

## **Busta Rhymes F/ Flipmode Squad, Mariah Carey**

### **"How You Do Dat"**

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[Master P]

Unngghh, How you do that there (remix), how you do that there

New Orleans, Baton Rouge How you do that there  
Lafayette, Lake Charles How you do that there  
Shreveport, Mississippi How you do that there  
Alabama, Atlanta How you do that there  
Florida, Arkansas How you do that there

[Young Bleed]

Nigga say who that, heard they want do that  
Run up if you will get yo ass whipped blue black  
My nigga my nerve, fresh out the curb  
Jelly jam and preserve, nothin but balls and my word  
And a mossburg pistol grip pump on my lap at all times  
Whateva my nigga cause young niggaz still dyin  
Hollin bout huh, nigga what, huh, give a fuck nigga what  
Full of that weed, planted like a poppy seed  
A slanted and enchanted nigga named Young Bleed party on  
in the jungle, where the murder million mumble for months and days  
Trippin off these blunts we blaze, hell of a high  
And tellin em why, I'ma neva say die, see it my eyes  
And niggaz say I fly like a eagle, see no evil  
And ain't no sequel to this here, this year I'm bailin in the dough  
Supernatural, wit ends, y'all niggaz don't here me though  
But see how they runnin everything on the cool  
But they know I'm fittin to act a fool in this motherfucker

Chorus: Young Bleed, Master P

(Young Bleed) Niggaz holla how you do that there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) From Texas to Atlanta, nigga we don't care  
(Young Bleed) Niggaz holla how you do that there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care

(Master P) Missouri, Ohio, nigga we don't care  
(Young Bleed) I hear they holla, how you do that there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) D.C. to tha Valley, nigga we don't care  
(Young Bleed) And niggaz holla how you do that there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) California to Virginia nigga, we don't care

[Master P]

See in these streets, anything goes  
My cousin in tha pen hittin that iron gettin swoll  
Sent me a letter said P get yo paper don't trust these  
hoes  
These niggaz they'll take you, hustlin is a habit  
Young bread cabbage, popcorn and grits nigga tryin to  
get a rabbit  
What about a nice stallion to slide in, twenty inch  
Vogues and some candy  
painted to ride in, niggaz flip change in the game  
cause we soldiers  
Eyes ever red cause a nigga blowin doja  
Tie the black shoe strangs, tight on the Reeboks  
Grab yo ski mask, DKNY, I mean a plastic glock  
Hoes bounce that ass, niggaz get dealt wit  
Keep yo' enemy tight, nigga never thank quick  
Pour out some liquor to tha homies I owe  
R.I.P. to every fuckin rapper, that is gone  
Nigga if you Bout It, scream and you shout it  
It ain't where you from, every nigga get rowdy  
Game get real, nigga guard yo' grill  
Cause in the fuckin ghetto you could lose yo' life foe a  
dollar bill

Chorus: Young Bleed, Master P

(Young Bleed) Niggaz holla how you do that there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) Kentucky, Tennessee, nigga we don't care  
(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) North Carolina, South Carolina, nigga we  
don't care  
(Young Bleed) Give a fuck niggaz holla how you do that  
there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) R.U., Utah nigga we don't care  
(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) Arizona, New Mexico, nigga we don't care

[C-Loc]

It's wicked, when I kick it, you don't hear me though  
When I hit tha do', best hit it tha flo', time to go  
Pay tha cost, to be tha boss, in this rap shit, about as  
wicked  
It's gon' get, in tha industry, I be, bringin' tha action  
In this musical fashion, if you don't know fool you betta  
ask em  
Cause fools that wanna get wit I get wit em  
When I put my gloves on, I'm bout to get gone, so long  
Please mama may I, go out and be a playa, sippin' on  
Hennessy  
A million bitches want me, my nigga passed tha herb, I  
took a token  
I'm stayin' true, cuz what eva' he down wit I'm down wit  
it too  
So don't get full of that alcohol in tha club and thank  
you bad  
Cuz if ya'll niggas start fuckin' up somebody gon' kick  
yo ass  
Now who's that makin' that funky noise, it's tha locster  
comin' through  
Wit all his boyz, fucked up and let a nigga get tha right  
place in time  
So now foolz I'm goin' fo' mine, motherfuckers ungh

Chorus: Young Bleed, Master P

(Young Bleed) Niggaz holla how you do that there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) From New York to Oklahoma nigga we don't  
care  
(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) Minnesota to Michigan nigga we don't care  
(Young Bleed) Give a fuck niggaz holla how you do that  
there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) Illinois to Indiana nigga we don't care  
(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there  
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) Cause TRU niggaz is bout it and we don't  
care  
How we do that there, how we do that there  
how we do that there  
Cause No Limit niggaz bout it and we don't care

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