

## City High "What Would You Do?"

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Boys and girls, wanna hear a true story?  
Saturday night, was at this real wild party  
They had the liquor overflowin' the cup  
About 5, 6 strippers tryin' to work for a buck  
And I took one girl outside wit me  
Her name was Lonni, she went to Jr. High wit me  
I said, "Why you up in there dancin' for cash?  
I guess a whole lot's changed since I seen you last"

She said, "What would you do if your son was at home  
Cryin' all alone on the bedroom floor?  
Cuz he's hungry, and the only way to feed him  
Is to sleep with a man  
For a little bit of money and his daddy's gone  
Somewhere smokin' rock now  
In and out of lockdown, I ain't got a job now  
So for you this is just a good time but for me this is  
what I call life"

Girl, you ain't the only one wit a baby  
That's no excuse to be livin' all crazy  
Then she looked me right square in the eye  
And said, "Every day I wake up hopin' to die"  
She said, "Nigga, I know about pain 'cuz  
Me and my sister ran away so my daddy couldn't rape  
us  
Before I was a teenager, I done been through more shit  
You can't even relate to"

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{No, wait, hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on

Stop the record, yo, stop the record!

Yo, Shorty, you ain't gotta be goin' out like this, man!  
Holdup! }

What would you do?  
Get up on my feet and let go of every excuse  
What would you do?  
'Cuz I wouldn't want my baby to go through what I went  
through  
Come on, what would you do?  
Get up on my feet and stop makin' up tired excuses  
What would you do?  
Girl, I know if my mother can do it, baby, you can do it

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Come on

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