Whatcha Gonna Do

The Hi-Flyers

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?

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