

## **Freeway f/ Scarface**

### **"Baby Don't Do It"**

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[Intro - Sample from "Overture Of Foxy Brown" by Willie Hutch] (Sugar don't do it) (Noooooooo) (Don't let 'em down) [Verse 1 - Freeway] State Property and Roc is the label, I keep the burner by the navel So don't you think about stoppin me, that nigga (Young Hov) he bring businesses to the table So I ride for 'em, (blast for 'em), hit y'all niggaz with the Mag Y'all think we fallin off (no, no, no, no, no, no) hammers leave you torn apart, dump your body with the trash Freeway, flow right where he left it I'm from the hood where they will clap any second (do it) These niggaz up to no good Roll up on you while you're roll in your woods (no, no, no, no, no, no) You never stood a chance, hood claims another man Hammers stay with rubber grip, wrap change in rubber bands Once broke, now the dough is pathetic And so is the niggaz I ran with, they'll wet you they will get you, they addicted to chasin niggaz with weapons So (baby don't do it), learn from the last eight losers We had it locked for the last eight summers and I contribute to two of 'em More like three, got more icy And more heat to turn your white T, burgundy So (baby don't do it), chea, this is more than just music I will cock it, shoot it and leave you to lose it Nigga (sugar don't do it), my nigga Beanie Sigel he'll lose it he will cock it back and shoot it and leave you Don't fuck with the people (do it) Uh, if you think that you built (do it) I think that you not, I think that I will (no no, sugar don't do it), dump lead in your grill Uh, you still tryin to be rich, I'm tryin to be Hoffa's can rhyme but I'm in a bind, roll with the mobsters (no, do it) Jay, Dame Dash and Hoffa, movie directors and authors, connects with the office Freeway got connects with the bosses I get a quote from the dealer, you connect with the auction, nigga I'm still prepared for your squadron, I tear off my target vest Cover my organs, Calico with the cartridge [Verse 2 - Scarface] In a destructive manner, we blast on bammers Trash talkin in a Chevy '63 Impala Downplayin dumb shit, niggaz is real with this Fuck around and say the wrong words and we killed the bitch (baby don't do it) Sticks and stones may break a nigga bones But when I up chrome, I get a

motherfucker gone (go home) (do it) Shoot Patron,  
chased with Lemon Drops Smoke purple until I'm too  
high, cryin, vibin to 'Pac ("All Eyez On Me") Done wrong,  
gon' get done wrong (no, no, no, no, no, no) But how I  
feel and how I live homeboy, won't fit in one song Free,  
I know you feel me daddy, all a nigga know Was to get  
money and once you got your money, niggaz stole  
'Cause who knows where shit goes when this plays out  
(no, no, no, no, no, no) Rap music brought a nigga pay  
days without a doubt But, what do you do when it's all  
said and done? Ain't nobody checkin for records and  
won't nobody come Life goes on, I don't want to be  
another Joe Fifty-five doin concerts, relyin on his shows  
(baby don't do it) So, I stack my green, to match my  
means, straight Jewish When niggaz spent money, I  
ain't do it Just 'cause you lookin like you ballin in the  
eyes of the public How many really think he got to  
touch it? (baby don't do it) Yo, a fool at forty, a fool  
forever Don't be a forty year old fool, dude get  
cheddar (cheddar) (sugar don't do it) Hey, I got to live  
with my mistakes, so I'm a take 'em And put 'em into  
words, that way we all ain't got to make them (do it)  
Take them words I put off in this song (do it) Live your  
life by it, nigga take your chance, you on your own (no  
no, sugar don't do it) But my advice is to anyone who  
tries Every time you take your next breath, just be  
prepared to die Don't do it

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