

# Bad Boy's Da Band, Do You Know Ft Wyclef Jean

Intro:Wyclef

Ya'll hear the guitars, Wyclef is in the building  
Puffy came to get me, I've officially made Da Band  
I'm a Rock Star!

[Sara]

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Chorus [Sara]

Do you know, where your goin to  
do you like the things that life is showing you  
What you gonna do

Verse 1:

[Chopper(Young City)]  
So where you from?

[Babs]

Where chicks rock Air Force Ones  
belly shirts tied up  
and our hair stay done  
So where you from?

[Fred]

Well they don't rock Air Force Ones  
We hit the block, at the spots holdin Air Force guns  
So where you from?

[Ness]

Philly spitters rock Dickies and boots  
Deuce Duece and my tube socks ichin the shoe  
So where you from?

[Choppa (Young City)]

Well Guirillas dont be messin wit cops  
You catch a case go on the run and still huggin the block

[Babs]

So what you do?

[Chopper (Young City)]

Big Ballin, Money Makin and Flossin  
Sean John, You know how we do it in New Orleans  
So what you doin?

[Ness]

When i'm doin , i'm doin it big  
i'm cockin it back the mack, crack-cracking your rib  
And what you doin?

[Fred]

Man, i'm mindin my biz, I'm tryin to feed my kid  
I can't starve dawg, I need my rib  
Yo what you doin?

[Babs]

Shutin broads down, believe me  
On my grind all night cuz your girl is greedy

Chorus:[Sara]

[Ness]

All I know, somebody better have my money  
Cuz being broke as a joke, I don't find that funny

[Babs]

All I know, that chicks betta respect my gangsta  
I'm far from your mother, but I still will spank ya

[Chopper( Young City)]

All I know is this project livin is shhhh  
What could you tell me if you ain't never been in this here

[Fred]

All I know, my flow, put me through betta doors  
And bought two gold pedals for that Bentley is a....errrr

[Sara]

Please, don't give up [dylan: don't give up]  
On your life  
Ghetto child [dylan: ghetto child]  
It's alright

[Dylan]

See the sun will come out

[All]

Tomorrow

[Dylan]

Even though we grindin on in the ghetto  
But so it go and so it go  
When the sun come out to shine, I be so ready for dying-o  
Forgive me for my sins, but I still holdin my nine-o  
VIP lookin for another man to rob now  
Just another way to escape Rikkar's Island

[Fred]

I'm gonna prove to these dudes  
I can get me a crew  
Without snatching you outta yours  
With that still on you

[Chopper (Young City)]

I'm gonne prove I'm a superstar  
Rims sitting on Shaquille O'Neal's  
You know who we are

[Babs]

I'm gonna prove it, that Babs is the best in the game  
So thugs hold on tight, like I'm snatchin your chain

[Ness]

And i'ma prove it, to the chicks that cold shouldered me  
And all the record labels that chose to look over me  
Ha, I ain't goin back to jail  
To a pack of oodles and noodles and a whack in my cell  
Dudes be cutting the yard, we rushin the guard  
We takin over, it's a riot, gun buttin the sarge  
All of my homies with wheels waiting foward to peel  
Oh it's all the way real, we peel, penitentiary still

Chorus:[Sara]

[Wyclef Jean talking]

Bad Boy, Refugee camp

Calabo, let's go

[Babs]

Babs from Brooklyn and I do my thing

[Chopper (Young City)]

Chopper City straight outta New Orleans

[Fred]

The infamous Freddy Pee from the MIA

[Sara]

It's Sara Stokes with the Midwest Swing

[Dylan]

Dylan Dillengan, doin me tingg

[Ness]

E-Ness, that Philly cat, stickin niggas for bling

[Sara]

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