Do You

Mime Game

106 & Park, ain't been the same since I had it
So I'm back at it, freeze
Still a 'Juvenile' at '400 Degrees'
Lil' girls still fallin' out, I'm still ballin'
Crawlin' out the hottest speeds on these ATL streets
From the Garden to the box office, I shuts down both
And no matter where I go I'm still, O H I, Oh
Everybody know this is my turf
Who had it crunk first and had girls of all ages off one verse?
You ain't nobody else can name
Another seventeen year-old manye, that do it this hard
"Oh, Lord", that's what them old niggaz say about me
Young niggaz play, can't go a day with me
If bling was a drug, I'd die from my overdose
Fresh Prince to Sugarloaf, Homey, I'm the most you've seen
I got the same affects on both coasts
And everything hot on fo' wheels, homey, I'm ghost
Do you, stop tryna be me, stop tryna be he
Stop tryna do what you see
Do you 'cause right here is my love, homey
Go back to where you came from and get yo own, homey
Do you, it's so, so sloppy and the fans know a copy
When they see one, I would neva wanna be one
Do you, as long as it sound right, everybody in town like it
Don't worry 'bout nobody else, else, do you
Not just the rap game, the whole industry the same
Everybody wanna look and sound like the next manye
But I'm definite there ain't another me
And I'm so, so definite, back wit J.D
Back to give these little imitators sumthin' to talk on
Breathe, stretch, let it go, homey, get yo walk on
Black Beat, Teen People, can't forget, right on
A lotta things changed since the young don's been gone
What chug on roll with? The future is me
Only youngins that's movin' units is, ugh, me
Young Ali, float like a butterfly
Get up out them stores quick, why wouldn't you wanna buy?
The carbon copy, not the copy
Imitators mimic but them guys is sloppy

As for me, I'm the leader of the new school
I can just adjust, so the rest of y'all just
Do you, stop tryna be me, stop tryna be he
Stop tryna do what you see
Do you 'cause right here is my love, homey
Go back to where you came from and get yo own, homey
Do you, it's so, so sloppy and the fans know a copy
When they see one, I would neva wanna be one
Do you, as long as it sound right, everybody in town like it
Don't worry 'bout nobody else, else, do you
See, it's rare to find people like us
Everybody out there doin' what I'm doin'
Or tryna do what I'm doin', you can't, man
At one point in ya life, man
You gotta get in yo own lane and stop swervin' in mine
See what I do, I do my way
What about you, huh? Huh? Can you say that?
Do you, stop tryna be me, stop tryna be he
Stop tryna do what you see
Do you 'cause right here is my love, homey
Go back to where you came from and get yo own, homey
Do you
Do you
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