

# Partners N Crime, What'cha Wanna Do?

(feat. Lil' Leroy, Prime Time)

[Kangol Slim]

I live the Hi-Life come on, come on, come on  
What 'Cha Wanna Do?  
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[Prime Time]

Now where I bang at, is where I slang at  
The place you get stanked at, spanked at  
Ganked at, don't even thank that  
The set is where I make my bank at  
Keep my thang at, I'm at the top of my list  
That's where I make my rank at  
Never got sanked at, shanked at  
Ain't even got no complaints yet  
But I'll be fucked  
If I'ma gonna let that nigga get the bitch out me  
But if he doubt me, then I'ma show him what I'ma about then  
If any nigga set trip on my block, gettin' dropped  
Try'na top what I got, drop from the pop, pop  
Stuck in this Rehabilitation, can't be thinkin' bout fornication  
Let it be known from this demonstration, frustration and patience  
Got a nigga buckin' loose, keepin' it real with my Troops  
No more wrong doin' it with my Group  
Get 'cha good out ya Lexus Coope  
Bustin' loose nigga, and that's how we do nigga

[Lil' Leroy]

I'm clickin' technique twelve hundred, cross faddier style  
Precede to get wild, buckin' poppin' toppin'  
Upper Level know nigga, ain't no stoppin'  
Strickly representin' tation, times a waistin'  
Parish Prison is what I'm facin'  
Deader then life, like hittin' the pipe  
You know it's wrong but we can't live right  
Always on the get over, so pull yo shit over  
Straight jackin', fuck the askin'  
New Range Rover, assault riffle, red line, twelve gage  
To yo mother fuckin' spine, tell me what'cha gettin' all hype for?  
Is this, what 'cha wanna loose ya life for  
Reachin' steppin', buck, buck, hit the cut, press my luck  
I had to bust

[Kangol Slim]

I live the Hi-Life come on, come on, come on  
What 'Cha Wanna Do?  
I live the Hi-Life come on, come on, come on  
What 'Cha Wanna Do?  
I feel like bustin' loose, bustin' loose  
I feel like bustin' loose, bustin' loose  
I live the Hi-Life come on, come on, come on  
What 'Cha Wanna Do?  
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[Kangol Slim]

We be's P-N-C, shinnin' larger then light  
We went from, rags to riches

To not havin' to havin' bitches  
Breakin' MC's down to the smallest molecule  
No need for you to keep rappin'  
Cause right now Son, you out of fuel  
Let it be known if you got beef on yo chest  
I release with these slugs, drippin' through yo fuckin' flesh  
Got a Vest, no need to worry Rhinos will handle that  
Through yo chest, out yo back, lay you flat  
You fuckin' with them best, South Coast Thugs  
Showin' you know love, draggin' yo ass through the mud  
Niggas better lay low, when we come around the bin  
With that mini Mack Ten, ready to do yo pussy ass in

[Mista Menor]

I'm Presidential, but I stay in an Uptown Residential  
Better check my Qadentials, to see my Potentials  
Macks and K's, release fire when they spray  
It's time to bring some light into yo cave  
Better behave or be a memory, you not a friend of me  
You spittin' bluffery, thinkin' you can fuck with me  
I'm puffin' green, the man that keep silver packs  
While you snortin' black, I'll be buckin' at  
Still think I won't, bet I will  
Bally Tee-shirts, Black dresses this is real  
Drama kill

[Kangol Slim]

All the time somebody gotta go

[Mista Menor]

But not me, I'm protected by the Law ya know  
It takes two to tangle, you try to diss me on ya single  
Disrespectin' me and my nigga Kangol

[Kangol Slim]

A crucial angle

[Mista Menor]

We squash beef with some heat seekers  
We some Night Creepers  
To make it equal, snatch you from yo people

[Kangol Slim]

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What 'Cha Wanna Do?  
Do you like it? (Yeah)  
If you had it would ya flaunt it? (Yeah)  
Tell me do you like it? (Yeah)  
If you had would ya flaunt it? (Hell Yeah)  
It's Yours  
I feel like bustin' loose, bustin' loose  
I feel like bustin' loose, bustin' loose