

# 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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