

# Do-Re-Mi

## Wieneke Remmers & De kinderen Von Trapp

Uhh, uhh, yeah  
See I know how to get down, word up  
It's so hot it's LL's version of the East Coast chronic  
Smoke 'til your lungs collapse  
You supposed to be the nigga, where all the drama at?  
So ironic, L came back  
Flooded the market, got your mens on the wall  
Holdin' his blunt, too fucked up to spark it  
Show me a nigga who can do like I do  
Then gas your mans up so I can rip that nigga too  
Braggin' you goin' platinum like that shit brand new  
I was platinum in eighty-five, what the fuck wrong with you, huh?  
Come [unverified] L, what you call rocks to me is minerals?  
Tried to throw salt on my name, shit's political  
The baddest man on the planet  
So ill, when I'm spittin' niggaz take it for granted  
Cram to understand it, I'll switch and write it left handed  
Heat my pinky ring up and leave your bitch branded  
Got a voice like a cannon nigga shoot  
I don't think she really hot, your career is a fluke  
I'm the best MC to ever touch the pen  
Take a look at what I'm doin' it will not be done again  
As sure I am the descendant of former slaves  
I'ma resurrect brothers from they mental graves  
Make 'em confess, LL's the most rugged  
God and no man's above it, gotta love it  
Do, get this bread, use ya infrared  
Re, fuck the industry, it's all about  
Mi, you ain't goin' FA  
L said it so, puffin on the L.A.  
Do, get this bread, use ya infrared  
Re, fuck the industry, it's all about  
Mi, you ain't goin' FA  
E said so, puffin on the L.A.  
(Ti do)  
Uhh, E-Dub on the microphone  
Droppin' bombs spots get blown  
So why would you assume my style wouldn't bloom  
When I rap, wack, MC's vacate the room

'Cause they suck and that's how I feel  
I'ma smack down the A&R who signed the deal  
Then wrap 'round his neck yo' reel to reel  
So next time he know, how the real feel  
Get loose and wrap hand 'round the steel  
Leave you in the truck, wrapped 'round ya wheel  
(I ain't playin)  
But y'all front like I ain't it  
And every rapper y'all like, sample my shit  
(Name one)  
I'm nice, and there's no mistakin'  
I threw a bomb rhyme in the hands of Troy Aikman  
My track record is out there, gone  
E.T. like maybe I should phone home  
(Hello?)  
I'm known for the dome bangers  
Drop any song of mine right now in the club and it's danger  
Scarface, E, LL Cool J, never heard it spit this way, hey  
(Jigga, jigga)  
Do, get this bread, use ya infrared  
Re, fuck the industry, it's all about  
Mi, you ain't goin' FA  
L said it so, puffin on the L.A.  
(That's right)  
Do, get this bread, use ya infrared  
Re, fuck the industry, it's all about  
Mi, you ain't goin' FA  
'Cause 'Face said so, puffin on the L.A.  
(Ti do)  
You a trash ass nigga slash garbage ass rhymer  
You switched from the raw to a chart climber  
And now your shit is blowin' out the stores  
And uh, next month you fin' to go out on the tour but  
Count  
(Two, three and four)  
Your records ain't sellin' no more  
And damn you done spent your money galore  
Buyin' all the stupid shit that your money can't afford  
(Uh, oh)  
Tryin' to keep up with the trendy  
Got your bitch minked out in all Fendi  
Bought your homeboy a brand new Bentley  
And the well that wouldn't run dry is now empty  
It's simply, 'cause you wasn't focused on the next day  
And your next tape, you can't give it away, but hey

I send these to these niggaz tryin' to keep up with the Joneses  
Everything you see, me I owns it  
I've been quietly sellin' tapes for thirteen years  
So let's get that clear  
You might have sold a few more tapes but  
Realistically are you that great?  
(Nah)  
Can't get respect but I done paid dues  
Stood on the block slangin' cooked up rocks, I'm the same dude  
I've been the same nigga since I came through  
Do-re-mi too, damn fool

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