

Nadia

"What They Do"

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[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

[Verse One]

Yo, yo

Lost generation, fast paced nation

World population confront they frustration

The principles of true hip-hop have been forsaken

It's all contractual and about money makin

Pretend-to-be cats don't seem to know they limitation

Exact replication and false representation

You wanna be a man, then stand your own

To MC requires skills, I demand some shown

I let the frauds keep frontin

And roam like a cellular phone far from home

Givin crowds what they wantin

Offical hip-hop consumption, the 5th thumpin

Keepin ya party jumpin with an original somethin

Yo, I dedicate this to the one dimension-al

No imagination, excuse for perpetration

My man came over and said, "Yo we thought we heard you"

Joke's on you; you heard a bitin-ass crew but um..

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

Never do....what they do, what they do, what they do...

[Verse Two]

Thin is the line that run between love and hatred

The game is ill-natured, it's nothing sacred

Aiyyo, it's funny when I see some rap niggaz due to make it

A few'll blow up, or go as far as they can take it

My nine to five, is just to hit ya get the party live

I'm Black Thought, used to rap for sport

Now the rhymes sayin rent payin life support

I take it very serious-ly, within this in-dustry

It's various crews that try to touch me

But I come with the beautiful things, and I bless the

track plushly
Around the world crowds love me, from doin tours
Receipient of applause from all of you and yours
Creator of original sounds to send to stores
you take home, to absorb and sweat it out your pores
Now who can stop the music runnin through these veins
Infinitely go against the grain, that's why my motto's
to..

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

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[Verse Three]

Livin the life of limos and lights
Airplanes and trains, short days and long nights
Keyboards and mics, bass chords and drum kicks
And my mental thick to hit my head like brick
As I embark on a mission welcomin to the dark
When I first spark the arts, when the listenin start
Open your head wide, and let the Thought inside
My style fortified by all of Philadel-phi
I've dealt more stealth than all the wicked weal-thy
Mentality undetectable by the naked eye
Then I get paid when the record is played
To put it short "I want it made" like Ed, nuff said
Then after that, I'm puttin on my cousin Hamed
We let the ladies blend with the darkskin thoroughbred
and discover, my level is that of no other
And Roots crew reign offical and true while I'm
continuin to..

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

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