

Puff Daddy & The Family "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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