

# What Am I To Do

Felly

(Whoo, whoo)  
(Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
I could feel bad check  
I could feel

What am I to do?  
With 30 bad bitches and we got 4 rooms  
I don't trust them and I don't trust the news  
Y'all got me confused (Yeah)  
I hop in that traffic I head to your room  
I'm sick of talkin' about ya other dude  
It's something like movies 'cause I'm coming soon  
You know what to do

Yeah, if you want war I could give it  
If you want more I could get it up  
Back as sophomores in your Civic  
Now all these tours got me slippin' up  
I don't want more of these bitches  
I done found one who gon' listen up (Ooh, ohh)  
These days I'm tired of thinkin' my body  
So tired of drinkin', I'm prolly  
On the verge of breakin' ohh  
And these lames wanna test me and I'll prolly  
Catch bodies, yo problems, don't sweat me no  
Go and pass it up  
You know that bitch down and turnt as fuck  
And I got you right down to show me love  
So show me love

Yeah  
What am I to do?  
When I'm out of Cali she don't have a clue  
But I can't feel bad no it's just what I do (Yeah)  
I say what am I to do?  
When I need the balance I get in the mood  
I can't feel bad no it's just what I do (Ooh)