

Do You Know (Featuring Wyclef Jean)

Bad Boy's Da Band

Y'all hear the guitars
Wyclef is in the building
Puffy came to get me
I have officially made the band
I'm a rock star Do you know where you're going to
Do you like the things that life is showing you
What are you gonna do, do you know So where you from? Where chicks rock Air Force One's
Belly shirts tied up and our hair stay done
So where you from? Where they don't rock Air Force One's
We hit the block out the spots holding Air Force guns So where you from? Philly splitters rock Dickies and boots
A deuce deuce in my tube socks inching the shoe
Man where you from? Where guerrillas don't be messing with cops
You catch a case go on the run and still hugging the block So what you doing? Big Ballin' money makin' and
flossin'
Sean Johnin' you know how we do it in New Orleans
So what you doing? What I'm doing, man I'm doing it big
I'm cockin' it back the mack crack, crackin' your wig Man what you doing? Man I'm minding my biz
I'm trying to feed my kids I can't starve dog I need my rib
Yo what you doing? Shuttin' broads down believe me
On my grind all night 'cause your girl is greedy Do you know where you're going to
Do you like the things that life is showing you
What are you gonna do, do you know All I know somebody better have my money
If being broke is a joke, I don't find that funny
All I know that chicks better respect my gangsta
I'm far from your mother but I still will spank ya All I know is this project living and sh
What could you tell me if you ain't never been in this here
All I know, my flow put me through better doors
And bought two gold pedals for that Bentley Azure Please, don't give up, on your life
Ghetto child, it's alright The sun will come out tomorrow
Even though we grindin' down in the ghetto
But so we go and so we go When the sun come out to shine I'd be so ready for die now
Forgive me for my sins but I still holding me nine-ah
VIP looking for another man for rob now
Just another way for escape Riker's Island I'm gonna prove to these dudes I can get me a Coupe
Without snatching you out of yours with that steam on you
I wanna prove, I'm a superstar my rims sitting on Shaquille O'Neals
You know who we are I gonna prove it that Babs is the best in the game
So thugs hold on tight like I'm snatching your chain
And I'm gonna prove it to the chicks that cold shouldered me

And the record labels that chose to look over me, haI ain't going back to jail to a pack of
Oodles and Noodles in the wack of my cell
Dudes get cut in the yard we rushing the guards
We taking over it's a riot gun button the Sarge
All of my homies with wheels waiting for in the peel
Is all the way real we peel penitentiary steel, come onDo you know where you're going to
Do you like the things that life is showing you
What are you gonna do, do you knowBad Boy, Refugee camp Collabo, let's go
Babs from Brooklyn and I do my thing
Chopper City straight out of New Orleans
The infamous Freddy P. from the M I AIt's Sara stokes with the Midwest Swing
Dylan Dillinger doing me thing
E-Ness that Philly cat sticking for bling, pow

Songwriters

Watson Freddrick A; Jean Nel Wyclef; Goffin Gerald; Charnin Martin; John Dylan Lee; Wiley Lynese Nicole;
Hill Rodney Gerald; Strouse Charles; Mathis Lloyd Eric; Stokes Sara Ann; Jerry Duplessis; Masser

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