

# What You Do

## Little Brother

Yeah, yeah, check it out now  
You're now tuned to the sounds of Phonte, Big Pooh and 9th Wonder  
It's Little Brother, (ain't no other) put it down like no other  
And I know it's a lot of madness out there, a lot of snakes  
A lot of fake ass niggas, claiming they doing this and doing that  
Just watch what you do, aight?

I don't know about you but this nigga here watching me chase  
Cause at the end of the day, I don't need no case  
Bitches had grimy niggas runnin up in your place  
Cause they ain't mention to you past mistakes, and it's fucked up  
You lucked up with this chick toting more bags  
Than the trash man on a Monday morning  
I dips bout your downfall, already forming  
In the mind of this nigga brainstorming, he gotta get her back  
Somebody gonna take the rap  
So he kept putting bait in the trap until the snake bit  
See everybody doing dirt on the low man  
Cheating on his wife and his wife didn't know  
Wife withholding information on the low  
Now old flame back and somebody gotta go  
Once the shit hit the fan then you know fo' show  
You better watch what you doin cause you don't know

You better watch what you say and what you do  
Cause you never really know who got they eyes on you  
They be plotting, scheming, eyeing, scoping  
Waiting for the day they get you out in the open  
You better watch what you say and what you do  
Cause sometimes it's hard to tell what's fake and what's true  
They plotting, harassing, scheming when they spot you  
One wrong move homeboy and then they got you

Dear God, it's my time, believe me I'm with it  
But before I go, forgive me for the times that I didn't  
Use better judgement against the people I shitted  
Them young girls I fucked over and the sins I committed  
Thought my master plan was hand crafted  
Never thought my master plan would backfire and get my own man blasted  
Now we both on our way to hell in hand baskets  
Screaming fuck the world for telling us we can't have it  
The hoes, prestige and dollar signs  
Ready to serve any nigga feeling like he want a part of mine  
My conscious would speak to me a lot of times  
When I was busy starching up my white collar crimes  
The blueprint follow mines, nigga we can go settle it  
I got banks in Switzerland and hoes in the Netherlands  
That specialize in offshore accounts and embezzlement  
So if your dough get tapped, you know where the hell it went  
You funny niggas best be going, the dope specialist  
Did more pedalling than Greg Lemond  
And you ain't tryna see none of that, a wild thundercat  
Tryna outrun my past life when I was coming back  
And now I kneel and both palms together  
Looking for answers and proverbs, songs, whatever  
And when my soul burns in hell, to myself I owe it  
Cause money, sex and power was the motive, for real

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