

Do Dat

Petey Pablo

Are you a gun busting nigga?

(Buh-buh-buh-buh)

Are you a bitch baggin' nigga?

(Whu-whu-whu-whu)

You got ice and ya chain and ya chong wit your roly on

Not just any roly but you bought the most expensive one

Hey take ya car keys to ya class E

Big body be for your CD on ya DVD

For ya T.V in ya head beats

In ya back seat

Y'all think I'm meanRunnin' round talking 'bout the shit that you talking 'bout

How you the drug game sewed up and locked down

John Gotti got life and I'm sure he never told nobody

Boy lets put on an album so the fuckin' feds could buy itYou should be shouting out them bodies you buried

Nine millimeters in tex and Dem AK47's

Illegal weapon you talking 'bout you suck in the club

You got so many guns

Tell me why you rapping stead of getting robbed

I got two more verses for you

This ain't just to an individual person

These questions here for all of yaI can write a song with out ice, bitches, and cars

Can you mutha fuckas do dat

(Do dat)

I can blaze a track with out bustin' a gat at a cat

Can you mutha fuckas do dat

(Do dat)Yoouu gonna have to change up all yo shit in a little bit

When the radios in the club get to pumpin' dis

And they start to finding out what what rappin' really isYoouu gonna have to change up all yo shit in a little bit

When the radios in the club get to pumpin' dis

And they start to finding out what what rappin' really isNow that you know what the song about

Y'all probably cussin' me out

You gonna listen to it anyhow

Lets talk about somebody Eskimo

Rentin' they jewelry from Jacob

And don't let me know

You got a platinum piece

But your chain is plain right gone

After the video it gotta go back to the store

That's crazyTalkin' 'bout some shit you don't own

Oughta be ashamed of yourself
Yo don't they call that frontin' holmes?
You ain't jigga, nigga
Nor can you spin like puff
And got a cash money deal
So what's your big Willy talk for?
I get so excited man
Your track got me leapin'
Then you start rhyming and yawn
I get sleepyYoouu gonna have to change up all yo shit in a little bit
When the radios in the club get to pumpin' dis
And they start to finding out what what rappin' really isI can write a song with out ice, bitches, and cars
Can you mutha fuckas do dat
(Do dat)
I can blaze a track with out bustin' a gat at a cat
Can you mutha fuckas do dat
(Do dat)It's a sad situation
Record name buggin' out
'Cuz they star artist done ran out of shit to talk about
Whoa
Yeah that's crazy
And you think about it baby
Only thing that changed in yo rhyme
Was ya day 2000Oh that shit is hot
Put that on the album
You heard it with my man
Kick that shit
Loud and proud
Nigga swear he be throwin' down
Arthur lose his voice every time he opens his mouth
I oughta hold up a signs and boycott they ass right
No more muthafuckin' sound a likes
Sounded like(Mobb deep!)
Sounded like
(Jay-Z!)
Sounded like
(B.I.B.!)
And we don't need no more pleaseYoouu gonna have to change up all yo shit in a little bit
When the radios in the club get to pumpin' dis
And they start to finding out what what rappin' really isYoouu gonna have to change up all yo shit
(Yo shit)
Yo shit, yo shit
(Yo shit, yo shit)

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