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 nowaday 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 casuality, 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

Curiousity, 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

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