

## 2pac "Whatz Next"

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**(feat. A3, Jay Rock)**

*[2Pac:]*

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

Caught up in the middle  
My life's a riddle  
Don't let it get ya  
I wanna be legal  
But it's this hustle that get me richer  
One love to my peoples makin' money  
I can see you bubblin'  
Avoid all trouble  
Beware of devils continue strugglin'  
Nothin's impossible if there's a will there's a way  
So get your mind on official business  
You can be great  
And it's been this way from the cradle to the grave  
So get paid  
My niggaz do this every fuckin' day  
We parlay  
Through politics and conversation  
This information to my thug niggaz 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  
Be sure to be bummy and be no longer there  
But no one cares it's there to share  
All we get is stares  
Because of fear we'll evaporate  
Say your prayers

And what's next

*[Chorus x2:]*

Hard livin' got me goin' insane

But I'm addicted to the hustle I'm trapped in the game  
Whatz next  
I'm goin' crazy  
Tell me tell me what the fuck am I suppose to do  
Whatz next

*[A3:]*

(Aye its on A3)  
Makaveli tried to warn us  
But niggaz ain't listen to Pac  
Naw (listen listen) nigga really listen to Pac  
Shit yean got it yet (no)  
Then you won't get it  
Might as well measure 'em up  
And have his ass fitted  
Why  
Caught slippin' dog trippin' didn't soak game  
Got his wig split like dem shutters on the airplane  
Never will change niggaz wit' no name no shame  
Might open ya head foe mess broke change  
I stay posted like a flag (flag)  
Starin' thru my rear view ballin' in a jag (jag)  
Bounce wit me Cali body rock down in H-Town  
We gon' put these artificial bustas in they place now  
Time foe a change  
Real niggaz rollin' wit' me  
Money makin' swift decision we controllin' the streets  
Side track by the broads and the frauds  
Ain't it strange  
It's the reason so many niggaz get scarred in the game

Whatz next

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Jay Rock:]*

That money gotta make it  
What I gotta do to make it  
Do I really gotta take it  
Put this mack up to you face it  
Doin' what we gotta do to survive  
Just ask Kweli doin' what we do to get by  
Some niggaz stick to the crime  
Pitchin' nickel and dimes  
What the fuck we s'pose to do  
Who gon' give us a job  
So I tried and tried  
Tried to get out the grind  
But the block kept on callin' me back  
Fiends kept on callin' for crack  
So I supply 'em wit' that

Gave 'em a reasonable fee  
Nigga don't blame it on me  
Shit just look where I'm at  
Niggaz in gardens  
LAPD is the target  
Niggaz is heartless hustle regardless  
Look that dope spot use to be an apartment  
But now it's just a place to hide the guns in the closet  
Watch ya step shift the grams under the carpet  
We just tryin' hard not to see that coffin

Whatz next

*[Chorus x2]*

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