Do What U Gotta

Inspectah Deck

Yeah, I ride til I blew wit the case, through the days
Use the ways, niggas talk til they blue in the face
Been struggling is nothing to me, come and see
I get it in, like Kobe at the buzzer for threeWhen I'm gone, better twenty one gun it
Thousand dollar bottles pop
One of the best that ever done it
Broke nights dumbing with the dumbest
Sporting the fourth floor
I bought it from fiend for seven hundredNew faces, screw facing niggas from a distance
One time, wait to take a nigga through the system
I ain't got time to play, I hit the globe on roam
I'm still home a million miles awayAnd I grind so my seeds could eat, sometimes
I let my eyes close and I daydream of sleep
And if I should die before I wake, then before my wake
Hit my wifey off with all my cakeTil then, I'mma live it up, pop corks and split a dutch
Walking on the wild side, just to get a rush
Y'all better get in touch, laws ain't shit to us
Every one I know is God, earth, King, crip or bloodLittle nigga listen up, I know you loving the life
Of living it fly, so how you can't get enough
Son said, who gives a fuck, they see I'm making my bread
Escaping the feds, so why should I give it up?Ain't nothing left to do but
Throw myself down in these streets
And if I feel like niggas test me
I'm gon' reach out for my pieceAnd I don't run from confrontation
By myself, I keep it true
When it comes down to getting paper
I'm gon' do what I gotta doI seen million dollar niggas fall flat on they face
Best friends, co-defendants, how you rat on your ace?
Scramblers chase, the blood money's, hammers on waist
Just to trick on the chick with the candles and laceBelieve it, it's real, we all out, fiending for meals
Food shot up on the block, left them bleeding there still
Nothing worse than power in the hands of fools
They play the game but they don't understand the rulesYo, you should understand the jewels
I got my life on the line, there's a 50/50 chance to lose
Aiyo, my dude, it's bigger than me but as the story go
Why buy the cow when you get it for freeTo make a living, it's either death or state prison
Deck just ain't quitting, either rep or stay hidden
Y'all know the motto, hollow points follow you home
Al Capone cats, swallow the chromeYou get blown back out of your zone, like pow to the dome

So watch your mouth, kid, mind on your tone
Son I ate with the greatest, stayed with the latest
Eye for an eye, boss, ain't with the favorsI laid where they murk all day, broad day
I said flames will disperse y'all way, y'all play
Deep inside the game, wise guys die for they name
While the organized mind, stay quietly paidAin't nothing left to do but
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And if I feel like niggas test me
I'm gon' reach out for my pieceAnd I don't run from confrontation
By myself, I keep it true
When it comes down to getting paper
I'm gon' do what I gotta doDo what u gotta do
Do, do what u gotta do

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