

# Whatchu Gonna Do

## 8ball & Mjg

Roach spraid on the block  
Then I took my throwback  
Now my soldiers posted up  
Hangin' like a coat rack  
Gun in the bushes and  
Work in the stash spot  
Overtime, al night  
Try'na make a fat knock  
Swell in my pocket  
Like I'm carryin' a loaf of bread  
Been around the world  
But I still love local head  
Got the shit to make 'em jump  
It's hyper like a pimp rally  
Give 'em just a piece it make 'em  
Mime me like a skip daddy  
Glock, Chevy parked in the yard  
Wit' the double pipes  
If I catch ya try'na steal it  
I'ma get double life  
I ain't wanna do it, I ain't even really hate son  
That's a damn shame but tomorrow, I'ma make ???  
Black Hummer waitin' for me in front of the jail house  
Comin' for the boys who thought that I wouldn't bail out  
Top notch citizen, on top of his shit again  
Pimp type, M-J-G, another hit again

[Hook]

This some grown man shit, pussy ass nigga!  
How you wanna do it, we can just get to it  
(Watchu wanna do, how you wanna do it?)  
(Pussy ass nigga, we can just get to it, bitch)  
This some grown man shit, pussy ass nigga!  
How you wanna do it, we can just get to it  
(Watchu wanna do, how you wanna do it?)  
(Pussy ass nigga, we can just get to it)

Boys ask me all the time  
Am I tired of the grind

Hell naw nigga, gettin' richer  
That's all on my mind  
Twist the pine, smoke a pound  
Grabbin' chickens, buy a ticket  
Delta airlines, pimp, I got some down ass bitches  
Broads wit' them credit cards  
Make her listen, let her charge  
Flat TVs and some tiles for my momma car  
Eighty-thousand dollars, I'mma fuckin' ghetto superstar  
Work come soft, never hard, that's a different charge  
Tre-8 never jam if I gotta blam blam!  
If you not a regular, I'm taxin' you like Uncle Sam  
Rubber gloves, blue magic and some Downy sheets  
Plenty plastic wrap and a vacuum pack machine  
My uncle, "Old School" don't need nothin' but a triple-beam  
A dollar and a plate, he like to hit it while he mix it  
I be rollin' up blunts in the den, countin' bread  
Thirty dollars till my heart stop beatin' and I'm dead

[Hook]

Unh  
Sweet Jones is the pimp of the year  
Wrist full of frozen fireworks  
Six in my ear, fly hoes and chains and  
Swangin' on them thangs bitch  
No I ain't no lame, got cocaine  
It ain't no thang bitch, for you to drive down holl'n for ten  
Guaranteed when ya test it you'll come and get 'em again  
I heard a nigga say his name was Pimp see on that "Boss'n Up" movie  
But that nigga ain't me  
Too many clones in the streets and on the microphone  
Pussy ass niggaz need to leave my legacy alone  
Cause I'm a motherfuckin' king in that Texas  
Don't hesitate to put that thang on them plexers  
Cause it ain't no thang to lay yo' lump off in yo' lap boy  
Hit his figure wit' the trigger, scratch off in the toy  
Fuck me, not a change nigga fuck you  
You want a war? It's whateva you bitches wanna do

[Hook till fade]

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