Def Manic
"You Do, I Do"

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[Intro] Def Squad

Hah! Yo, this ain't nuthin' but rock shit
I don't think ya'll niggaz can't keep up with this!
FUCK ALL YOU MUTHAFUCKAZ!
FUCK YOU! Hah!
I don't think they can get with it!
There's too much shit goin' on!
Yo yo yo yo yo

[Verse] Redman

I was chillin' up, ??? Dog Deluxe
Rockin', diamond and G with the rooftop cut
I'ma grown man, don't got no time for games 'n 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 ya'll cats is black, a prays if the eight jacks
So send neck thru facts, resevoir (---) 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 faxs like Rosewood
When I drop the filth weather, bigga built⬜
Our dog fucked the shit outta bitch, of Tiger Mill

[Chorus]

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

[Verse] Erick Sermon

In a flash I be the E, cat 'n mouse and cash
Not many ballin' niggaz out there, can touch my style!
Or touch the S-class, the 5-00 sittin' on parrellies, chrome
The big 2-0, 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
????????1-5-fifth and get...BUDDAH
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 'r Rus and then Micky D's
And go to a movie, the end (of) the day, and talk to 'em
And take 'em back around away, and that's REAL!

[Chorus]

[Verse] Keith Murray

Well it's the sly Gemini, me and potatoe cuttin' drops
Have the guy, wellknown 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 be 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 cellblock 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 noo