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## **2 Pac** "Whatcha Gonna Do?"

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(Yawn) (hahaha) And ugh

I started out dumb Sprung off a hood rat Listening to the radio Wishing that I could rap But nothing changed I was stuck in the game Cause everybody in the industry was fucking me man Listen I've got a scheme Break away do my own thing Drop some conversation Sit back and let the phone ring Niggas they wanna see me rise '97 watch me cut these motherfuckers down to size And if I catch another case Lord knows how they hate me Got a playa in the court room Please don't let them frame me I've been dealt a lot of bad cards Living as a thug Count my blessings Don't stress in this land with no love Maybe if they see me rolling Look at all this green I'm holding I guess that's why the envious Get their eye swollen Hoping the heavenly farther love a hustler Be the hardest nigga on earth to ever bust a nut My homies tell me have a heart Fuck they feelings I've been trying to make a million since we started We cold hearted Niggas in masks that'll blast at the task force Empty out my clip Time to mash They asked for it Me Makaveli I'm a motherfucker We break bread

Now we thug brothers (huhuh) Niggas talk a lot of nonsense I choose to ignore A war They ain't ready for it (huhuh)

[Chorus]

Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do) Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do) Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do) Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do)

[Verse 2: Young Noble & Kastro]

My nine is thuglord My mind on my grind Outlawz is my heart They shine when I shine

My ryhme is my grind My team be on role Proceed with the onslaught Indeed they on top They all marks And it's an outlaw holocaust

When I got the sawed-off

Niggas gettin' halved off

Yer, nigga beware Stand clear

This nigga's scared

Man I don't really care I've been lost loved (loved) My heart need a hug (hug) My bite leave blood (blood) Fight with a grudge

The life of a thug nigga, might need gloves

But you will never know With a price on your mug And fight strips snug right around your hands Niggas sure you can never grab the mic again Dog you fucking with a grown man

And I can't afford to loose Where we from niggas told to do So what cha ya wann' do?

## [Chorus]

Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do) Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do) Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do) Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do)

[Verse 3: Tupac]

Watch me clown Give me loving when I'm high I'ma outlaw baby I'll be thugging 'till I die In drop-top double r Life as a rap star Hustle like a crack fiend 'Till they catch me Go ask somebody to your show Watch them niggas out the sight of mah night scope Cooking white dope Got mah nigga 25 to life stretched out Trying to have all the better things in life Well Makaveli A born leader 10 millimeter Changing niggas future like a schizophrenic palm reader Heeds from out the bible I read See the meek shall inherit the earth And the strong will lead Hittin' weed like it alright I'm in the studio Making music all night My enemies cry whenever I rise They hated 'till death

Try to beat me out my last breath What cha gonna do?

[Chorus]

Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do) Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do) Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do) Now what cha gonna do? when my niggas come for you (What ya gonna do)

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