

Whatcha Gonna Do

Mad Caddies

Once upon a time, not long ago
When gangstas rocked waves sold dope and sniffed lo'
There was a young G by the name of Shyne Poe
Puttin' it down, cuttin' it up and cookin' it now
It's been a lotta dick ridin' for lack of a betta words
For lack of a betta words
Speculations on the guns, I hold underneath my furs
Similarities in my voice, nigga, check the words
I'm in for winter to doe's that pinch merds from the cur
Dodgin' and dippin' the narcs
It's the young Frank Matthews, the rap version
Touch my trap on my smack the gats burstin'
That's certain leave ya face and ya chest and ya back jerkin'
Y'all got me fucked up like
My desert eagle and my sick doom bust right
Like my guns is racin', muthafucka, don't you know I
Make ya heart stop and ya body start shakin'
Now you know the bottom line of this rhyme crime
Twenty-five to life plus nine
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Pray to God, go hard or lay up in the morgue
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Pray to God, go hard or lay up in the morgue
Evil grin, dead eyes, walkin' wit a bock, monster
Best way to describe my posture
In this world of sin, I'm as wicked as they come
Moonlightin' as a rapper get this ticket and I'm done
Ain't enough money here, I ratha be in the tropics
Wit Corsicans where narcotics is the only topic
Persian rocks and things the man that made of snow
Tiger par and every other form of raw
Since a team been handlin', nigga been scramblin'
Bettin' on money in Vegas gamblin'
Desert in the abdomen, pissy drunk stylin', staggerin'
More than you can imaginin'

Thoughts randomin', runnin' through my mind
Like who's the best MC's, Biggie, Jay-Z, and Shyne
Demented as a young'n, apple second comin'
Evil thoughts runnin' through my cerebellum
Shyne Poe, what the fuck you gon' tell 'em?
All you niggas that wanna be fly, my gun shots'll propel 'em
Leavin' somewhere smellin', repellin'
Closed caskets for you fuckin' bastards, c'mon
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Pray to God, go hard or lay up in the morgue
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Pray to God, go hard or lay up in the morgue
Only the strong survive and weak niggas bleed
And get found, wit they fuckin' face down
Numb from the waist down
I done been to hell and back twice and still in crack
Stare death in the eyes and never blink
Headshots rip through my mink
Went to war wit the realist killas
Killed friends over jealousy and envy
My heart's empty behind the wheel of my Bentley
Coked up, feelin' invincible
'Bout to take over the world, I can't be stopped
Not the feds or the fuckin' cops, not even seventeen shots
Can put a end to this terror
I'ma live forever 'cause gangstas don't break
We just get plastic surgery and relocate to anotha state
Or island, smilin', money pilin', wildin'
Yo Puff, over done them fuckin' violins
This shit is bigger than me though ask Oliver North
Kill you then use your corpse to transport horse
Leave ya brains hangin' from ya fuckin' car window
Any nigga snitch and givin' info
Since my motha stomach coke and liquor
Was the mixture
Betta be prepared when we hit ya
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Pray to God, go hard or lay up in the morgue
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?

Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Pray to God, go hard or lay up in the morgue
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>