

Manhattan Transfer F/ Smokey Robinson**"Do That \$#!%"**

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Yo I'm just shooting the breeze with carbon dioxide
That needs to be bottled and sold
So you can lo' and behold
Or would you hold it below
C'mon let go and be high
You can't deny the words I'm flipping make you reach
for the sky
You hear the (caters?) that I'm kicking while I'm walking
the street
I write rhymes just so I can go (clear throat) on beat
You thinks its so damn luvly don't you nigga come here
You just a frightened little kid all steps and no beard
But let me tell you now your talking to a grown ass man
I put some shit in your head to fill your stomach to head
You don't believe me well it's taken me from here to
Japan
That's why I'm laughing to the bank without a getaway
van
You worrying about your ice and want your shorty to
see
The only ice that I need is in my L I T
I keep my Hennessey straight
So skip the fantasy plan
That's why you get up and go
That's shit you got to debate
You steady worrying bout your cry-stal
Charge your pis-tol
Meanwhile
The real style
(Long gone?)(Nah)
Miss-trial
Guilty of the bullshit
Innocent of killing it
Even all your Fronting, Fake, Phoney Friends are
feeling it
What's the matter with your life?
Strange you got something to talk about
That you already know about
And walk about
Get some
Feel good about it

Write it down
Think it over
Then shout it out
How that sound?

Yo if it sound like we talking to you
I really think you want to do that shit (c'mon do that
shit)
And if you know on what we saying is true
You better act like you knew that shit (c'mon do that
shit)
Put some action on paper now (do that shit)
Go ahead and be yourself child (do that shit)
Don't be afraid to use your own style (do that shit)
Come on do that shit
Come on do that shit

Now everybody want heaven but nobody want death
Shit a lot you kids wouldn't even settle for injured
So why you frontin' like you want drama see that shit
ain't fly
You need to spend a couple nights with a drama queen
And did you ever seen a crack baby
How bout a 30-year-old woman strung out into a little
old lady
You see some of these folks that gotta live in these
streets today
Either shot up, smoked, or sniffed their life away
Yeah, you wanna talk about your triple beam dream
It's ironic cause you pass eight-grade maths
You don't know the half, third, fourth or fifth
Ain't old enough to drive talking about you pushing a
six
And frontin' like you gotta watch for the narks
You gotta watch for your momma and on your ass
saying 'Oh my God'
You gotta watch for your birthday
And wrote a half a album worth of rhymes like you little
(wheeze?) little nigga please
Watch these, watch those fly by night MCs
Biting Jay-Z's flow, go with the breeze
I beseech you
Get your own flow so when you blow up
You won't make the real heads wanna throw up

Yo if it sound like we talking to you
I really think you want to do that shit (c'mon do that
shit)
And if you know on what we saying is true
You better act like you knew that shit (c'mon do that
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Put some action on paper now (do that shit)
Go ahead and be yourself child (do that shit)
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