

# Whatcha Gon Do?

## Terror Squad

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Yo, yo

It's hard to explain how my squad can harbor the strain  
of being the largest name in rap, since the almighty Kane  
Acknowledge the fame, my call was to reign the streets  
from Harlem to Queens, back to the Bronx who fathered the dream  
Started this thing called rap, where I reign supreme, my team  
Regardless of that, I've seen things as far as the crack  
that'll make the hardest largest artist heart just collapse  
I'm part of all that that's why it's so hard to go back  
and start from scratch

I'm locked and I'm trapped, in a giant cage

Tryin to savor these few dyin' days

I have left, to the form of flesh, should I lie in my grave?

I'm tryin to persuade, my motto is try to be brave

and not give death the satisfaction of seein' me dyin' afraid

That why I rise from the grave singin' church songs like

I was Je-sus Christ pa-rum-pum-pum-pum

[Chorus: x2]

Whatcha gon' do when Pun comes?

Knockin' at ya front door

And he wants war, holy shit!

He ain't a rapper he'll kill you

'Til my last breath I'll have death before dishonor (c'mon)

And welcome drama (yeah) with open arms and a code of honor

My whole persona equals that of Gods

Definin' matters hard all before you even had a job

I'll stab and rob if I have to, fuck it I'll blast you

Tell the devil it was Pun, if he ask you

And let him know how we be deadin' 'em, show him my emblem

The tombstone, the throne, every millennium

A child is born that can preform at a level beyond

the expected four minute thirty second song

We reign supreme, my team be all up in your dream

with the "kill anything" grill, chillin' beside the guillotine

Executioner style, black suit and a smile

Who's next to get their neck hacked loose in the crowd

Move from the aisle, don't make me have to prove that I'm wild

Word to Cuban, my crew killers, y'all niggas shoot in the clouds

(Who's in the house?) Punisher straight from hell

Who's in the house (Terror Squad motherfucker we the real)

What the deal, now you know that's how we roll

Hard core like B.O., bring in the corns baby bro

[Chorus: x2]