

Bushwick Bill, Wha Cha Gonna Do?

And ahh... the secret of the hidden temple is that ahh
You gotta listen, as I run it down the business
The jungle creed, is that the strongest feeds, on any prey it can
And I was branded beast, at every feast, before I became a man
Hahaha! Full swing for the jungle.
John Bido in the house, it's a black man thing you wouldn't understand.

Chorus:

What cha gonna do when the world's on fire?
I'ma light a spliff, and keep gettin higher
The world's bout to end
I don't give a fuck
I ain't scared to die, niggaz put that on Chuck

Verse One:

Put me in a room with four gats and four clips
Aimed at my dome and I bet I won't flinch
At least I get to know I'm going out in a blast
So either pull the trigger or you tricks better mash
Cause I ain't afraid to kill neither
I snatch your soul like the motherfuckin grim reaper
I be the, man that worries not about life
I'd rather piss in the wind than take a risk with eyes, yeah
A brave man dies once, but a coward dies a thousand deaths
Fuck a right, I make a thousand lefts
Cause I'm a motherfuckin thrillseeker
You can't scare me with no bullshit threats, I ain't afraid to die

Chorus 2X

Verse Two:

The world is on some old new-improved shit
They building bombs everyday but screaming peace
A piece of pussy nowadays could cost a nigga life
The condom ain't shit, the rubber breaks and that's your life
Babies havin babies knowin not what to do
For some grown ass men, niggaz old as me and you
Think a nigga fuck a kid needs his motherfuckin dick chopped off
Cause youse a child molester, that ain't cool motherfucker
Mamas keeping sons from their daddies
What you sposed to teach him bitch? You ain't no man, youse a hoe

Monkey see, monkey do

What you want my son to act like me or act like you, shit
I'm on the verge of suicide, so what's murder?
Another casualty, cause mentally I'm damaged G
So I ain't afraid, I ain't afraid to kill
And I ain't afraid to die, motherfucker

Chorus 2X

Verse Three:

A punk can be controlled by death threats
A man's not a man if he can't take a stand and umm
Confront your foes nigga everybody bleeds
So fuck bowing down to another nigga's needs
Curiosity, killed the cat
And anybody gettin curious with mines is gettin disciplined black
I lets the motherfuckin fo'-fo' click
And that's the end of that big bad nigga shit (see-ya!)
How can you be afraid of what's bound to happen
You can't run and try to hide from death
Death is univited, it's also at a shitty time
Things can creep and snatch your ass up out your prime, I lives my life
Agressively, succesfully, I press to be
Demanding with myself and not profess to be
You can't impress me with no bullshit threats
I squabble any motherfucker out your set, motherfucker

Chorus 2X