

## **Inspectah Deck "Do What U Gotta"**

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Yeah, I ride til I blew wit the case, through the days  
Use the ways, niggas talk til they blue in the face  
Been struggling is nothing to me, come and see  
I get it in, like Kobe at the buzzer for three

When I'm gone, better twenty one gun it  
Thousand dollar bottles pop  
One of the best that ever done it  
Broke nights dumbing with the dumbest  
Sporting the fourth floor  
I bought it from fiend for seven hundred

New faces, screw facing niggas from a distance  
One time, wait to take a nigga through the system  
I ain't got time to play, I hit the globe on roam  
I'm still home a million miles away

And I grind so my seeds could eat, sometimes  
I let my eyes close and I daydream of sleep  
And if I should die before I wake, then before my wake  
Hit my wifey off with all my cake

Til then, I'mma live it up, pop corks and split a dutch  
Walking on the wild side, just to get a rush  
Y'all better get in touch, laws ain't shit to us  
Every one I know is God, earth, King, crip or blood

Little nigga listen up, I know you loving the life  
Of living it fly, so how you can't get enough  
Son said, who gives a fuck, they see I'm making my  
bread  
Escaping the feds, so why should I give it up?

Ain't nothing left to do but  
Throw myself down in these streets  
And if I feel like niggas test me  
I'm gon' reach out for my piece

And I don't run from confrontation  
By myself, I keep it true  
When it comes down to getting paper  
I'm gon' do what I gotta do

I seen million dollar niggas fall flat on they face  
Best friends, co-defendants, how you rat on your ace?  
Scramblers chase, the blood money's, hammers on  
waist  
Just to trick on the chick with the candles and lace

Believe it, it's real, we all out, fiending for meals  
Food shot up on the block, left them bleeding there still  
Nothing worse than power in the hands of fools  
They play the game but they don't understand the rules

Yo, you should understand the jewels  
I got my life on the line, there's a 50/50 chance to lose  
Aiyo, my dude, it's bigger than me but as the story go  
Why buy the cow when you get it for free

To make a living, it's either death or state prison  
Deck just ain't quitting, either rep or stay hidden  
Y'all know the motto, hollow points follow you home  
Al Capone cats, swallow the chrome

You get blown back out of your zone, like pow to the  
dome  
So watch your mouth, kid, mind on your tone  
Son I ate with the greatest, stayed with the latest  
Eye for an eye, boss, ain't with the favors

I laid where they murk all day, broad day  
I said flames will disperse y'all way, y'all play  
Deep inside the game, wise guys die for they name  
While the organized mind, stay quietly paid

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Do what u gotta do  
Do, do what u gotta do

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