

Solange Knowles F/ Murphy Lee**"What Am I to Do"**

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[Chorus: Mr. Shadow]

Now what am I to do
Hoes wanna do me, foes wanna do me in
Now what am I to do
On the streets with the war, and shit you ain't known
Now what am I to do
I keep breaking the laws, stay rugged and raw uhh
Now what am I to do
If I come to jack him then I'm gonna jack you too

[Mr. Shadow]

What am I to do uhh check it out

This is for my riders who be moving things
Out of state with a full crate doing it big, fooling the
pigs
Who's in the mix and who's not
You can tell by the way a fool talks and walks
Around the clock, it's never to late to clock
The longer you stay on the block, the bigger the knot
We plot schemes that turn dreams into real life
Handle our business and do the shit right
Now what am I to do, yeah
The streets are loyal so I gotta stay true
Paid dues and the game will pay you, that's real
Don't try to act sick, you'll sit down for your last meal
The battle field is made out for real soldiers
Bald motherfuckers with stripes on they shoulders
Nothing can hold us now, we full throttle
Money talks, bullshit walks, that's the motto

[Chorus]

Kickin' up dust, we kickin' up dirt
Your picking up ounces, we pickin' up birds
Under no circumstance do anything piety
Why risk your ass trying to cop a quick twenty
Every motherfucker I work with is major
Nobody menos, nobody can break us
Move makers, from Diego to Vegas
Real players with the name you can't blame us

Haters can't stand the next man doing better
First you gotta master the skill to make cheddar
Faster than the average when it comes to stacking
cabbage
It ain't a hobby motherfucker it's a habit
I have it in my blood (what) to taste lute
And take fruit to the cranium harder than titanium
It's like a stadium we all play in it
Some of you lose and most of us come out winnin'

[Chorus]

If you all about banging, making others hate you
They hate you cause you doing it right, plain and
simple
Sicko ass fools with tattoos, on the free way
In Sunny Southern Cali, CA is where we play
Gangs, ten steps ahead of these lames
Shipping out full crates from the state where it never
rains
Don't complain or take two to the brain
I'll drag your body like the foot drags a ball on the
chain
You say nothin' when they ask you somethin'
You get the run in or get done in when I'm dumpin'
13 rounds that's the sound, then you hit the ground
You ain't safe or sound when I'm around
Now everybody listen, stop, look
Lie straight or get booked by this Southside crook
Yeah, I leave em shooked in the state of shock
Don't get caught on my block with no strap and your
pants drop

[Chorus]

Now what am I to do
Now what am I to do
Now what am I to do
Now what am I to do, to do, to do, to do

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