Do You Know

Gemineye Presents...

Y'all hear the guitars?
Wyclef is in the building
Puffy came to get me
I have officially made the band
I'm a rockstar!

Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh d-duh d-duh duh d-duh d-duh duh
Do you know, where your going to
Do you like the things that life is showing you
What are you gonna do?
Do you know

So where you from?

Where chicks rock air force ones
Betty's shirts tied up and our hair stayed done
So where you from?

Well they don't rock air force ones
We hit the block, out the spots, holdin air force guns
So where you from?

Philly spitters, rock niggs and boots
A duece duece in my tube socks itching to shoot
Man where you from?

Where guerrillas don't be messin with cops
Catchin a case, go on the run and still huggin the block

So what you doin?

Big ballin', money making and flawcin'
Sean John and you know how we do it in New Orleans
So what you doin?

What I'm doin', man i'm doin' it big
I'm cockin' it back, the mack, crack-cracking your rib

And what you doin'?

Man, I'm mindin' my biz, I'm tryin' to feed my kid
I can't starve dawg, I need my rib
Yo what you doin?

Shutin' broads down, believe me
On my grind all night 'cause your girl is greedy

Do you know, where your going to
Do you like the things that life is showing you
What are you gonna do?
Do you know

All I know, somebody better have my money
'Cause being broke as a joke, I don't find that funny

All I know, that chicks betta respect my gangsta
I'm far from your mother, but I still will spank ya

All I know is this project livin' is shh...
What could you tell me if you ain't never been in this here

All I know, my flow, put me through betta doors
And bought two gold pedals for that Bentley is a....errrrr

Please, don't give up (don't give up)
On your life
Ghetto child
It's alright

See the sun will come out

Tomorrow

Even though we grindin' on in the ghetto
But so it go and so it go
When the sun come out to shine, I be so ready for dying-o
Forgive me for my sins, but I still holdin' my nine-o
VIP lookin for another man to rob now
Just another way to escape Rikkar's Island

I'm gonna prove to these dudes
I can get me a crew
Without snatching you outta yours

With that still on you

I'm gonna prove I'm a superstar
Rims sitting on Shaquille O'Neal's
You know who we are

I'm gonna prove it, that Babs is the best in the game
So thugs hold on tight, like I'm snatchin' your chain

And I'm prove it, to the chicks that cold shouldered me
And all the record labels that chose to look over me
Ha, I ain't goin' back to jail
To a pack of oodles and noodles and a whack in my cell
Dudes be cutting the yard, we rushin' the guard
We takin' over, it's a riot, gun buttin' the sarge
All of my homies with wheels waiting foward to peel
Oh it's all the way real, we peel, penitentiary still

Do you know, where your going to
Do you like the things that life is showing you
What you gonna do?
Do you know

Bad Boy, Refugee camp
Calabo, let's go

Babs from Brooklyn and I do my thing

Chopper City straight outta New Orleans

The infamous Freddy Pee from the MIA

It's Sarah Stokes with the Midwest Swing

I'm Dylan Dillenger, doin' my thang

E-Ness, that Philly cat, stickin' niggas for bling

Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by Masser, Michael / Goffin, Gerry / Anderson, D / Sermon, Erick S
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, JELLYBEAN MUSIC GROUP, IMAGEM U.S. LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/