

Do Whatcha Gotta

Nice & Smooth

Where is he now? The guy who used to put the cape on James Brown

Do what cha got ta do, do whatcha gotta (3x)
International, do the Lambada

Yes I'm the man with the mic in my hand
Give me elbow room, it's time to expand
Styles, that I be kickin is grand
Can't catch me with a radar scan
Now what's a rock, what's a pebble, what's a stone?
What's a bitin MC, that's a clone
I'm Big Willie on my cellular phone
All I wanna do is make the fly girls moan, hey!!
I bring drama like Prince
I been rippin microphones (how long?) ever since
Rubber boots and Lee suits
Three Card Molly and prostitutes
Get down, uhh! I stain like ink
Comin to your rescue just like Link
Tuesday night on my way to the rink
Bag me a dime piece dressed in pink

Now don't get uptight, I'm travelling at the speed of light
And everything's gonna be alright
Smooth B, sort of like an action figure
Uptown Boogie Down Bronx rap nigga
Doin what I gotta
Gonna make the Planet Rock like Afrika Bambaata
Peace to Red Alert
Aiyyo, back up from the ropes, so no one gets hurt
It's the MC with the golden charm
Dustin rappers off with the golden arm
This style deals with the mic in my palm
I never leave my crib without readin the psalms
I gotta read my scriptures for they keep me refined
I gotta keep my nine for the deaf dumb and blind
Rewind selector, lead by supreme protector
keepin the tax collector
off my back, and I could never afford to have wack, styles
of rap, check my almanac
("I did it like this, I did it like that")

[Chorus x5]