

## First Serve

### "Must B The Music"

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I do boom bap, don't do cool rap  
Don't mind a little radio on my goon wrap  
We do it for the love, yeah, the love of money  
Use it to pay for food so don't go hungry  
Do trips to the Caribbean, do skiin'  
Don't mind me, just do it so free!  
Do want the good life, don't delay  
Why put off tomorrow what I can do today!

Oh yo, been there, done that murder  
Gun rap, pay dues don't pay checks, so run that  
High hopes don't sleep, don't do cheap seats  
Up front, on stage, where's the f\*ck that  
Blizzed in diamonds, see me shining  
Dudes do they best to scratch the grinding  
Better like who done it, so ya'll who won it  
Don't believe the hype you simple Simon

Must be the music  
Got me in a trance, making me high  
Must be the music  
No escaping this, don't even try  
Must be the music  
Got me in a trance, making me high  
Must be the music  
No escaping this, don't even try

It's them do's and don'ts  
They're movin' the most  
It's them do's and don'ts  
They're movin' the most

OK do's, you love 'em  
Tell 'em, hug 'em,  
Make 'em high on life without having to drug 'em  
Don't dare ignore them, lie 'em, bore 'em  
Holler at their sister, mom or cousin!  
Do the dishes, but don't break the china  
Don't make faces, especially not behind 'em  
Don't get caught, she'll get support like  
Late for her birthday, get it in the worst way

Wine, champagne, tickle her with bubbles  
If she say do it, do that sh\*t on the double  
Break up, make up, don't hold no grudges  
Make sure you tell her if I make up smudges  
Compliment her hairdo, f\*ck it more champagne  
You need to do it before you get the girl campaign  
Wife her, life her, exchange the I do's  
Anniversary, don't let her remind you

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I don't carry no firearms  
I don't carry that security  
The guns for hire arms  
What I will do is admire my own  
If it ain't my concern I leave it alone  
Unless  
It's a fly girl then I do the right thing, make it a night  
thing  
And do the do  
And if she don't refrain from the choo-choo train  
We'll let it all hang, and she do the crew  
(All aboard)

I do a lot of things that don't make sense  
What I don't do is ride the fence  
Hence, the reason for the season  
Of the haters that jump on stage and get bathed in  
tomatoes  
Do to the mic that we use to clash in  
In comparison to us of the MC's trash  
Don't got the skills don't pursue it  
It ain't nobody else's fault  
So don't do it  
Freeze!  
(When the music come back sing the chorus, please)

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