeness, click click take this
You fake rich, so you dont own shit
And soon all your kids will just know
That dad's homo and you scream: Oh no!
I see through you, I ?peep? your concept
You need to understand like Funkmaster Flex
I drop bombs on nothing but real shit
My hip hop is nothing but real shit
Like hot bricks, it sticks to your ribs
Front on me and I'll do ya, kid!
I straight do ya!

(*"Ease up, don't squeeze up"*)

(*"Then let it be known, I don't play" Latee - No tricks*)

[Chorus]

[Big Shug]

It's a thin line between snitch and jake
Between real and fake, between piehead and cake
You snitch the jake and get killed
Real niggaz pop, fake niggaz get drilled
I make cake for moving, them pies and pills
Fuck the gangsta overkill, I spit for real
Deal is in place, rhymes is in place
Jaw is out of place when you spit with this taste
Or even approach with that disrespect
I put two to your neck and beat your ass for wreck
I straight do ya!

(*"Ease up, don't squeeze up"*)

[Chorus]

{*D} Premier scratches to the end*}

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