

Eightball & MJG "What you Gonna do"

Visit "[What you Gonna do](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[MJG]

Roach spraid on the block
Then I took my throwback
Now my soldiers posted up
Hangin' like a coatrack
Gun in the bushes and
Work in the stash spot
Overtime, al night
Try'na make a fat knock
Swell in my pocket
Like I'm carryin' a loaf of bread
Been around the world
But I still love local head
Got the shit to make 'em jump
It's hyper like a pimp rally
Give 'em just a piece it make 'em
Mime me like a skip daddy
Glock, Chevy parked in the yard
Wit' the double pipes
If I catch ya try'na steal it
I'ma get double life
I ain't wanna do it, I ain't even really hate son
That's a damn shame but tomorrow, I'ma make ???
Black Hummer waitin' for me in front of the jail house
Comin' for the boys who thought that I wouldn't bail out
Top notch citizen, on top of his shit again
Pimp type, M-J-G, another hit again

[Hook: MJG (Pimp C)]

This some grown man shit, pussy ass nigga!
How you wanna do it, we can just get to it
(Watchu wanna do, how you wanna do it?)
(Pussy ass nigga, we can just get to it, bitch)
This some grown man shit, pussy ass nigga!
How you wanna do it, we can just get to it
(Watchu wanna do, how you wanna do it?)
(Pussy ass nigga, we can just get to it)

[8 Ball]

Boys ask me all the time
Am I tired of the grind
Hell naw nigga, gettin' richer

That's all on my mind
Twist the pine, smoke a pound
Grabbin' chickens, buy a ticket
Delta airlines, pimp, I got some down ass bitches
Broads wit' them credit cards
Make her listen, let her charge
Flat TVs and some tiles for my momma car
Eighty-thousand dollars, I'mma fuckin' ghetto
superstar
Work come soft, never hard, that's a different charge
Tre-8 never jam if I gotta blam blam!
If you not a regular, I'm taxin' you like Uncle Sam
Rubber gloves, blue magic and some Downy sheets
Plenty plastic wrap and a vacuum pack machine
My uncle, "Old School" don't need nothin' but a triple-
beam
A dollar and a plate, he like to hit it while he mix it
I be rollin' up blunts in the den, countin' bread
30 dollars till my heart stop beatin' and I'm dead

[Hook]

[Pimp C]

Unh
Sweet Jones is the pimp of the year
Wrist full of frozen fireworks
6 in my ear, fly hoes and chains and
Swangin' on them thangs bitch
No I ain't no lame, got cocaine
It ain't no thang bitch, for you to drive down holl'n for
ten
Guaranteed when ya test it you'll come and get 'em
again
I heard a nigga say his name was Pimp C on that
"Boss'n Up" movie
But that nigga ain't me
Too many clones in the streets and on the microphone
Pussy ass niggaz need to leave my legacy alone
'Cause I'm a motherfuckin' king in that Texas
Don't hesitate to put that thang on them plexers
'Cause it ain't no thang to lay yo' lump off in yo' lap boy
Hit his figure wit' the trigger, scratch off in the toy
Fuck me, not a change nigga fuck you
You want a war? It's whatever you bitches wanna do

[Hook till fade]

Visit [Eightball & MJG](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.