

Baby F/ Mannie Fresh, P. Diddy, Tateeze

"Do What You Like"

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[Intro]

QB ya shit shit is crazy yo
Can't fuck wit you
Fo real
They can't fuck wit you
They can't fuck wit you
What's wrong wit ya'll bitches man
What's wrong wit ya'll niggas man
C'mon The fuck is wrong wit ya'll niggas
Where you at nigga
C'mon nigga
Where you at Where you at nigga c'mon

[Verse 1 Larce "Banger" Vegas]

Yo Check em out Yo yo yo
When it's murder on my mind, I do it all the time
Got tombstone flow, wit a casket rhyme
Your gats is plastic, I got platinum nines
With gold shells Banger Vegas tap ya spine
I'm the type to spaz out and take back what's mine
Rep for my hood niggas slingin crack and dimes
Half is mine
So you know it's half my time
In the pen or the box
Wit my man on the ox
We gon do it like we did it on the block
Let's roll
Like wit 60's 30's
40 niggas wit me
Rep ya hood
Rep ya block
Rep ya city
This is me talkin, without the Remy in me
I kick it from the heart, that's why niggas feel me
Show ya'll the true meanin why Banger act willie
Cause I start to spaz and smack a bitch silly
They call Leo Ganza wit the twin nine millis
Yea niggas

Chorus: All (Lil' Kim)

Do what you like, do what you like

[Verse 2 Lil' Cease]

Ayo yo ayo

This is for them niggas frontin, don't really want it

My 32 bullets got all ya names on it

Hit em in the brain, niggas slain

Layin dormant

Iced out grenade, wit the big chains on it

New Years blimp Wit B.I.G. name on it

Iceburg sweaters wit Kim name on it

Cease-A-Le Tee wit big blood stain on it

Every time I sign a check, I sign a thug name on it

Niggas got rhymes but they flow's so borin

No stage shows, so forget about tourin

Mad at my team cause my niggas stay scorin

All you gotta do is make a false move and it's warnin

My guns bust

Niggas get wet when it's pourin

Rain down long like Kim gettin dressed in the mornin

Five star general, spit a uzi at ya coffin

Run up in ya crib without a search warrant

Chorus

[Verse 3 Bristol]

Once again it's on

The muthafuckin psychos M.A.F.I.A.

Bitches feel us, we the realest

My Bed Stuy niggas is who I ride for

Send that ass slow like I ride a six four

I'm what ya kids admire

Don't wanna see retire

Got bitches in the pen and in the church choir

Got a new attitude for the Y2K

Same shit nigga try me I'ma blow em away

[Verse 4 Lil Kim]

Ayo move out the way Bris I'm about to hook off

Sick of muthafuckas tryna play us lick we soft

You have any idea how many words I shook off

I'm not havin uh no I'm not havin it

You heard what I said, don't make me raise my voice

And I know ya'll don't want me to call me boys

M.A.F.I.A. we break rules in the club

My whole crews in the club

And girl, don't you hate when bitches be wit the friends

Dancin all wild

Bumpin you again and again

Yea I know That some real punk shit

Fuck that I ain't tryna hear that drunk shit

Bitches like that get stomped out

You know the rules, beat a bitch till she conk out
Lady what we fear nigga you like
Give em a pussy invite
It's aight maybe get ya pussy sucked tonight

Chorus

Outro Lil' Cease (Lil' Kim)
(Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out)
Yea muthafuckas
All my niggas get high and fuck tonight
It's our muthafuckin world
(Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out)
Yea
Big shout from the house
Yea Queen Bee
M.A.F.I.A. style
B.I.G. Forever baby
Brooklyn
We gonna let ya'll know
Do what you want
Do what ya like nigga
It's 2000
Yaknowwhatl'msayin
All hell to the Y2Kim baby
GB It's yo turn
All you hoes make a u-turn
Aight Represent niggas

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