

Lil' Wyte

"What Must I Do"

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Hey yo. This joint right here,
Is dedicated to that one girl that every player wants.
I see you baby, and I wanna know, what must I do?

[Lil' Zane]

What can I do to make you see that
You want a hot boy baby I'll be that
Tell ya man that you won't be comin' back
Them other cats that you don't need none of that
I won't dine you, I'll grind you
Standin up behind you
Hit it from the back so exact that it blind you
Never tried to find you
But now I know I need you to combine with
Help me raise mine with
I need a lady in my life when the streets is rough
So come on baby let me put ya heart in handcuffs
Won't stop even when you tellin me it's enough
Can't drop till I'm feelin that I'm killin ya stuff
Wanna be the one you livin' for and givin' ya more
Make ya blush when ya hit my plush bedroom floor
Nobody sittin baby
You gettin' more than you can take
So come on shorty stop bein' so fake

Chorus:

What must I do? (To show you that I love you)
What must I do? (Please tell me)
What must I do baby? (To have you)
What must I do baby? (To hold you, to have you)
What must I do? (Come closer, I'll grab you)
What must I do? (Please tell me)
What must I do baby? (To have you)
What must I do baby?
(Keep you iced out, spend nights out, baby I'll put ya
lights out)

[Lil' Zane]

I know ya man ain't blind it ain't hard to see
Blew his mind when he saw you in the car with me
And my girl ain't blind 'cause she ask and wanna see

Who is that wit you when I passed the hummer
I said nobody but she smelled yo' body
Wit you bout a hour ago
Should a listened when you told me take a shower
though
If I was her man she'd even take half my dough
But I'm not
So hop up in the drop we can cruise the block
And got a spot where them niggas don't go
On the low shorty pop 'dro
But she don't let guys know
By the time we left, her eyes low
Let's do it in the parking lot
Baby I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not
Already comin' out my shirt 'cause it's awfully hot
Got down to everything but my jewels and socks

Chorus

[Lil' Zane]

Last week I met this girl
My nigga she drove me crazy
Damn, she bad as hell
Even let her push my Mercedes
I hear she got a man
But he ain't beatin it crazy
That's why she came to Z
'cause I treat her like a lady
Took her up out the hood
Flossin' hard in fancy cars
By my side at the awards
Lookin' badder than the stars
Chickens was getting jealous
And players was lookin' mad
Of course, could have been my Porsche
But mami was kinda bad
Hold up, am I startin to catch feelings that I never had
And if I get serious will my niggas laugh
She like 25, I ain't even 20 yet
Diggin with her, gotta show her how my money stretch
She got drops that she ain't drove yet
She buyin' furs and it ain't even cold yet
Gimme anything I need, shorty gon' go get
I got platinum and I ain't even old yet

Chorus x 2

(with variations)

