

Jeru The Damaja "Whatyagonnado"

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[Verse 1]

3 in the morning, you hop on the train
3 Brooklyn fiends is scheming on your chain
Mad blunts and licks to the head, you red[?]
Better sober up quick or you might get dead
There's no one around so ain't no reason to scream out
Here's your chance to be a gangsta nigga, back that
thing out
The next move you make will decide your fate
Will it be die on the train or live life behind the gate
You framing[?] minor[?] [??], you contemplate prison
rate
Your heart skip a beat and you select upstate
It's on, you get a lump in your throat, niggaz weapons
are drawn
You so shook, you shoot straight through your coat
2 down, 1 boogie[?] but before you gone
The train stops and one of New York City's Finest jumps
on

[Hook]

"Whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da police, shoots]

[Verse 2]

2:30 in the morning on a friday night
It's one of those types of nights that everything's goin
right
In a club, fishing for bitches, anything tryin to bite
Then the one that you want gets caught in your sight
Face - picture perfect, big titties and fat ass
She's asked if she wanna drink and she kindly pass
Her response let you know she's not the average stunt
She asks "do you got a dutch", you say "yeah", she roll
a blunt
Weed[?] and conversation good, you fill the evening
with laughter
Then Shorty like: "yo, whatchu doing after"
She continues what she's doing is outta character
But, she live's alone and she wants you to smash her
You bug, you can't believe that she tryin to fuck
You like: "let's bounce", then you think "Lady Luck"

You exit the club, hop up in your truck
But when you get to Brooklyn East New York, you get
stuck up

[Hook]

"Whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da stick up]

[Verse 3]

1 a.m. - you in the studio, dropping verses about how
you flip kilos
Get paper commit murder and pimp on hoes
Crazy ice around your neck with the thugged out flows
But it sounds like game to the street wise pro's
Cause you be blabbing the [??] that you don't even
know
Straight pillow talking, I hope you walk the walk
And be doing all the shit that's blasting out of shortie's
walkman
The last verse is laid, your men is like [??] dope fiend
All of a sudden the sound [???] wide open
3 niggaz come in, screaming "where the cash"
And you know the shit is real cause they ain't rocking
masks
They rocking big ass canons dawg, you better think
fast
Do you run what's yours or go for yours and blaaast..

[Hook]

"whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da stick up]

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