

Paul Wall, What Would U Do

[Paul Wall]

My life, ain't all peaches and cream
This fame thing and this game bring, more pain than it seem
I ain't trying to be depressed, and I'm grateful for my blessing
But sometimes it just feels like, there's some'ing missing
I got all the answers, but ain't no questions
I wonder if God's, just trying to teach me a lesson
The situations progressing, it's getting stressing
I hope I don't fail my test and, the heat is on
They say that pressure, busts pipes
So I keep my cool, and thank God for every breath of my life
I'm taking steps to the right, but still I end up wrong
I'm built for the ocean, but I'm stuck in this backyard pond
I'm trying to maintain my pace, in the place I belong
I'm going for the gold, but I keep getting bronze
Who do I call to for advice, when all my mentors gone
This is my life, this ain't just the words to my song what do I do

[Hook: Monetana]

What do you do, when them haters after you
Keep it real and keep it true, get that dirt up off of you
Still swang and bang Screw, Swishahouse like what it do
Don't let them see the sweat on you, just keep it real

[Paul Wall]

This one here's for Broderick Brown, locked down
A 45 year sentence, I don't like how that sound
We've been homies since Middle School, we were childhood chums
But you got caught up, by life in the slums
I'm thinking bout, where your life went
45 years of your life spent, with a aggravated robbery indictment
You plead guilty, for a lesser charge
Even though the judge was harsh, God's still in charge
I be wishing that, I could go back in time
And tell the judge that that nine, and the strack was mine
That would be fine, but I guess it's too late for that
I know that court appointed lawyer, was whack
Ain't it ironic though, you went in Ferguson you end up in the Penn
And the only way that we communicate, is through a pen
Don't give up, just do what you do
Live your life don't let your life live you, just keep on moving

[Hook]

[Paul Wall]

People think, my life is all about raps and such
If I'm suppose to have it good, why is my life so rough
I'm walking straight, but sometimes I need to lean on a crutch
Nobody told me life would get this tough, you gotta feel me though
Cause I ain't trying to be sad
I thank God for everything I got, and all the blessings I had
I work hard I still grind, all night in the lab
The best friends I ever had, was a pen and a pad
Cause people talking down, hating on me
Yeah we use to be down, but now you shady homie
I see 'em all up on the Internet, debating on me
Wondering when will I flop, I know they waiting on me
A lot of rappers is jealous, saying all that we rap about is swangas
Mad cause they c.d.'s, below the shelf like hangers
Should I retaliate the hate, and pay 'em back ten fold
They got me running hot, but I'm standing out in the cold what do I do

[Hook]