

Trae f/ Boss

"What Can I Do"

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(* "What can I do" is repeated as a snippet to the beat throughout the song*)

[talking]

Asshole By Nature

I see you motherfuckers just determined
to make a nigga get on y'all ass
roach ass motherfuckers
I don't know what to do with you beat up ass broke
motherfuckers
see us in the streets.....

[Verse 1 - Boss]

What can I do to get these hoe ass niggaz out my mix
I'm straight from the block tryna get a brick
I ended up puttin shit down with the click
now a bunch of niggaz out ridin my dick
I'm a slide me a bitch, sit him in the 6
put zip lock then I'm a hide me a bitch
no more pride for the bitch
niggaz get mad cause I bang to the left, and plus I ride
when I switch
stickin to the G guide line, peep them from the side line
Boss gotta big gat bitch I'm a hide mine
got it ready to pop and put you on the high line
from my hot nine thinkin I would never pull out and pop
mine
bitch it's the maab, ridin our dick must be your big job
I might serve every nigga standin in your squad
got G's from over seas, and places apart
you don't wanna fuck around
put him in the middle of a 30-30 scope and I'm buckin
him down
4 slugs hit e'm before he touchin' the ground
I'm in love with my rounds, I be lovin the sound
while I'm huggin four pounds, hoe made niggaz better
move when I'm 'round
before my face show a frown

hittin niggaz up with that HGC and that 2-2-3 and I'm
ditchin the town

[Verse 2 - Trae]

Guess who the fuck-top back in the do'
seperatin from the plex with a beam and a scope
hop fly I'm a hit a nigga dead in his throat
with a mac fully attack no force to let go
might touch on a nigga like Shaq
hit him in chest now he body rockin like Pat
when he size up I'm a put his ass on his back
have his bitch ass runnin to the trunk for the gat-where
the haters at
better yet nigga why bother, I'm a pain in the ass like
Antonio Tarver
ABN we opperate like the carter, and been G'd up since
a nigga was starters
North to the South, South back to the North
East to the West let it go I set it off
we the team of the H plus we run with the south
Trae, Jayton, Z Ro the Crooked, and Lil'Boss
hop in the L crank up ready to floss
swoop through the block my frame ready-to-toss
mouth piece gotta nigga bout to goin off
cause my grill worth about 4 ki's in the south
now what can I do about niggaz like these
AK's to the chest will make them burn like trees
forty-rounds out the clip will make them scat like fleas
roach ass nothin type of niggaz gotta bleed

(* "What can I do" repeated 'til end*)

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