

What It Do

E-dubblе

I've seen some souls be friendly
I've seen some feet get loose
I've had some people in my life who know just what it do
I try to look for goodness even when I see bad

'98 when I made my first beat take
I was trippin', I was thinking I can be great
Four track Tascam in my brief case
Back when I copped my Jordans outta east bay
I was just 15 with some big dreams
Big shoes, big heart, no big screen
Big talls, big balls, no fig leaves
Double-X-L well before I spit at 16
I was trippin' I was waiting for the right time
I was trippin' I was looking for the right place
I was trippin' I was searching for the right words
Took a wrong turn and now my head is in the right space
I was trippin' I was taking all the wrong pills
I was trippin' I was righting all the wrong wrongs
I was trippin' I was writing all the right songs
Looking for a miracle, you're fucking with the right one

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I guess it started with a big bang, like a gun shot
When the fall came, and we all stop
Never school for the fools when the sun drops
We were having mad fun running from the young cops
I was on that low brow thinking too much
Cynicism hit me early like the cold crush
Did the knowledge into college then I froze up
Realize I 'ain't even working on my post up
Had a good shot though, with a big chip
But my shoulders would be holding till the dope shit
I was thinking 'bout rhymes, I was dreaming 'bout beats
I was biding my time, I was sowing these seeds
I was too cold no know that I 'ain't old enough
Too grown to know that I 'ain't growing up
Two Tones was home so just throw it up
Black Paisley is back so just pour it up

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I am that Two Tone Rebel, Paisley stain
I got some skin so thick I was made for pain
Never change my name just check my veins
All the Wallace brave hearts, I'm the next to reign
I'm E-Dubblе, powers combine when we troubled
I still lose grip and shit I still fumble
Always get it back even when I'm off track
Cause I'm never off beat and I'm never on whack

God damn, how the fuck they let me get it
I just showed up with a couple records looking to spin it
Lookin' to win, my cup been filled with a gin
Got the juice now too still sick with a pen
And sick with the keys, and sick with my PC
My beats be off the meat rack fo' sheezy
You see he love the early Arctic can't see me
Two Tone Rebel and trust you still need me

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[x2]