

# Whatyagonnado

Jeru the Damaja

Three in the morning, you hop on the train  
Three Brooklyn fiends is scheming on your chain  
Mad blunts and licks to the head, you read  
Better sober up quick or you might get dead  
There's no one around so ain't no reason to scream out  
Here's your chance to be a gangsta nigga, back that thing out  
The next move you make will decide your fate  
Will it be die on the train or live life behind the gate  
You framing minor weak, you contemplate prison rate  
Your heart skip a beat and you select upstate  
It's on, you get a lump in your throat, niggas weapons are drawn  
You so shook, you shoot straight through your coat  
Two down, one boogie but before you gone  
The train stops and one of New York City's Finest jumps on

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2:30 in the morning on a friday night  
It's one of those types of nights that everything's goin' right  
In a club, fishing for bitches, anything tryin to bite  
Then the one that you want gets caught in your sight  
Face - picture perfect, big titties and fat ass  
She's asked if she wanna drink and she kindly pass  
Her response let you know she's not the average stunt  
She asks "do you got a dutch", you say "yeah", she roll a blunt  
We in conversation good, you fill the evening with laughter  
Then Shorty like: "yo, whatchu doing after"  
She continues what she's doing is outta character  
But, she live's alone and she wants you to smash her  
You bug, you can't believe that she tryin to fuck  
You like: "let's bounce", then you think "Lady Luck"  
You exit the club, hop up in your truck  
But when you get to Brooklyn East New York, you get stuck up

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One a.m. - you in the studio, dropping verses about how you flip kilos  
Get paper commit murder and pimp on hoes  
Crazy ice around your neck with the thugged out flows  
But it sounds like game to the street wise pro's  
Cause you be blabbing the bitches that you don't even know  
Straight pillow talking, I hope you walk the walk  
And be doing all the shit that's blasting out of shortie's walkman  
The last verse is laid, your men is like as dope den  
All of a sudden the soundproof door blew wide open  
Three niggas come in, screaming "where the cash"  
And you know the shit is real cause they ain't rocking masks  
They rocking big ass canons dawg, you better think fast  
Do you run what's yours or go for yours and blaaast

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