Do U

Jim-E Stack

Come on my niggaz, yo, put your guns in your right hand
And hold it down towards the floor
Point all your guns down towards the floor for a minute
Just wanna talk to you, yeah, you could hold 'em
Just point 'em down towards the floor for a sec, aright?We gon' splash like this, all my wild Digi heads
Yeah, y'all niggaz move a little up to the front
Y'all niggaz know what I'm talkin' about
Word up, my weed heads I'll play the right for a second
Nahmean, check it outAll y'all niggaz on X, y'all keep y'all asses in the back, aright
Check it up, matter of fact, yo, matter of fact we gon' mingle
With this shit like peas in the mothafuckin' pot
Straight up Digi, Digi style, word up, as we splash you like thisWalk wit a didi bop ock, you silly pop, Jiffy Pop
Fuck around son, I'll blow ya face up with fifty shots
Sharp darts, and it pop, pop like tarts
Extreme speed [Incomprehensible] like anakin inside the podHeaded for the finish line, watch Bobby cross it
Hoes with the diamonds on your toes, come on and floss it
I be one of those tall skinny cats with the four-nine
Three-eleven that rips through Power-U's and breaks spinesI culture power-tuggin' boys who be drunk, buggin'
Lovin' loud noise from toys, club thuggin', huggin'
Sweet chocolate deluxe, rugged, sexy buttercup
That don't give a fuck about the cop in the clubOr the bouncer with the flashlight, one walked passed, right
Some pulled the razor and chopped his ear like he was Mad Mike
I played the cipher in the corner, teachin' math
And I for one thoughts, a hundred brothers won't lastBecause you can't do me, because you can't do me
Because you can't do me, come onYo, son, wake up, yo, yo, I gotta do this
Man, I gotta get this money, son
Features in the crowd, appearance like black, I'm proud
In the background, no sounds, four pound, we hold groundBrooklyn bound, seven initials up in the crown
One man's ramblin', officials they shot him down
Supreme, extreme, lean, keen, killin' machines
All I wanna do is feed my seed, plus my teamKeep it logical, no games, straight up about Prodigal
Diabolic drums and I run from none
Testimony one, give my life before my only son
Thelonious crumbs, why they wanna press me for guns?Now I'm in the face of the judge, court case thug
From a race laced based on drugs, some made slugs
As it was written, stroll through any block forbidden
Glock hidden, why they wanna stop precision?Eighty-five percent of my brothers locked in prison
And we just keep dyin' it for the love of good livin'
But do you, do you, do you?You know those jams in the park produced the spark

Made me feel words how I read books in the dark
I always took it to heart, loved the art
A lifetime of darts ripped crews apartMade their stay real short, I stamped the passport
Couldn't bring through no wack shit of no sort
I walked the borough challengin' the best that stood
Torch metal mics, they conduct better than woodOnce I electrify and only expect to die
Rounded Bed-Stuy, nigga fry
My opponent block, the beat comin' from his box
Investment ranker who's a joke in the stocksKeep a rhythmic pace, maintainin' great balance
Movin' in steps of unheard of silence
Normal progression as the slope steepens
Niggaz wanna light up when there's gas leakin'

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