

T.P.E.**"What You Gon' Do About It"**Visit "[What You Gon' Do About It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh...yeah...uh...uh...uh
Uh...uh, come on uh...uh

[D-Shot]

When you see young shorty bustin' through the club
Everybody straight showin' me love
I see the gangstas, they all in floss mode
A hundred thousand in the trunk, that's ghetto funk
I like to see all the homies gettin' while the gettin' is
good
And bring up everybody in their hood
So uh, throw ya hood up, throw ya rollies up
Everybody throw they motherfuckin' hands up
Gangsta in gangsta mode
Smobbin' down the blok on twenty inch toes
A what ya gon' do about it
A what ya gon' do about it

[Hook: B-Legit & (The Click)]

Now to my girls with the ass fat
Swing it forth and back
And when I'm in it can ya spin it like that huh
(A what ya gon' do about it) huh
(What ya gon' do about it)
To my homies with the bank roll
Twist a fork off the X-O
And if she come would ya let her go huh
(A what ya gon' do about it) huh
What ya gon' do about it

[E-40]

Hotcakes, can you practice makin' the kid
Hold up, hear me out lil' mama let me place my bid
See I'm nifty with my shit when I spit my verses
DJ hope ya overcome the obstacles and hurdles
Reefer, broccoli, hydro, dro, smokin' canibus club
A trip to Maui, vacation Hawaiian puno pubs
Ya un-addicted when I take ya, didn't pay for the sack
For me to mack ya down by way of mouthpiece, my
secret weapon
When I went to jail you often came and visit

It wasn't for no yo just some measly traffic tickets
Fried and a DUI, I don't know why they didn't count it
Posed to did a year but the jail was over-crowded

[Hook]

[B-Legit]

What's the business baby, maybe we can discuss
How ya came in with friends now ya sittin' with us
I trust for the most part ya heart ain't wicked
I'm tryin' to get with it and hit it, can we kick it
I stick it to ya good like a nail on some wood
Pimpin' say I should cause game is understood
I would ease up but what good would it do
I better off callin' a bitchin' girl than you
To tell ya the truth it's a PI charge
It don't come free when it gets this hard
I hit ya where it hurts in ya shirt and collar
Yo with ever last dollar, now holler

[Hook]

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