

# 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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