

Whatz Next

2pac

2Pac:]

Tell me what the fuck am I suppose to do

Now what's next

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Now what's next

Caught up in the middle

My life's a riddle

Don't let it get ya

I wanna be legal

But it's this hustle that get me richer

One love to my peoples makin' money

I can see you bubblin'

Avoid all trouble

Beware of devils continue strugglin'

Nothin's impossible if there's a will there's a way

So get your mind on official business

You can be great

And it's been this way from the cradle to the grave

So get paid

My niggaz do this every fuckin' day

We parlay

Through politics and conversation

This information to my thug niggaz in the congregation

Watch and bare witness to the pleasures of participation

Separation is self destruction

What's needed is unification

Cause the world ain't hardly scared

If not prepared

Be sure to be bummy and be no longer there

But no one cares it's there to share

All we get is stares

Because of fear we'll evaporate

Say your prayers

And what's next

[Chorus x2:] Hard livin' got me goin' insane

But I'm addicted to the hustle I'm trapped in the game

Whatz next

I'm goin' crazy

Tell me tell me what the fuck am I suppose to do

Whatz next
[A3:](Aye its on A3)
Makaveli tried to warn us
But niggaz ain't listen to Pac
Naw (listen listen) nigga really listen to Pac
Shit yean got it yet (no)
Then you won't get it

Might as well measure 'em up
And have his ass fitted
Why
Caught slippin' dog trippin' didn't soak game
Got his wig split like dem shutters on the airplane
Never will change niggaz wit' no name no shame
Might open ya head foe mess broke change
I stay posted like a flag (flag)
Starin' thru my rear view ballin' in a jag (jag)
Bounce wit me Cali body rock down in H-Town
We gon' put these artificial bustas in they place now
Time foe a change
Real niggaz rollin' wit' me
Money makin' swift decision we controllin' the streets
Side track by the broads and the frauds
Ain't it strange
It's the reason so many niggaz get scarred in the game
Whatz next
[Chorus x2][Jay Rock:]That money gotta make it
What I gotta do to make it
Do I really gotta take it
Put this mack up to you face it
Doin' what we gotta do to survive
Just ask Kweli doin' what we do to get by
Some niggaz stick to the crime
Pitchin' nickel and dimes
What the fuck we s'pose to do
Who gon' give us a job
So I tried and tried
Tried to get out the grind
But the block kept on callin' me back
Fiends kept on callin' for crack
So I supply 'em wit' that
Gave 'em a reasonable fee
Nigga don't blame it on me
Shit just look where I'm at
Niggaz in gardens

LAPD is the target
Niggaz is heartless hustle regardless
Look that dope spot use to be an apartment
But now it's just a place to hide the guns in the closet
Watch ya step shift the grams under the carpet
We just tryin' hard not to see that coffin
Whatz next
[Chorus x2]

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