

## **B.G. "What Ya Wanna Do?"**

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(Intro)

This ain't even much the half of it ya heard me?

(no indeed no indeed)

Part of it.. that guerilla warfare gon be the whole of it

(yes indeed yes indeed)

Check it out..

(Verse 1)

Baby Gangsta motherfucker -- fake nigga head bussa

If I don't know ya don't trust ya

If I don't trust ya then fuck ya

Keep my finger on the trigg.. gotta think on the next  
nigga

Out to have thangs I hustle hard for 6 figures

Raised up thugged out, keep the fuckin gauge out

Hoe shit done played out ya whole posse laid out

Birds and money that's all that excite me

Fuck bitches I'm bout money that's all that entice me

President lover, undercover, ain't another like me

You get a ki half price from Columbia fuckin with B

Believe it's just in me to be a real soldier

Gats I load, slip you don't value what's on ya shoulder

Now I done told ya -- the streets is real all the time

Gotta survive the game nigga I'ma die for mine

I ain't lyin.. I do what the fuck I gotta do

Shoot who I gotta shoot if ya outside my crew

Numbers 2-2-6, lotta buster playa hate it

Takin off like Delta cause Manny Fresh can't be faded

I'm a young nigga.. hard nigga.. street nigga

Tryna get on my feet I creep you sleep six feet deep

I'm dangerous.. I slang raw I don't cut it

If I profit or not, as long as ya loaded then fuck it

Yo head is a banana, squeal and get peeled

Feel what come out my grill it's a must I keep it real  
nigga

(Chorus)x2

What cha wan do nigga

How ya wan do it

When ya wan do it we could get straight to it

You could take it how ya wanna

Bring it how ya feel

Accept it in blood 'cause  
Ya get it how ya live nigga

(Verse 2)

Fuck all that assholin nigga lets beef  
Remember I'm the one that said 'take it to the streets'

Twerk somthin, handle up nigga, shake somthin  
Got a K with a drum -- and I'm ready to spray somthin  
Lay it down.. make the wrong move.. checkmate  
Think again.. you sendin peace messages, it's too late  
Tryin to recuperate.. after we left ya in the dust  
Big Boy can't fuck with us retaliation is a must  
Baby Gangsta, grim reaper, death bringer  
Assault rifle banger.. got a itchy trigger finger  
I let em hang-a....what you niggaz say you gon do  
me,do it man  
Underestimate in this war you gon lose it man  
Got a AR... 15 I mean  
D.O.A when I hit the scene nahmean?  
It's a bust-back thang nigga grab yo shit  
I come behind limo tint with the optimo lit  
Bust open the 911, let me take my hit  
Y'all done started, you can't quit  
I'm rushin with a monster blitz  
Lights out like the eclipse, rookies tryin to battle us  
Cockin and be bout poppin nigga it's time to hanlde up

(Chorus)x2

(Verse 3)

All these.. jive niggaz wan rep on me  
Knowin they ain't bout to step cross Martin Luther King  
All these other initials besides U.P.T, and H.B. --  
Don't mean nothin to the B.G  
I'm ready to get down and dirty bout my place in this  
biz  
Let a nigga take me down after all this time? Shiiiit  
I'm a uptown shiner, bout takin what's mine-a  
Used to spin bins in camerys and pathfinders  
That's just to remind you, niggaz that tryin to  
Fade lil doogie slip nigga I'll down you  
Me and my rounds come through set trippin  
Gettin it how we live and, takin respect ain't given  
50 rounds out each assault rifle we deliverin  
Scary motha fuckaz...on ya block in each ya shiverin  
Fuckin with the B.G., Cash Money goin broke  
Puttin change on niggaz brains behind me

Chorus x3

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