

# Whatcha Gonna Do

## Shyne

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 morgueWhatcha 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 morgueOnly 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 crackStare death in the eyes and never blink  
Headshots rip through my mink  
Went to war wit the realist killas  
Killed friends over jealousy and envyMy 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 shotsCan 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' violinsThis 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' infoSince my motha stomach coke and liquor  
Was the mixture  
Betta be prepared when we hit yaWhatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?  
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