

What We Gonna Do

Rah Digga

[Rah Digga]

Megahertz[Verse 1]

Another day in the life, kickin' for all thug bunnies
Paper chase them self, or say man blood money
Schemin' ass honey tryin' to get my shine
Such a lady of grace, with such a hood frame of mind
Summertime's here, Daisy Dukes are in order
Swingin' with my cousin a little thick, a little shorter
Five in the whip, we like to flow thick
CD's in a clip, let's take a road trip
Sayin' what we gonna do now, dice some trees
Take a ride in the Range through the block and skeez
We conceited asses, wavin' to the masses
Cats doin' wheelies on they bikes fly past us
Headin' to the mall or maybe to Phil's
Steady cruisin' down 5th, through one chat and the grill
Stores closin', down goes the sun
Everybody get ready, here comes the real fun[Hook]
(Ah, ooh)
Yeah y'all, you know what's goin' down
Jumpin' in the whip and we rollin' around town
Wildin' out see ya layin' all on the ground
Mre heat and there's plenty to go around
Party people come shake it over here, just bounce
Got chu' throwin' ya hands all in the air, just bounce
Everybody go shake it over there, just bounce
Blowin' the spot up like we don't care (Ah, ooh)[Verse 2]
Now we done huffed about an ounce up
are and Gina, my cousin flirtin' with the bouncer
The second round's on me, D-I-G
The third is your's, come time to mop the dance floor
See, we ain't payin' so debt that due
Cali clubs be the shit, since they close at two
I'm a socializer, y'all know my steez
Whether mountin' at Spagra or grimey at Speed
Ya might see me solo or with a bunch of dimes
Or ridin' shotgun when I'm jottin' punch lines
Or maybe with the squad, Rah, and BK style
First lady profile, no more chicks allowed

Sayin' what we gonna do now, blow the set
Take a ride down to Philly, check grand and Moet
But back to the bricks, have drinks at my bar
I'm the real ghetto superstar[Hook]
[Verse 3]
We bring the night to a close
Downed a couple shots and we threw a couple bows
What we gonna do now, take it down
No, after-hours on the other side of town (HO!)
Come on swing with me if ya able
Corner reserved and they gotta pool table
The music jumpin' better than the club
Champagne in the house, every DJ show love
But all good things must come to end
Headed back to the whip, turn parking lot pimp
Just when ya thought it couldn't get no thicker
Shorty gotta hurl, says she can't hold liquor
Food gettin' dropped off first, please
Time to roll another L, hot cakes and Mickey D's
Peace, peace y'all here's one for the road
Hit me off on the jack for the next episode[Hook x2]

Songwriters

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