What You Gonna Do?

Puff Daddy & The Family

It's a hell up in harlem, fuckit, another day
Another dollar, wake up, to the barking from the rottweilers
Pull the collars, make em sit for the godfather
Then I holler, to justin my son, run the water
For the shower, trust fund scholarship sure to give him power
Baby momma call, she pick him up, in about an hour
Now free to go, free to blow, with the calicos
And the navajos, it's just the way this player knows
Anything goes, finally caught up with my nigga sam sam
Picked me up, in the tan lex land
Wanted breakfast down at pan pan's, what's your favorite dish?
He ordered cheese eggs and grits, I had the swordfish
What is this? three niggaz dressed in black
Roleys on they wrist, feathers in they hat
One tapped me on my back, then pointed at my stack
Put my finger on the trigger
Then I asked him, whatchu want nigga?
Chorus: puff daddyWhatchu gonna do when it's your turn to go
Whatchu gonna do when you can't take no mo'
You gonna cry like a bitch or take it nice and slow
Whatchu gonna do when it's your turn to go
(repeat 2x)Verse two: puff daddyI pray to God that I'm dreamin, I know my family
Wouldn't take it, when the doctor said, he ain't make it
Mom dukes cryin, baby mom full of grief
How she gonna tell her son his daddy is deceased?
Now she got beef with them bitches up the street
All because I used to creep, with her girlfriend sharese
She knows, I keep the hoes, from nation, to nation
On every radio station, goodfellas in rotation, uhh
That's why niggaz wanna twist my shit, flip my wig
Attempt to murder me like tommy gills
Before they draw, niggaz threw me to the floor
Drill holes in my pocket, sam launch the rocket
They wanna rip my arms out the socket, fuckin heathens
Love to see a nigga stop breathin
I heard a voice sing out, ain't you sean puffy combs?
Here's your eulogy, meet you at the crossroads
G'night bone
ChorusVerse three: puff daddyNothing but clouds and white suits fill my vision

Watching my life go down, like christian
Listen hear them bullets rang, shotguns and mac millis
Spraying like a hurricane in this war called the terror game
And deuce deuces can't stand the pain
Little guns ain't got no business in this blizzard
They just kibitz, here's five shots to visit, blaka
Blowin bullet holes sizes of door knockers
Three headed for my chest straight, the other two
Came a little late, and just barely missed my face
I'm tryin to find a steady place between two cars
One of us gon' either wind up dead, or behind bars
Shit, I'm just tryin to live, so I can raise my kid
And own the world, bone all the girlie girls
That's when I finally figured out
That's that nigga david arthur, sharese baby father
And I didn't even bother to ask no further questions
No more confessions only suggestions
I think sam set me up, cause them bullets squeezed up
From the rear, and sam was the only nigga there
Then they all peeled out in the rental, aluminum
Sam in the passenger seat, so I'm assumin them
Niggaz didn't even get to peep
Lil' kim and them, in the backseat, with the heat
Clips they feelin em, to the top, shit ain't sweet
Once the light turns red, nuff said, that's dead
They fled, and they waved, hot lead
If I aimed up, I'd be on my deathbed
Sucker move, for that they don't get no props
Lil' kim and them, mad they ain't bust no shots
We in the block, no land posters just old posters
Of gangsta niggaz I see ghosts of gangsta figures
I'm tryin to hold my own when they snatched me out the car
Took me in the saloon and said, puffy, there you are
Them same cats we chased two blocks had new spots
Washin dishes, I guess for goin out like bitches
I smacked em, gave a little speech, to mirth
Happiness, cause me and all my peeps got hurt
That night, I said a little prayer, me and justin
That's when I heard the bustin, yeahChorus
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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