

Do Your Thang (Dirty)

Ice Cube

Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at I'm in that hot thang, gutter lane
Dippin' with the wood grain
So fuckin' hood, man, they call me the boogeyman
In that slow lane, what is your whole name?
I forgot this hoe name, I'll call her Louise Lane Up on that boulevard, twenty fours rotate
Ice Cube comin' through, gotta make the hoes wait
Roll at my own pace, nigga don't hate
Fuck all you fat fuckers leanin' up against my paint Ice Cube, I still low paint, movie star
Fuck you, pour nigga lil' drink
That's how it's goin' down out here in California
Listen to my people when a nigga hit the corner Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
(Mirror, mirror on the wall)
Do ya thang man, fuck what they lookin' at
(Who is the fliest one of all?) Now pull in the parkin' lot, nigga find a parkin' spot
Fired up, everyone want to spark a lot
Puff puff pass, we out on ave
Lookin' for a big fat ass to harass Is it you? Uh huh, I see you lookin'
When we roll by, pussy still cookin'
Freaks get tooken when they lookin' for stars
If you don't like my face, bitch, look at my car Keep it simple, I told you once before
It really don't matter how I get you to the mall
It really don't matter how I get you in my low
Just hop in, let's go, and let your friends know Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
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Do ya thang man, fuck what they lookin' at
(Mirror, mirror on the wall)
Do ya thang man, fuck what they lookin' at
(Who is the fliest one of all?) Do ya thang, girl, fuck what they lookin' at

We, the dogs gettin' chased by the pussycat
West Coast baby, with so much gravy
You should call the navy Ever since the eighties
I've been doin' good, they been doin' bad
When I see you walk by I'm pursuin' that
But never chase it, my game is so basic Soon as I lace it, baby, wanna taste it
Just face it, put me to the test
Ice Cube would ace it, I'm built for success
Fuck a rock star We wanna party like a rap star
In the club, in the house or the backyard, yeah
You make it rain with ones
I make it rain with hunds and we get lap dance for nones They put away they crucifix
And say Ice Cube boy, you the shit Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
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Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
(Mirror, mirror on the wall)
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
(Who is the fliest one of all?) Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who is the fliest one of all? I see you lookin' at me
We don't give a fuck
What you lookin' at
We gon' give it up Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
(Mirror, mirror on the wall)
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
(Who is the fliest one of all?) Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at
Do ya thang, man, fuck what they lookin' at

Songwriters

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