

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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Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh

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....errrrr

[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]

Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh Duh