

Whatcha Gonna Do

Shyne

Once upon a time, not long ago
When gangstas rocked waves sold dope and sniffed lo'
There was a young G by the name of Shyne Poe
Puttin' it down, cuttin' it up and cookin' it now It's been a lotta dick ridin' for lack of a betta words
For lack of a betta words
Speculations on the guns, I hold underneath my furs
Similarities in my voice, nigga, check the words I'm in for winter to doe's that pinch merds from the cur
Dodgin' and dippin' the narcs
It's the young Frank Matthews, the rap version
Touch my trap on my smack the gats burstin'
That's certain leave ya face and ya chest and ya back jerkin'
Y'all got me fucked up like
My desert eagle and my sick doom bust right
Like my guns is racin', muthafucka, don't you know I
Make ya heart stop and ya body start shakin'
Now you know the bottom line of this rhyme crime
Twenty-five to life plus nine Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Pray to God, go hard or lay up in the morgue Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch
Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Pray to God, go hard or lay up in the morgue Evil grin, dead eyes, walkin' wit a bock, monster
Best way to describe my posture
In this world of sin, I'm as wicked as they come
Moonlightin' as a rapper get this ticket and I'm done
Ain't enough money here, I ratha be in the tropics
Wit Corsicans where narcotics is the only topic
Persian rocks and things the man that made of snow
Tiger par and every other form of raw Since a team been handlin', nigga been scramblin'
Bettin' on money in Vegas gamblin'
Desert in the abdomen, pissy drunk stylin', staggerin'
More than you can imaginin' Thoughts randomin', runnin' through my mind
Like who's the best MC's, Biggie, Jay-Z, and Shyne
Demented as a young'n, apple second comin'
Evil thoughts runnin' through my cerebellum Shyne Poe, what the fuck you gon' tell 'em?
All you niggas that wanna be fly, my gun shots'll propel 'em
Leavin' somewhere smellin', repellin'
Closed caskets for you fuckin' bastards, c'mon Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch

Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
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 Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch
 Whatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
 Pray to God, go hard or lay up in the morgueOnly the strong survive and weak niggas bleed
 And get found, wit they fuckin' face down
 Numb from the waist down
 I done been to hell and back twice and still in crackStare death in the eyes and never blink
 Headshots rip through my mink
 Went to war wit the realist killas
 Killed friends over jealousy and envyMy heart's empty behind the wheel of my Bentley
 Coked up, feelin' invincible
 'Bout to take over the world, I can't be stopped
 Not the feds or the fuckin' cops, not even seventeen shotsCan put a end to this terror
 I'ma live forever 'cause gangstas don't break
 We just get plastic surgery and relocate to anotha state
 Or island, smilin', money pilin', wildin'
 Yo Puff, over done them fuckin' violinsThis shit is bigger than me though ask Oliver North
 Kill you then use your corpse to transport horse
 Leave ya brains hangin' from ya fuckin' car window
 Any nigga snitch and givin' infoSince my motha stomach coke and liquor
 Was the mixture
 Betta be prepared when we hit yaWhatcha gonna do when shit hit the fan?
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