

# What Am I To Do?

Ezra Collective

One, one, one  
Two, two, two, two  
Two, two

You can find me where the city meets the skyline  
Knocking back the whiskey like it's white wine  
Says she's finished work and so I bide time  
Until I take her guard off and put it down beside mine  
It's fine, we watch the world go by  
Saw the whole world through my girl's own eyes  
And they were pale like the photo size  
'Cause everybody talks the truth, no she knows those guys, but who? really,  
nothing of concern, see the city's on fire  
Watch the bridges as they burn  
I disappear now I'm wishing she'd return  
At the same time, wishing I could learn  
All this paper that I earned  
The first bird gets the worm  
The second mouse gets the cheese, trust  
And I been sat down doing this with ease  
Too much, PS, someone take it for me please, please

Can't get up  
Spine won't let up  
Lump in my neck  
Ain't got time for a check up  
I'm fed up  
But what am I to do?  
I'm worried 'bout you  
My mind won't let up  
Lump in my neck  
Ain't got time for a check up  
I'm fed up  
But what am I to do  
If I'm worried 'bout you?

I didn't write a second verse  
So I'll kick a free  
I'm all about being me  
LC ripping mics in the place to be  
Ezra Collective, we do this frequently  
It's me on the flipping mic  
Yeah, I said it right  
I say it twice if I do this like every night  
Shouts to Jorja  
Met on the stage, grab a water  
Now I talk to missus 'bout her daughter  
Yeah, I oughta switch up the flow a bit  
Let me see if I can come a bit more legit  
In a boat, no joke  
I don't smoke  
Give a toke, I don't do that  
Coming with some new raps, so who's that?  
LC on the bigger mic  
I might have said that twice  
But anyways, let me get away and come back  
Kickin' real raps

Yeah, have that

Let up  
Won't let up  
Lump in my neck  
Ain't got time for a check up  
I'm fed up, ah  
But what am I to do?  
I'm worried 'bout you  
My mind won't let up  
Lump in my neck  
Ain't got time for a check up  
I'm fed up  
But what am I to do  
If I'm worried 'bout you?

Yo, I wrote another 15 or 16  
I never worry, keep my \*\*\*\* clean  
I seen drugs ruin lives of the pristine  
From the brown, all the way down to the stiff green  
The streets are mean but my mother ain't  
And every late night, yeah, my mum would wait  
And when I staggered home, drunk in a dumberstate  
Say it straight, she'd fix me a plate, stuff it in my face  
I'd never run around the bits with the bangers really  
But still the bangers in the bits either fan or fear me  
'Cause if I talk about my feelings and them man are near me  
Chuck in some raps then a dapps, they can see it clearly  
'Cause it's inside of them  
I grab the paper and I ride the pen  
Livin' this life, I ain't tryna end  
So I can kick it for a foe, never mind a friend  
Waiting for feelings like can rhyme again

Ah, can't get up  
Mind won't let up  
Lump in my neck  
Ain't got time for a check up  
I'm fed up  
But what am I to do?  
I'm worried 'bout you  
My mind won't let up  
Lump in my neck  
Ain't got time for a check up  
I'm fed up  
But what am I to do?  
I'm worried 'bout you  
I can't get up  
Won't let up  
In my neck  
Ain't got time for a check up  
And yeah, I'm fed up, yo  
But what am I to do  
If I been worried 'bout you?  
I been saying that my mind won't let up  
Spine won't get up  
Lump in my neck  
Ain't got time for a check up  
I'm fed up  
But what am I to do  
If I been worried 'bout you?

You, you, you

If I been worried 'bout you  
I sing it now  
One, one, one  
Two, two, two