

# Do What You Like

Lil' Kim

QB ya shit shit is crazy yo  
Can't fuck wit you  
Fo real  
They can't fuck wit you  
They can't fuck wit you  
What's wrong wit ya'll bitches man  
What's wrong wit ya'll niggas man  
C'mon The fuck is wrong wit ya'll niggas  
Where you at nigga  
C'mon nigga  
Where you at Where you at nigga c'mon

Yo Check em out Yo yo yo  
When it's murder on my mind, I do it all the time  
Got tombstone flow, wit a casket rhyme  
Your gats is plastic, I got platinum nines  
With gold shells Banger Vegas tap ya spine  
I'm the type to spaz out and take back what's mine  
Rep for my hood niggas slingin crack and dimes  
Half is mine  
So you know it's half my time  
In the pen or the box  
Wit my man on the ox  
We gon do it like we did it on the block  
Let's roll  
Like wit 60's 30's  
40 niggas wit me  
Rep ya hood  
Rep ya block  
Rep ya city  
This is me talkin, without the Remy in me  
I kick it from the heart, that's why niggas feel me  
Show ya'll the true meanin why Banger act willie  
Cause I start to spaz and smack a bitch silly  
They call Leo Ganza wit the twin nine millis  
Yea niggas

Do what you like (We don't give a fuck)  
Go head and fight (All my bitches grab a nigga)  
And fuck tonight (It's ya muthafuckin world)  
Do what you like, do what you like  
Do what you like  
Bust of the nine  
And fuck tonight  
Do what you like, do what you like

Ayo yo ayo  
This is for them niggas frontin, don't really want it  
My 32 bullets got all ya names on it  
Hit em in the brain, niggas slain  
Layin dormant  
Iced out grenade, wit the big chains on it  
New Years blimp Wit B.I.G. name on it  
Iceburg sweaters wit Kim name on it  
Cease-A-Le Tee wit big blood stain on it  
Every time I sign a check, I sign a thug name on it  
Niggas got rhymes but they flow's so borin

No stage shows, so forget about tourin  
Mad at my team cause my niggas stay scorin  
All you gotta do is make a false move and it's warnin  
My guns bust  
Niggas get wet when it's pourin  
Rain down long like Kim gettin dressed in the mornin  
Five star general, spit a uzi at ya coffin  
Run up in ya crib without a search warrant

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Once again it's on  
The muthafuckin psychos M.A.F.I.A.  
Bitches feel us, we the realest  
My Bed Stuy niggas is who I ride for  
Send that ass slow like I ride a six four  
I'm what ya kids admire  
Don't wanna see retire  
Got bitches in the pen and in the church choir  
Got a new attitude for the Y2K  
Same shit nigga try me I'ma blow em away

Ayo move out the way Bris I'm about to hook off  
Sick of muthafuckas tryna play us lick we soft  
You have any idea how many words I shook off  
I'm not havin uh no I'm not havin it  
You heard what I said, don't make me raise my voice  
And I know ya'll don't want me to call me boys  
M.A.F.I.A. we break rules in the club  
My whole crews in the club  
And girl, don't you hate when bitches be wit the friends  
Dancin all wild  
Bumpin you again and again  
Yea I know That some real punk shit  
Fuck that I ain't tryna hear that drunk shit  
Bitches like that get stomped out  
You know the rules, beat a bitch till she conk out  
Lady what we fear nigga you like  
Give em a pussy invite  
It's aight maybe get ya pussy sucked tonight

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Do what you like  
Bust of the nine  
And fuck tonight  
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(Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out)  
Yea muthafuckas  
All my niggas get high and fuck tonight  
It's our muthafuckin world  
(Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out)  
Yea

Big shout from the house  
Yea Queen Bee  
M.A.F.I.A. style  
B.I.G. Forever baby  
Brooklyn  
We gonna let ya'll know  
Do what you want  
Do what ya like nigga  
It's 2000  
YaknowwhatI'msayin  
All hell to the Y2Kim baby  
GB It's yo turn  
All you hoes make a u-turn  
Aiight Represent niggas