

2Pac, Whatcha Gonna Do?

(Yawn)
(hahaha)
And ugh

I started out dumb
Sprung off a hood rat
Listening to the radio
Wishing that I could rap
But nothing changed
I was stuck in the game
Cause everybody in the industry was fucking me man
Listen
I've got a scheme
Break away do my own thing
Drop some conversation
Sit back and let the phone ring
Niggas they wanna see me rise
'97 watch me cut these motherfuckers down to size
And if I catch another case
Lord knows how they hate me
Got a playa in the court room
Please don't let them frame me
I've been dealt a lot of bad cards
Living as a thug
Count my blessings
Don't stress in this land with no love
Maybe if they see me rolling
Look at all this green I'm holding
I guess that's why the envious
Get their eye swollen
Hoping the heavenly farther love a hustler
Be the hardest nigga on earth to ever bust a nut
My homies tell me have a heart
Fuck they feelings
I've been trying to make a million since we started
We cold hearted
Niggas in masks that'll blast at the task force
Empty out my clip
Time to mash
They asked for it
Me Makaveli I'm a motherfucker
We break bread
Now we thug brothers (huhuh)
Niggas talk a lot of nonsense
I choose to ignore
A war
They ain't ready for it (huhuh)

(Chorus)

Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you
(What ya gonna do)
Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you
(What ya gonna do)
Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you
(What ya gonna do)
Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you
(What ya gonna do)

(Verse 2: Young Noble & Castro)

My nine is thuglord
My mind on my grind
Outlawz is my heart

They shine when I shine

My rhyme is my grind
My team be on role
Proceed with the onslaught
Indeed they on top
They all marks
And it's an outlaw holocaust

When I got the sawed-off

Niggas gettin' halved off

Yer, nigga beware
Stand clear

This nigga's scared

Man I don't really care
I've been lost loved (loved)
My heart need a hug (hug)
My bite leave blood (blood)
Fight with a grudge

The life of a thug nigga, might need gloves
But you will never know
With a price on your mug
And fight strips snug right around your hands
Niggas sure you can never grab the mic again
Dog you fucking with a grown man

And I can't afford to lose
Where we from niggas told to do
So what cha ya wann' do?

(Chorus)

Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you
(What ya gonna do)
Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you
(What ya gonna do)
Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you
(What ya gonna do)
Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you
(What ya gonna do)

(Verse 3: Tupac)

Watch me clown
Give me loving when I'm high
I'ma outlaw baby I'll be thugging 'till I die
In drop-top double r
Life as a rap star
Hustle like a crack fiend
'Till they catch me
Go ask somebody to your show
Watch them niggas out the sight of mah night scope
Cooking white dope
Got mah nigga 25 to life stretched out
Trying to have all the better things in life
Well Makaveli
A born leader 10 millimeter
Changing niggas future like a schizophrenic palm reader
Heeds from out the bible I read
See the meek shall inherit the earth

And the strong will lead
Hittin' weed like it alright
I'm in the studio
Making music all night
My enemies cry whenever I rise
They hated 'till death
Try to beat me out my last breath
What cha gonna do?

(Chorus)

Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you
(What ya gonna do)
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