

Do Your Thing

Papa Mali

Check it, one, two, it's a party, I'm comin' to you live
It's Erick Sermon, Def Squad, Keith Murray, Redman
The new type of roll models, oregano, cinnamon, all flavors
Check it out y'all, my nigga Tone stay up, D-Mack word up
Me and my crew in the Benz for a deek, yeah
While other peeps trailing me in the black jeep, creepin'
On our way to a house party
With no kid 'n' play just a fly DJ
It's on and poppin' and we gettin' right
Every thing's tight, everyone has a light
I pull up in the place to be immediately swarmed
And all of us is armed
It's cool like that type of scene
Crazy blunt ashes, girls shaking asses
Money makers, video rump shakers
And niggas with game fast breakin' just like the Lakers
It's all good if your game is tight
And if you know the scoop don't love 'em like Snoop
The reason why, the girls out there, they get biz
They run like a bunch of wild kids
I'm doin' my thing if you feel me, do your thing
Do your thang, do your thang
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Now the scene is set and now I'm hype
I'm seein' what girl is comin' home with me tonight
I spot one on the sofa, sippin' juice
With three other girls sportin' pin curls
I said to myself "Excuse yourself E"
So I went over and put my hand out like Billy Dee
Excused her from the two girls she was with
Macked her, put the flavor in the ear and split
To the side to the other vibe, where it looked live
Protected 'cause my man had the 4 5
My boy looked up, asked me, was he hooked up

[illegible]

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