

# Do Your Thing

## Abyale

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  
I'm doin' my thing if you feel me, do your thing  
Do your thang, do your thang  
I'm doin' my thing if you feel me, do your thing  
Do your thang, do your thang  
I'm doin' my thing if you feel me, do your thing  
Do your thang, do your thang  
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

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