

Bounty Killer F/ Sugar Minott**"Why Do-U-Do Me Like Dat?"**

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[Kangol Slim]

I'm up Early N Tha Mornin' on a mission straight for
cheese, {cheese}

Before I get my day started got to smoke me some
weed, {weed}

I holl'ed at Lil' Dave, but Dave was all out,
So we headed on a mission straight to the White
House,

White House was out to,

We hit the High Coat,

You know the place where them Hounds like to hang
out on the porch,

I holl'ed at my nigga, hit me three times on the faddier,
Weed man yelled out "Come back a lil' later"

Ahh shit, the fuckin' weed man is out,

I don't want to go to no nigga, that don't have no clout,

But I know this nigga told me he had some weed,

So nigga give me what I want,

Give me what I need, and

It's like that y'all, this nigga handed me a itty bitty sac
y'all,

I said what the fuck? You know I gave it back y'all,

Let me get straight to the point,

Look like I could have rolled two joints,

Ain't that cold

[Kangol Slim-Chorus]

If a nigga sellin' nickel bags,

And they to small,

Look like ya can't roll a gar,

Ask that nigga, Why Do-U- Do Me Like Dat?

Why Do-U- Treat Me Like Dat?

Why Do-U- Do Me, Why U- Treat , Why Do-U- Me Like
Dat?

And If a nigga sellin' dimes bags,

And they lookin' sick,

Look like ya can't roll a nick,

Ask that nigga, Why Do-U- Do Me Like Dat?

Why Do-U- Treat Me Like Dat?

Why Do-U- Do Me, Why U- Treat , Why Do-U- Me Like
Dat?

[Mista Menor]

Now if I can't smoke fiah, I don't smoke at all, and
I ain't fuckin' with you, because yo bags too small,
You that skimp nigga, that brown grass with the sticks
nigga,
Three dollar bags for five, try'na be a big nigga,
What'cha try'na make a mil of a pound?
You need to shut it down, find a new town,
Yo name, people just done ran it in the ground,
Cause they found you got the bumpest around,
But you still try'na slang that shit,
Serve that shit,
You need to take all that shit, and
Burn that shit,
Cause I ain't scorin' nothin' from you, and
I heard from word of mouth, you ain't gettin' no play in
the drought,
You a sad ass case for a weed man, and
You claimin' you scorin' from them Jamaicans,
Why you handin' me this bag full of seeds man?
I ain't try'na grow no fuckin' weed man

[Chorus]

[Kangol Slim]

It goes out to yo clown nigga's,
Try'na buy a manchant and car off a pound nigga's,
Get some weed, and don't how to break it down
nigga's,
Runnin' through vines, sayin' it's off the ground
nigga's,
You fuckin' clown nigga's,

[Mista Menor]

I made this for them skimp nigga's,
You know, who smoke before try'na make a nick
nigga's,
Them pound stretchers, try'na make a Hound fetcher,
and
I bet ya, you fuckin' with that dirt to,
The type of kat, that make a nigga wanna hurt you,

[Kangol Slim]

Grab that chopper, run in yo house, and
Do yo whole crew,
Sellin' nigga's ounces and pounds of that Boo-Koo,
Make a nigga wanna knock holes through yo Fubu,
Now what would you do?

[Chorus]

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