

Artist: mcgruff

Title: What Cha Doin to Me

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[McGruff]

Now check it, uptown kid on the record
Who you thought? Who you expected?
Gruff number one, get layed, lust in the sun
Now I'm gettin paid without bustin my gun
Make music, but still in I say boot it
But still in all I stay looted, still in all
I'm the slick cat that Heav' recruited
No one see platinum and then play stupid
Harlem's on the rise now, you surprised now
For those who slept, bet they recognize now
Can't hold us, can't stand to see my Ro' wristband wit boulders
Can't withstand my soldiers, told ya
We gon' explode like Oklahoma
Put the rap game in the yoke and the coma
Feel fame comin closer, photograph name on poster
Dame in the Rover

[Chorus: Shay Best]

What cha doin to me? Keep comin baby
How you makin me feel, keep comin baby

[McGruff]

Yo give it to ya hardcore, but never raw baby
Be on tour crazy, leave shows wit three or four ladies
Tryin to stroke out, stand up, poke out
Let the smoke out, let the loke out
Sexin broke out, rock begets no doubt
Niggas wanna be playas but just no clout
Man bubbly refresh my mouth
besides that been fresh before fresh was out
Check it out, check my background, check how I'm layin my mack down
Check the store near you, for the hound phat sound
Herb could flow, you ain't the first to know
Watch me burst and blow, cuz I'm thirst for dough
No question G, millionaire destined to be
Tucks no less than a g, who fresher than me?
Or Heavy D, check the pedigree
From uptown to Beverly, papas be steady, see

[Chorus]

[Hook 2X: Heavy D]

Ooh rougher than rough, big M, little C, Gruff
You can't get enough, say what

[McGruff]

Gruff official, what the deal nigga, bust the Crystal
Bust the style, baby lust the style
Dutch your Isle, knowwhatimean? Philly two mile
Nowadays niggas really be foul
What's goin on out there? Is all I hear
Black on black crime, and you know the law don't care
War out there, almost got caught out there
But I didn't, so I gotta thank the Lord out there, cuz there is one
Know people listen to my songs in they system
Know people think I don't belong in prison
Lord forgive 'em, please, for all that sinnin
Puffin weed and tossin women

[Chorus 2X]