

Lyrics Born "Do That There"

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Now he comes close gets crushed like clay packs
With unlimited flows never stay in the same spot
Everything in locks got a place to make rock
If you feel it in your heart reach out like grand fox

Baby hop on board, you don't need your payed stubs
in the galaxy bus we pullin out all stops
From the bay to LA just like the great pac
Big shout to my man cut chemist and J5

All my women in the spot thats makin the place pop
That branch from bass chocolate
Asia good cop, go in, state the obvious
Legs and tank tops
Y'all keep on truckin y'all doin a great job

For ain't no stage I won't take from playin cards
In the burgundy coats, snake boots and black socks
On the barbary coast playin host to ex wives
With the bubbly flowin cuff links and fake butts

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
When I do that damn thing
I do that damn thing
I do that damn thing
I do that there

Now I am award your fate heats
That's helped ya
one day at the altar mid general
called me in to headquarters, gave me an order
son I bestow the gift of rap on ya

fight for the cause but don't be a mortal
I'm your DJ on the steel wheel of fortune
Get me an art against lay before you show this to four
more ways to change coats?

To guess the trouble is when he did what he did
Bless me with excellence with the bat and the pen

-----?

-----?

So if any ya young MC's
never passed the entry level position
I'm guessin eventually
Y'all thistle empty disappear gently
Like a whisper in the wind come messin with LB

[Chorus]

Whoa Cut Chemist

Whoa Bring it back now

Well abracadabra I'll saddled up a camel
Travelled the Sahara and the avenues of Casablanca
ran into the back of a fama?
They snackin on the abba-zabba cabbage patch
A practising the macarena with who?

Santana, Santa, a panda, my grandma
Dracula, Aladdin and the delhi-lama
Berretta and a mannequin
and then I slipped on a banana landed on a hammock
In Havana sippin on a can of apple fanta

Bit by a piranha when I swam into an aness
On the back of a manta I paddled with a spatula
Back to atlanta where I had a
hamburger with hammers manager
Afterwards he handed me eleven lemons for

The Tropicana where I had a romantic encounter
With janet palmer, a tama for Selma and a calamity
jane
Samantha vanity, Miss Japan, Canada
and panamarama in the back of a natura

[Chorus]

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