

## **P. Diddy**

# **"What You Gonna Do?"**

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It's a hell up in Harlem, fuck it, another day  
Another dollar, wake up, to the barking from the  
rottweilers  
Pull the collars, make 'em sit for the godfather  
Then I holler, to Justin my son, run the water

For the shower, trust fund scholarship sure to give him  
power  
Baby momma call, she pick him up, in about an hour  
Now free to go, free to blow, with the calicoes  
And the Navajos, it's just the way this player knows  
anything goes

Finally caught up with my nigga Sam Sam  
Picked me up, in the tan Lex land  
Wanted breakfast down at Pan Pan's, what's your  
favorite dish?  
He ordered cheese eggs and grits, I had the swordfish

What is this? Three niggaz dressed in black  
Roley's on they wrist, feathers in they hat  
One tapped me on my back, then pointed at my stack  
Put my finger on the trigger then I asked him, "What  
you want nigga?"

What you gonna do when it's your turn to go?  
What you gonna do when you can't take no more?  
You gonna cry like a bitch or take it nice and slow?  
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I pray to God that I'm dreaming, I know my family  
Wouldn't take it, when the doctor said, "He ain't make  
it"  
Mom dukes crying, baby mom full of grief  
How she gonna tell her son his daddy is deceased?

Now she got beef with them bitches up the street

All because I used to creep, with her girlfriend Sharese  
She knows, I keep the hoes, from nation, to nation  
On every radio station, good fellas in rotation, uhh

That's why niggaz wanna twist my shit, flip my wig  
Attempt to murder me like Tommy Gibbs  
Before they draw, niggaz threw me to the floor  
Drill holes in my pocket, Sam launch the rocket

They wanna rip my arms out the socket, fucking  
heathens  
Love to see a nigga stop breathing  
I heard a voice sing out, "Ain't you Sean Puffy Combs?  
Here's your eulogy, meet you at the crossroads, 'night  
bone"

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Nothing but clouds and white suits fill my vision  
Watching my life go down, like Christian  
Listen hear them bullets rang, shotguns and mac millis  
Spraying like a hurricane in this war called the terror  
game

And deuce deuces can't stand the pain  
Little guns ain't got no business in this blizzard  
They just kibbitz, here's five shots to visit, blaka  
Blowing bullet holes sizes of door knockers

Three headed for my chest straight, the other two  
Came a little late, and just barely missed my face  
I'm trying to find a steady place between two cars  
One of us gon' either wind up dead, or behind bars

Shit, I'm just trying to live, so I could raise my kid  
And own the world, bone all the girlie girls  
That's when I finally figured out  
That's that nigga David Arthur, Sharese baby father

And I didn't even bother to ask no further questions  
No more confessions only suggestions  
I think Sam set me up, 'cause them bullets squeezed  
up

From the rear, and Sam was the only nigga there

Then they all peeled out in the rental, aluminum  
Sam in the passenger seat, so I'm assuming  
Them niggaz didn't even get to peep  
Lil' Kim and them, in the backseat, with the heat

Clips they filling 'em, to the top, shit ain't sweet  
Once the light turns red, 'nuff said, that's dead  
They fled, and they waved, hot lead  
If I aimed up, I'd be on my deathbed

Sucker move, for that they don't get no props  
Lil' Kim and them, mad they ain't bust no shots  
We in the block, no land posters just old posters  
Of gangsta niggaz I see ghosts of gangsta figures

I'm trying to hold my own when they snatched me out  
the car  
Took me in the saloon and said, "Puffy, there you are"  
Them same cats we chased two blocks had new spots  
Washing dishes, I guess for going out like bitches

I smacked 'em, gave a little speech, to mirth  
Happiness, 'cause me and all my peeps got hurt  
That night, I said a little prayer, me and Justin  
That's when I heard the busting, yeah, ah huh

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