

What Do You Do

Dolla

Another day in the skin of a young black man, tender age of 25
Is the average life span, we rather sell dope or rob than work
For the white man, that's why there's less nigga in college and
more nigga in the can

(2x)

We so use violence it ain't never silence all we hear mommas cryin
cause deaths keep on multiplyin and crime seem more easier
to get into instead of some big institute, that's why I'm out here
hustlin grindin for my family's food fuck you type of attitude
always got a gat or two, I too hard for what I got I ain't
with them jackers move crackers do what to disrespect, they rather
see a rope around my neck than my diamond necklace, get The Message
"Don't push me I'm close to the edge", I confess we drank or smoke weed
or pop pills to ease the stress cops killin niggas off every other arrest
"like we don't pay our taxes and we ain't here to protect".

Why just show me then try to take it, it's the same old story but
ain't shit changin what do you do, trouble leaves then it's back again,
what do you do, do you fight it or let it win, what do you do, start
talkin and sick off drinkin but to stop the pain and start the thinkin,
what do you do, trouble leaves then it's back again, what do you do,
onedo you fight it or let it win, what do you do

It's easy to get a gun than it is to get a job, so we result to
goonin lookin for someone to rob, and gang affiliation got me ridin
in the back streets I'll be godamn if one these busta catch me,
reality's a muthafucka but in life's bitch tryna find a woman with
morals and common sense and confidence she can one in stall in my
kids I'm involve in the streets ain't nothin I ain't did shotguns
that come equiped with the velcro strap it'll knock you off your
pivot and a pussy nigga back better hold can't control it fuck around
and hit a stray, where we grew look around and you see j's everyday
like we play for NBA but we choose to sell yay young niggas stressed
out tryna smoke the pain away waitin for better days prayin not to
fade away, hope the feds don't kick me door and take a young nigga
away

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R.I.P. to Sean Bell, Emmet Till and Oscar Grant and my father died due to tardy ambulance he could of survive but shit they choose to take they time cause we was livin in the hood where nig gas totin that iron, one time for my single independent black women workin two or three job to provivde and make a livin, baby daddy's either deadbeats or locked up in prison neither way to help her out so it make me no different, she got to raise children on her own and be strong and somehow turn that broken down house into a home turn boys into men and make daughters feel safe the presence of a father is something you can't replace our brothers get mislead and involved in the streets our sisters get knocked up then the cycle hits repeat, we knee high deep in problems and we need to start fixin before we let this end we got start ton pay attention, Nigga

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