

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
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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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I live the Hi-Life come on, come on, come on
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