

# What You Gonna Do?

Puff Daddy

It's a Hell Up in Harlem, fuckit, another day  
another dollar, wake up, to the barking from the Rottweilers  
Pull the collars, make em sit for the Godfather  
Then I holler, to Justin my son, run the water  
for the shower, trust fund scholarship sure to give him power  
Baby momma call, she pick him up, in about an hour  
Now free to go, free to blow, with the calicos  
and the navajos, it's just the way this player knows  
anything goes, finally caught up with my nigga Sam Sam  
Picked me up, in the tan Lex Land  
Wanted breakfast down at Pan Pan's, what's your favorite dish?  
He ordered cheese eggs and grits, I had the swordfish  
What is this? Three niggaz dressed in black  
Roleys on they wrist, feathers in they hat  
One tapped me on my back, then pointed at my stack  
Put my finger on the trigger  
then I asked him, "Whatchu want nigga?"

R: Whatchu gonna do when it's your turn to go  
Whatchu gonna do when you can't take no mo'  
You gonna cry like a bitch or take it nice and slow  
Whatchu gonna do when it's your turn to go  
(2x)

I pray to God that I'm dreamin, I know my family  
wouldn't take it, when the doctor said, "He ain't make it"  
Mom Dukes cryin, baby mom full of grief  
How she gonna tell her son his daddy is deceased?  
Now she got beef with them bitches up the street  
All because I used to creep, with her girlfriend Sharese  
She knows, I keep the hoes, from nation, to nation  
On every radio station, Goodfellas in rotation, uhh  
That's why niggaz wanna twist my shit, flip my wig  
Attempt to murder me like Tommy Gills  
Before they draw, niggaz threw me to the floor  
Drill holes in my pocket, Sam launch the rocket  
They wanna rip my arms out the socket, fuckin heathens  
Love to see a nigga stop breathin  
I heard a voice sing out, "Ain't you Sean Puffy Combs?  
Here's your eulogy, meet you at the Crossroads"  
G'night Bone

R:

Nothing but clouds and white suits fill my vision  
Watching my life go down, like Christian  
Listen hear them bullets rang, shotguns and Mac millis  
spraying like a hurricane in this war called the terror game  
And deuce deuces can't stand the pain  
Little guns ain't got no business in this blizzard  
they just kibitz, here's five shots to visit, blaka  
Blowin bullet holes sizes of door knockers  
Three headed for my chest straight, the other two  
came a little late, and just barely missed my face  
I'm tryin to find a steady place between two cars  
One of us gon' either wind up dead, or behind bars  
Shit, I'm just tryin to live, so I can raise my kid

and own the world, bone all the girlie girls  
That's when I finally figured out  
That's that nigga David Arthur, Sharese baby father  
And I didn't even bother to ask no further questions  
No more confessions only suggestions  
I think Sam set me up, cause them bullets squeezed up  
from the rear, and Sam was the only nigga there  
Then they all peeled out in the rental, aluminum  
Sam in the passenger seat, so I'm assumin them  
niggaz didn't even get to peep  
Lil' Kim and them, in the backseat, with the heat  
Clips they feelin em, to the top, shit ain't sweet  
Once the light turns red, nuff said, that's dead  
They fled, and they waved, hot lead  
If I aimed up, I'd be on my deathbed  
Sucker move, for that they don't get no props  
Lil' Kim and them, mad they ain't bust no shots  
We in the block, no Land posters just old posters  
of gangsta niggaz I see ghosts of gangsta figures  
I'm tryin to hold my own when they snatched me out the car  
Took me in the saloon and said, "Puffy, there you are"  
Them same cats we chased two blocks had new spots  
washin dishes, I guess for goin out like bitches  
I smacked em, gave a little speech, to mirth  
Happiness, cause me and all my peeps got hurt  
That night, I said a little prayer, me and Justin  
That's when I heard the bustin, yeah

R: