Whatcha Gonna Do (feat. Method Man & DMX)

Jayo Felony

Def Jam, what? The remix, yeah Come along What what?

What, what? I said, "I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do with it? I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do? I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do with it? I could give it to you but what, but what, what, what? I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do with it? When I'm in Daygo, I'm bumpin' my music With my dog and dogettes we loop loop Me and lil' Trook like book and Luke duke Now come see me get me Lex coupe 'Cuz this song'll be bigger than there it is Whoop Whoop Whatcha gon do with it baby when I give you some? Wha-wha-what what? Hit him in the gut If you don't know the scoop then keep your mouth shut Flow what? Flow 'cause I got flow See me walkin' on the moon by 2004 Party with the OG's spaceships and gold D's If they don't make no songs like these, plow, plow 'Cuz it's my style when I flex, go next, flow next I said, "I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do with it? I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do? I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do with it? I could give it to you but wha-what? Wha-what? I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' hood, hood I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' low rider I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' hood, hood I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' low rider Yo, place your order for slaughter You got balls to walk up, you leave on the walker You oughta be hittin' more tracks than Nauta My little friend barks like Roof, that's why I brought her Brooklyneese, head cheese and charge When you see me, cock it back, squeeze it hard Or I scare the shit out you, bring the bitch out ya Xstort your rhyme until you're puttin' your house up Niggas in the hood no doubt could blow the trial I'm so cool I be shoppin' in the frozen aisle

Gimme that mic, you don't got no wheels Look through the periscope, that locked you in Started bustin' like the white boy in higher learning Stick you up more than hair when you put perm in Die, be a kleptomaniac in disguise I even take eyes outta seven thirty fives Dub, Mack 10, wha-what? Wha-what? What? I'm 'bout to tear a chicken head gu-gut, gu-gut, gut I said, "I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do with it? I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do? I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do with it? I could give it to you but what, but what, what, what? I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' hood, hood I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' low rider I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' hood, hood I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' low rider Jayo say, "What, what? I say, "Whoop, whoop" Bangin' through the wood in the 84 coupe When it come to gangsta raps, you know, Mack got 'em Still saggin' in khakis with the cuff on the bottom Hip hop or yayo, you don't roll like 1-0 Twenty chrome on the Benz, thirteen gold on the four From the way I twist my fingers, you know, I'm from So much ice on my wrist that my hand feels numb I start flippin' off sherm or the green that be stickin' Though I rock the microphone, I can still sell a chicken Hoo bangin' affiliates from the WSC Mack 10, Young G with the Recipe Hit 'em again, hit 'em again Who's the triple braided beard, baby? Hustla when it comes to my gram WC, clatter for chatter clearin' the section Bangin' a bandana, slangin' the westside connection Testin', microphone checkin', check out my melons Smashin' misdemeanors, mashin' with Jayo Felony Steadily, chasin' them ends, wreckin' the mirrors slow Loc, I'm too sexy for my fuckin' Benzo I said, "I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do with it? I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do? I could give it to you but whatcha gonna do with it? I could give it to you but what, but what, what, what? I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' hood, hood I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' low rider I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' hood, hood I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' low rider

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