

## 2 Pac "What's Next?"

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(Tupac talking)

Tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do  
Now what's next?  
Tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do  
Now what's next?

(Verse One: Tupac)

Caught up in the middle  
My life's a riddle  
Don't let it get you  
I wanna be legal  
But it's this hustle that gets me richer  
One love to my peoples making money  
I could see your brother avoid all trouble  
Beware of devil's, continue struggling  
Cause nothings impossible, if there's a will there's a way  
To get your mind on official business you can be paid  
And it's been this way from the cradle to the grave, to get paid  
My niggas do this every fucking day, we parlay  
Through politics and conversation  
It's information to my thug niggas in the congregation  
Watch and bare witness, to the pleasures of participation  
Separation is self-destruction what's needed is unification  
Cause the world ain't hardly scared  
If not prepared we sure to be buried and be no longer there  
But no one cares instead of share, all we get is stares  
Because the fear will evaporate if say ya' prayers  
And what's next

(Chorus x2)

Hard living's got me going insane  
But I'm addicted to the hustle  
I'm trapped in the game  
(What's next?)

I'm going crazy  
(Tell me, tell me what the fuck am I suppose to do?)  
(What's next)

(Verse Two: A3)

It's on  
Makaveli tried to warn us  
But these niggas ain't listen to 'Pac  
(Naw)  
(Listen, listen)  
Nigga really listen to 'Pac  
He ain't got a jet (No)  
Then you won't get it, might as well measure him up  
and have his ass fitted  
(Why?)  
I'm slipping dawg, tripping, didn't soak game  
Game got his wig split like ?? on that aeroplane  
Never will change, niggas with no name, no shame  
I'll open ya' head for that gold chain  
I stay posted like a flag  
Staring through my rear-view, ballin in a Jag  
Bounce with me  
Cali body rock down in H-Town  
We gon' put these artificial busters in they place now  
Time for a change  
Real niggas rolling with me  
Money making swift decisions we controlling the  
streets  
Side tracked by the broads and the fraud's  
Ain't it strange it's the reason so many niggas get  
scared in the game  
What's next?

(Chorus x2)

(Verse Three: Jay Rock)

That money gotta make it  
What I gotta do to make it?  
Do I gotta really gotta take it  
Put this ?? to your face it  
Doing what we gotta do to survive  
Just ask Kweli, doing what we do to get by  
Some niggas stick to a crime  
Picture nickel and dimes  
What the fuck we suppose to do?  
Who gon' give us a job?  
So I tried and I tried, tried to get out the grind  
But the block kept on calling me back  
Feinds kept on calling for Crack

So I supply them with that  
Gave them a reason to feind  
Don't blame it on me nigga  
Shit, just look where I'm at  
????  
Niggas is heartless, hustle regardless  
Look  
That dope spot it use an apartment  
But now it's just a place to hide the guns in the closet  
Watch ya' step, shift ya' gram's under the carpet  
We just trying hard not to see that coffin  
What's next?

(Chorus x2)

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Now what's next?  
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