

What Am I To Do

Mr. Shadow

[Chorus: Mr. Shadow]

Now what am I to do

Hoes wanna do me, foes wanna do me in

Now what am I to do

On the streets with the war, and shit you ain't known

Now what am I to do

I keep breaking the laws, stay rugged and raw uhh

Now what am I to do

If I come to jack him then I'm gonna jack you too[Mr. Shadow]

What am I to do uhh check it out This is for my riders who be moving things

Out of state with a full crate doing it big, fooling the pigs

Who's in the mix and who's not

You can tell by the way a fool talks and walks

Around the clock, it's never to late to clock

The longer you stay on the block, the bigger the knot

We plot schemes that turn dreams into real life

Handle our business and do the shit right

Now what am I to do, yeah

The streets are loyal so I gotta stay true

Paid dues and the game will pay you, that's real

Don't try to act sick, you'll sit down for your last meal

The battle field is made out for real soldiers

Bald motherfuckers with stripes on they shoulders

Nothing can hold us now, we full throttle

Money talks, bullshit walks, that's the motto[Chorus] Kickin' up dust, we kickin' up dirt

Your picking up ounces, we pickin' up birds

Under no circumstance do anything piety

Why risk your ass trying to cop a quick twenty

Every motherfucker I work with is major

Nobody menos, nobody can break us

Move makers, from Diego to Vegas

Real players with the name you can't blame us

Haters can't stand the next man doing better

First you gotta master the skill to make cheddar

Faster than the average when it comes to stacking cabbage

It ain't a hobby motherfucker it's a habit

I have it in my blood (what) to taste lute

And take fruit to the cranium harder than titanium

It's like a stadium we all play in it

Some of you lose and most of us come out winnin'[Chorus]If you all about banging, making others hate you
They hate you cause you doing it right, plain and simple
Sicko ass fools with tattoos, on the free way
In Sunny Southern Cali, CA is where we play
Gangs, ten steps ahead of these lames
Shipping out full crates from the state where it never rains
Don't complain or take two to the brain
I'll drag your body like the foot drags a ball on the chain
You say nothin' when they ask you somethin'
You get the run in or get done in when I'm dumpin'
13 rounds that's the sound, then you hit the ground
You ain't safe or sound when I'm around
Now everybody listen, stop, look
Lie straight or get booked by this Southside crook
Yeah, I leave em shooked in the state of shock
Don't get caught on my block with no strap and your pants drop[Chorus]Now what am I to do
Now what am I to do
Now what am I to do
Now what am I to do, to do, to do, to do

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