E-40, Do What You Know Good

[E-40]
Freak nasty super bad, earring in her tongue
Smell good, Prada bag, angel perfume cologne
I'm tryin to have me that, lipstick by Mac
Make like a car accident, hit her from the back
My fetti might be salty but my game ain't damp, see I be hood(?)
but the only cheese I ever had, was from the goods
and man that was divided among (?) brothers and sisters
Raised without a dad
Basically we was supposed to be have to make good
but what we hadn't (?) get the gat from one of my (?)
on the tough, Uncle Bruce(?)
Hustle in my veins and lungs, sucker pump
Chickenheads squash through my hood, with good intentions
but always end up sparkin antennas on bus benches
Watchu know, whatchu say, what's the sco'?
Is it a go? Then you with me after the show
You smell? We hit the hotel, and knock boots
Taught me some thangs, like who? Like Dr. Ruth
HEY!! (HEY!!) HOE!! (HOE!!)
All up in the kitchen on the flo', feel the mantra
Chorus: repeat 2X {sung}
Do what you do good, cause you know what you know good
Do what you do good, cause you know what you know good
[Do what you know good]
[E-40]
Uhh, rappers sport my style like they sport clothes
then have the nerve to say they made it up, now that's some hoes
That ain't no stickin to the rules and regulationship
That ain't no man if he can't admit he grew up on The Click
On the East they got hot dogs and pretzel stands
On the West they got tacos and burrito vans
In the South, it's (??) and briscuit
What about the Midwest? The midwest, dey just love to kick it!
Top shelf, ghetto tycoon the area sponsor
Can't be seen, like Bigfoot, and the Loch Ness Monster
Dialin for dollars paper route and money counters
Scrilla scratchin paper chasin poppin collars
Chorus
[singer]
Do what I know good
I kick it in the hood real good
Smoke real fat big blunts
Sticky-ickies to the lil' krunks
Thirty-one double-eight-seven, that's nine-eleven
Act like you're livin
[E-40]
I ain't no Captain
At the bar, signin autographs on napkins
Ball til we have it all - bartender talkin about
"Last call for alcohol!"
I'm bout to get to, mashin on that (??)
if we don't get no mo' (??) throw glasses at that Moesha fag
and I'm walkin up out the do', step stuck and stutterin
Didn't even screw up and hit the floor
If I woulda fell, it woulda been embarassing
Full of that there liquor, walked into a closet
But I'm a king size nigga, baby pull my coattail! And just..
Chorus