Don't Know What to Do

Lisa Shaw

(noreaga)
Big pun
In honor, in honor
Yeah
I got love, a tatoo don't make a thug
Jose luis got ya, golden guns, frank sinatra
I know you love it when I rhyme proper
Man I'm still t-h-u-g-g-e-d-o-u-t
Iraq to qb
Mobb deep in jersey and they swerve to me
Stay thirsty, thats what my nigga pun told me
First it was christopher wallace now christopher rios
Me and pun drunk, and smoked out
I used to go to his crib and visit his kids
He used to make his daughter and his son box
Yo I love them kids, they love they pops
Yo pun, pick me up, come to queens with us
You know you came up, what what makin it happen
>from rappin on the corner and now you goin platinum
At the video, for banned from tv
Pun came through, in the benz with the tv
A ounce of weed and gun deep
Pun stayed real, yo I love that nigga
Cause he worked hard for it
I burst shit for him
(chorus)
I ain't never gonna love again
Life is taken once it's given
It's not easy to pretend
What love has put me through
All my people dyin and I'm askin why
Sometimes I don't feel like livin
It's not easy to pretend
I don't know what to do
(noreaga)
Why the good gotta die so young
Foul niggas live a long life, I cried all night
I can't control myself
But you gotta stay strong thats what I told myself

We did ah, I did his album and he did mine
We did a funk flex joint, pete rock joint
Dj clue joint, even royal flush joint
And a hundred other records, you get the point
I used to hang with him
You know I bang bang with him

And when I ran triz you know I always came with him
I called angie but was cryin on the phone
I was cryin in my home, freakin cried in the phone
You see i, knew big had love for pac
Even freaky tah and scott laross
But regardless, pun my man, rich or not
I know he in heaven, yo he chillin with my pops
Tell my pops how I'm doin, I ain't sellin drugs
Tell my pops that I'm rappin, and still with the thugs
While you tellin him things, tell him the facts
Tell him how we put boricua back on the map
(chorus)
(noreaga)
Yo he fill a mack but his man is gone
He wanna form a new army, but his man is gone
Yo this probably hittin me hard
Threw my guns in the clouds and buck at god
Condolences to his family and the terror squad
N.o.r.e., p.u.n., see you then, again
Ma, I just lost my friend
I can't answer the phone I just lost my friend
It's mourning now, from night to morning now
Then all the shows and performing now
Pun, my nigga pun was always funny speakin
Pun loved me, and loved that I was puerto rican
(chorus)
(noreaga talking)
You my fuckin thug, my nigga and all that
You know?
That's my motherfucking heart right there
I feel like I knew that nigga my whole life
That's really my nigga
And I'm mourning with you
The whole terror squad
I'm here with y'all niggas man
His wife, his kids, I'm here with yall, yo
I feel the same way y'all feel
But I'm here with y'all

I love that man, yo
He was a good man
Man it's crazy
Sometimes I wonder if there is a god
Why would he take the wrong ones?
I wonder that shit all the time
Yeah, I wonder that shit all the time

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