Do What You Like

Lil' Kim

QB ya shit shit is crazy yo, can't fuck wit' you fo' real
They can't fuck wit' you, they can't fuck wit' you
What's wrong wit' ya'll niggas man?
The fuck is wrong wit ya'll niggas, where you at nigga
C'mon nigga, yo, where you at, where you at nigga
Check 'em out, yo yo yo
When it's murder on my mind, I do it all the time
Got tombstone flow, wit' a casket rhyme
Your gats is plastic, I got platinum nines
With gold shells Banger Vegas tap ya spine
I'm the type to spaz out and take back what's mine
Rep for my hood niggas slingin' crack and dimes
Half is mine so you know it's half my time
In the pen or the box wit' my man on the ox
We gon do it like we did it on the block, let's roll
Like wit 60's 30's, 40 niggas wit' me
Rep ya hood, rep ya block, rep ya city
This is me talkin', without the Remy in me
I kick it from the heart, that's why niggas feel me
Show ya'll the true meanin' why Banger act Willie
'Cause I start to spaz and smack a bitch silly
They call Leo Ganza wit' the twin nine millis, yeah niggas
Do what you like, we don't give a fuck
Go head and fight, all my bitches grab a nigga
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world
Do what you like, do what you like
Do what you like, you got a muthafuckin' gun
Bust of the nine, all my niggas grab a bitch
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world
Do what you like, do what you like
This is for them niggas frontin', don't really want it
My 32 bullets got all ya names on it
Hit 'em in the brain, niggas slain, layin' dormant
Iced out grenade, wit' the big chains on it
New Years blimp wit' big name on it
Iceburg sweaters wit' Kim name on it
Cease-A-Le Tee wit' big blood stain on it
Every time I sign a check, I sign a thug name on it
Niggas got rhymes but they flow's so borin'

No stage shows, so forget about tourin'
Mad at my team 'cause my niggas stay scorin'
All you gotta do is make a false move and it's warnin'
My guns bust, niggas get wet when it's pourin'
Rain down long like Kim gettin' dressed in the mornin'
Five star general, spit a Uzi at ya coffin
Run up in ya crib without a search warrant
Do what you like, we don't give a fuck
Go head and fight, all my bitches grab a nigga
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world
Do what you like, do what you like

Do what you like, you got a muthafuckin' gun
Bust of the nine, all my niggas grab a bitch
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world
Do what you like, do what you like
Once again it's on, the muthafuckin psychos M.A.F.I.A.
Bitches feel us, we the realest
My Bed Stuy niggas is who I ride for
Send that ass slow like I ride a six four
I'm what ya kids admire, don't wanna see retire
Got bitches in the pen and in the church choir
Got a new attitude for the Y2K
Same shit nigga, try me I'ma blow 'em away
Ayo move out the way Bris, I'm about to hook off
Sick of muthafuckas tryna play us lick we soft
You have any idea, how many words I shook off
I'm not havin', uh, no, I'm not havin' it
You heard what I said, don't make me raise my voice
And I know ya'll don't want me to call me boys
M.A.F.I.A. we break rules in the club
My whole crews in the club
And girl, don't you hate when bitches be wit' the friends
Dancin' all wild, bumpin you again and again
Yeah, I know that some real punk shit
Fuck that, I ain't tryna hear that drunk shit
Bitches like that get stomped out
You know the rules, beat a bitch till she conk out
Lady what we fear nigga you like, give 'em a pussy invite
It's aight maybe get ya pussy sucked tonight
And do what you like, we don't give a fuck
Go head and fight, all my bitches grab a nigga
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world
Do what you like, do what you like
Do what you like, you got a muthafuckin' gun

Bust of the nine, all my niggas grab a bitch
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world
Do what you like, do what you like
Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out
Yeah muthafuckas
All my niggas get high and fuck tonight
It's our muthafuckin' world
Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out, yeah
Big shout from the house, yea Queen Bee
M.A.F.I.A. style, B.I.G., forever baby Brooklyn
We gonna let ya'll know
Do what you want, do what ya like nigga, it's 2000
YaknowwhatI'msayin', all Hell to the Y2Kim baby
GB, it's yo turn, all you hoes make a U-turn
Aiight, aight represent niggas

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/