

Petey Pablo

"Do Dat"

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Are you a gun busting nigga?
(Buh-buh-buh-buh)
Are you a bitch baggin' nigga?
(Whu-whu-whu-whu)
You got ice and ya chain and ya chong wit your roolly on
Not just any roolly but you bought the most expensive
one
Hey take ya car keys to ya class E
Big body be for your CD on ya DVD
For ya T.V in ya head beats
In ya back seat
Y'all think I'm mean

Runnin' round talking 'bout the shit that you talking
'bout
How you the drug game sewed up and locked down
John Gotti got life and I'm sure he never told nobody
Boy lets put on an album so the fuckin' feds could buy
it

You should be shouting out them bodies you buried
Nine millimeters in tex and Dem AK47's
Illegal weapon you talking 'bout you suck in the club
You got so many guns
Tell me why you rapping stead of getting robbed
I got two more verses for you
This ain't just to an individual person
These questions here for all of ya

I can write a song with out ice, bitches, and cars
Can you mutha fuckas do dat
(Do dat)
I can blaze a track with out bustin' a gat at a cat
Can you mutha fuckas do dat
(Do dat)

Yoouu gonna have to change up all yo shit in a little bit
When the radios in the club get to pumpin' dis
And they start to finding out what what rappin' really is

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Now that you know what the song about
Y'all probably cussin' me out
You gonna listen to it anyhow
Lets talk about somebody Eskimo
Rentin' they jewelry from Jacob
And don't let me know
You got a platinum piece
But your chain is plain right gone
After the video it gotta go back to the store
That's crazy

Talkin' 'bout some shit you don't own
Oughta be ashamed of yourself
Yo don't they call that frontin' holmes?
You ain't jigga, nigga
Nor can you spin like puff
And got a cash money deal
So what's your big Willy talk for?
I get so excited man
Your track got me leapin'
Then you start rhymin' and yawn
I get sleepy

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When the radios in the club get to pumpin' dis
And they start to finding out what what rappin' really is

I can write a song with out ice, bitches, and cars
Can you mutha fuckas do dat
(Do dat)
I can blaze a track with out bustin' a gat at a cat
Can you mutha fuckas do dat
(Do dat)

It's a sad situation
Record name buggin' out
'Cuz they star artist done ran out of shit to talk about
Whoa
Yeah that's crazy
And you think about it baby
Only thing that changed in yo rhyme
Was ya day 2000

Oh that shit is hot
Put that on the album
You heard it with my man
Kick that shit
Loud and proud
Nigga swear he be throwin' down

Arthur lose his voice every time he opens his mouth
I oughta hold up a signs and boycott they ass right
No more muthafuckin' sound a likes
Sounded like

(Mobb deep!)

Sounded like

(Jay-Z!)

Sounded like

(B.I.B.!)

And we don't need no more please

Yoouu gonna have to change up all yo shit in a little bit
When the radios in the club get to pumpin' dis
And they start to finding out what what rappin' really is

Yoouu gonna have to change up all yo shit

(Yo shit)

Yo shit, yo shit

(Yo shit, yo shit)

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