

# Do You Know

## DJ Quik & Kurupt

Y'all hear the guitars?  
Wyclef is in the building  
Puffy came to get me  
I have officially made the band  
I'm a rockstar!

Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh  
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh  
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh  
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh  
Duh duh duh duh duh duh d-duh d-duh duh d-duh d-duh duh  
Do you know, where your 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 ones  
Betty's shirts tied up and our hair stayed done  
So where you from?

Well they don't rock air force ones  
We hit the block, out the spots, holdin air force guns  
So where you from?

Philly spitters, rock niggs and boots  
A duece duece in my tube socks itching to shoot  
Man where you from?

Where guerrillas don't be messin with cops  
Catchin a case, go on the run and still huggin the block

So what you doin?

Big ballin', money making and flawcin'  
Sean John and you know how we do it in New Orleans  
So what you doin?

What I'm doin', man i'm doin' it big  
I'm cockin' it back, the mack, crack-cracking your rib

And what you doin'?

Man, I'm mindin' my biz, I'm tryin' to feed my kid  
I can't starve dawg, I need my rib  
Yo what you doin?

Shutin' broads down, believe me  
On my grind all night 'cause your girl is greedy

Do you know, where your 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  
'Cause being broke as a joke, I don't find that funny

All I know, that chicks betta respect my gangsta  
I'm far from your mother, but I still will spank ya

All I know is this project livin' is shh...  
What could you tell me if you ain't never been in this here

All I know, my flow, put me through betta doors  
And bought two gold pedals for that Bentley is a....errrrr

Please, don't give up (don't give up)  
On your life  
Ghetto child  
It's alright

See the sun will come out

Tomorrow

Even though we grindin' on in the ghetto  
But so it go and so it go  
When the sun come out to shine, I be so ready for dying-o  
Forgive me for my sins, but I still holdin' my nine-o  
VIP lookin for another man to rob now  
Just another way to escape Rikkar's Island

I'm gonna prove to these dudes  
I can get me a crew  
Without snatching you outta yours

With that still on you

I'm gonna prove I'm a superstar  
Rims sitting on Shaquille O'Neal's  
You know who we are

I'm gonna prove it, that Babs is the best in the game  
So thugs hold on tight, like I'm snatchin' your chain

And I'm gonna prove it, to the chicks that cold shouldered me  
And all the record labels that chose to look over me  
Ha, I ain't goin' back to jail

To a pack of oodles and noodles and a whack in my cell  
Dudes be cutting the yard, we rushin' the guard  
We takin' over, it's a riot, gun buttin' the sarge  
All of my homies with wheels waiting foward to peel  
Oh it's all the way real, we peel, penitentiary still

Do you know, where your going to  
Do you like the things that life is showing you  
What you gonna do?  
Do you know

Bad Boy, Refugee camp  
Calabo, let's go

Babs from Brooklyn and I do my thing

Chopper City straight outta New Orleans

The infamous Freddy Pee from the MIA

It's Sarah Stokes with the Midwest Swing

I'm Dylan Dillenger, doin' my thang

E-Ness, that Philly cat, stickin' niggas for bling

Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh

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