Do-Re-Mi

Julie Andrews

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/