

Watcha Gon Do

Gelo

What you gon' do? What you gon' do?
What you wan', what you wan'?
What you wan' do?
What you gon' do, do, do, nigga?
What you wan' do?
Ah

What you, what you wan'
What you, what you wan' do, gon' do?
What you wan', what you gon' do, nigga?
What you, what you wan'
What you, what you gon' do, wan' do?
What you wan', what you gon' do, nigga? (Fuck what you talkin' 'bout)

Town with my crew
Been walkin' 'round in my Timberland boots
Give a fuck if I'm steppin' on shoes
Been addicted to that paper (To that paper)
Thinkin' he a big dog, he ain't fuckin' with no ape (No ape, no ape)
I'ma get to tweakin' on some dumb shit (Tweak, tweak)
Steppin' out of line on me will get you beat on like a drum kit
Everybody versus me and I don't give a fuck (Don't give no fuck)
Against all odds, came out to on top, yeah, they can't fuck with us
Real misunderstood and niggas can't understand
Stay with some blue bucks on me and I know the plan
Been through every hood, even rode through suburbians
But I'm not from this Earth, my only mission was gettin' bands
These niggas be broke, talkin' shit and I can't fuck with that (Can't fuck with that)
Can't treat you to land unseen 'cause I got scopes attached (Scopes attached)
Why he talkin' like he better than me? No, you ain't with all that
Just watch what you say, pussy nigga, 'cause you can't take it back

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Keep your motherfuckin' mouth zipped up and fuck them podcasts
It's rainin' bullets on any given day, that's the broadcast
I guess I'm okay, yeah, I'm just bein' modest
And nothin' goin' your way, but you still feel that I'm the oddest
And, nigga, tap in, why you hatin' on a young bull?
Mad 'cause your life feelin' empty, bitch boy, my pockets full (My pockets full)
Niggas yappin' all damn day, I'm straight, I play it cool
Get up in my face, act like it's love, but I ain't a fool
Talkin' tough online, in real life, you beggin' for some food (Stop beggin')
Your ho see me and start to drool, look like she want 3, not you (Not you)
Niggas get to tweakin' past 2, I'm out here with my tool
Actin' like the one, leave you with nothin', then ask you how you doin' (How you doin'?)
But I ain't ask you for advice, get off my dick now
Money be my vice, now look, a nigga rich now (I'm rich, bitch)

Niggas tryna fight, wake up, we all got sticks now (Got sticks now)
Be droppin' dimes in crunch time, bitch, you get picked off

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