

# It Is What It Is

## E-40

It is what it is  
It is what it is You try compromisin', nope, they don't wanna talk  
And they got them nuts that's off that Acapulco powdered chalk  
So he untouchable, oh he can be touched  
Well, where he stay at then, he stay by such and such Well, since we got altercations with these so called  
knuckleheads  
We gon' play for dooms and I assume  
We get radar on fool in dem livin' rooms  
Bet, motherfucker ain't fin' ta be runnin' around here drippin' sweat Havin' hot flashes and shit  
Over these fulla bitch-made and a half-ass dicks  
You ripped? Let's take it to 'em sick  
Hit all they spots at once, pour it on 'em thick Who got the suey chops? They in my folks garage  
Well where he at? He at the Travel Lodge, beep that nigga  
Tell him to get here right now quick now it's gon' be some shit  
Tell him to bring enough ammunition to blow up a ship Bullshit ain't nothin' this here been goin' on just a little  
bit too long  
Plus I got a family and kids to raise and I plan on seein' 'em get grown  
Get straight to the root of the problem  
Get rid of the source that's what what, get rid of the big cheese And the majority of these niggaz gon' back the  
fuck up  
Somebody gon' mind somethin', time to validate my respectation  
Hit the corner dumpin', in the big-ass [unverified] station wagon  
Catch them bitch-ass, that's what I told my driver man While I was tryin' to get him to get in a position so that I  
could open fire  
Fuck a ski mask, unpolished fish grease  
Let the fully blast  
May he rest in piss Miss smash up outta there I brought them boys, but I shoulda brought it like a concert  
Fool's still alive, John Murell [unverified] Trauma Center, Concord  
Shoulda doused him, shouldn'ta never found him  
Shoulda handled biz, but for now, it is what it is It is what it is  
It is what it is  
It is what it is Aight, ay dude, this all I wanna know  
What's wrong with this sad to be glad-ass niggas?  
Don't they know that fools is laced with assassin skills?  
Kill at will, gonna put your hat on the rack for a cool mill? (Aww, it's gon' get done)  
But now the heat has been spared  
How we gon' get him out of intensive care  
And put him under the wing of a pall-bear? One of my potnahs got a plug on some silencers, he knows some  
agents

He used dem [unverified] [unverified] shot on several different occasions  
What that mean his family gon' boo-hoo when I smash that card  
Better stay on a nigga brain give a fuck about a die-hardI know this one botch with a big-ass crotch by the name  
of Connie  
She works in ICU and she dates this nigga named Mitchski Ronnie  
Have nab him at the hospital, that'll work  
Paid a nurse to pull the plug on the life supportRisky business but it's organized class and the shit sound sharp  
But if we fuck around and make it look too obvious  
The broad might her lose her job  
Tough luck that shit no better than fuckin' for me nowI gots no toilet paper feelings for her anyhow  
The shit is crampin' my livin' style, floatin' from telly to telly  
Conspiracy murder plots phone conversations overheard by federal  
I'm guessin' fool musta passed away, tragic lossesOn the wall they got my picture at the post office  
After travellin' bouncin' back and forth to different states  
They finally caught me up in Kansas City  
At a barbecue spot called GatesDo the crime do the time, it ain't for no bitch  
And as long as a nigga twerkin' in the kitchen, he ain't trippin'  
I'll be up in that bitch makin' spreads, drinkin' Pruno  
Cocoa and coffee Cadillacs, jumpin' jacksTakin' flicks, shootin' kites, makin' wishes  
Fuck around and get mad on the strength of conjugal visits  
Flip the weight pile, hit my fee-vee [unverified]  
Keep my shank close by me when I'm sleepyShouldn'ta caught me, shouldn'ta never found me  
Shoulda handled biz, but it's too late, it is what it isIt is what it is  
It is what it is  
It is what it isOh, ohh I see  
It is what it was, and what it was is just what's been taught  
Handle biz when it's to be done, and I mean rip you dig?  
'Cause ain't no sense in savin' leftovers  
That's yesterday's thing, roll with the right now  
And everything gon' be is, what it is

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