

Faithfull Marianne

"What I Gotta"

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Police voice:

The subject we got here is a known drug pusher
Sellin drugs in a high crime area
Have you searched him yet?
Yeah, he had money, he had a beeper on him, but uh,
we got him

Chorus: Mo B. Dick & [Silkk]

I gotta do what I gotta do [gotta have money, gotta
have game]
And break you off [gotta have heart, if you wanna have
thangs] x2

Verse 1: Silkk the Shocker

See I'm that type of nigga, gotta do what I gotta
Like send my girl on a plane ride, taped up with keys of
narcotic
But I ain't that type of nigga, thats gon' tell you what I'm
gon' do
You fuck up, I'm a kill ya, and I put that shit on TRU
See I'm that type of nigga that ride with the rich, kick it
with the poor
Just cuz of some shit that I used to do, and my rep
Everybody see me, all of a sudden hit the floor
Rest in peace to my nigga, go head and rest y'all head
Nigga that killed ya, I'm torturin' him, the rest, they
dead
So Magic pass me them thangs and let me get 'em (let
me get 'em)
Nah I ain't lookin' for you dog
But I'm a fuck you up if you wit 'em (so don't be with
'em)
Now see, I'm that type of nigga, that's gon' ball 'till they
fall (fall)
Dollar bills will stay stackin' and gold and platinum on
the wall (wall)
Yeah, I'm that type of nigga but I'm wrong cuz I know
I'd hit her(hit her)
Right before I leave and drop some of my flows

So when he come on home, you can kill her
Now either you with me dog look , or you oppossed to
my shit
Nigga like the ice up on my tank, so fuck it I froze my
wrist (stupid)
Now either way you wanna do, choose, let's take it, a
chance
Now we can do it how you want to, what you wanna do,
we can dance
So don't trip just drop the beat and I'm a drop the heat
(heat)
And if this rap shit slow down go to the dope game
bitch and cop a key
Whatcha wanna do

Chorus x 4

Verse 2: Magic

I got to be real with ya, I'm that type of nigga that really
don't give a fuck
My hobbies was totin' tecks Jack and my first words
were give it up
It was hard to maintain, couldn't see myself workin' this
9 to 5
I'd rather be hustlin' on the corner with my niggas,
gettin' high
Chancin' my own life, I'm strapped, got a pocketful of
bud
But I wouldn't have it no other way, my daddy done
raised a thug
I never rooted for the good guys, I was always for the
bad (bad)
I guess that's why I got Master P's pictures posted
around my pad
My ghetto heroes was drug dealer, killers and cap
peelers
I didn't do too bad for myself cuz, now Magic makin'
millions
Me and Silkk unbeatable team we can't be stopped
(can't be stopped)
We ain't got nothin' to prove to nobody (nothin')
Fuck wit' us, you get popped
It's a brand new generation, and we the children of the
future
So I'm gon' do what I gotta do because that's what I'm
used to
Either you with me or you against me, ball or nigga fall
But I'm a No Limit Soldier, so I'm comin' for it all

Chorus x 4

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