

D.O.C**"What Would You Do?"**

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(feat. 6Two, U.P.-T.I.G.H.T.)

[Intro: Six Two]

Number 1's, and Mr. Two Face, Bitch Killa,
You know I've been known to get beside myself at
times,

[Verse 1: Six Two]

It was a cold dark stormy night, similar to this one,
The city stood still, and he was dressed to kill,
Sportin dickeys, and in hi tech boots, picture that
Plus he mugging the mean way, in the green bay,
starter jacket and hat,
Whats going on in the city after dark, you never know
let the story unfold,
One of these lost souls was a female (whats up?)
Let me tell what had happened, drop the low down by
detail
The bitch wore the game out, simple as that,
I guess ya'll still don't know that you can't trust no ho,
I'm crawlin down berry, made a right on miller,
What was it, 1996 when two face became the bitch
killa?
That's around the time I straight said fuck it,
Last night on the news, they say a bitch was abducted,
The ho was found duct taped, that I know,
They sexually abused her, and cut her throat.

[Chorus 1: Six Two (U.P.-T.I.G.H.T.)]

What would you do, if two face came to pop ya? (The
heat of the moment)
Number one component, pain got ya, (the police cant
stop ya)
The church cant either, D-O-N Fort Worth, that's where I
leave ya

What would you do, if two face came to pop ya? (The
heat of the moment)
Number one component, pain got ya, (the police can't
stop ya)
The church cant either, in the streets of 81G, is where I

leave ya

[Verse 2: U.P.-T.I.G.H.T.]

I went to wit him, shot pool wit him, acted a fool wit him,
Drunk a brew wit him, who'd ever know that I'd be
losing him?

Never hung around with street thugs, or sold drugs,
Still he caught 3 or 4 slugs, and landed in the mud,
Face down, his mother came I seen her breakdown,
From kilos, to OG's, when bullets hit the sleeve,
Of his jacket, super magnetic, I'm never gone forget it,
The pain embedded, retaliation is not suggested,
Parental advisory, I wanna move the ??? by me,
Took him inside, Ambulance arrived to get his body,
Jumped in the 88, travelin doing 95 or better,
Time to recover his Beretta, slipped in my sweater,
Down to do whatever, buffalo soldier,
Leather seats in the Oldsmobile feel like a sofa,
Gun in my jeans, like they the holster,
Coming close to mental malfunction, Continue punchin
the gas,
wondering today is gone be his last,
Don't even ask if I'm mad, got a ski mask, in my
overnight bag,
Underneath the pump, in case I need to dump,
Rather beat the punk with bare hands,
Aggravated glossy eyed, im in the highway in a trance,
Hit the service road, running thru lights, like they were
all green,
The thought of him in a pine box was all I seen,
Was it over green or a case of mistaken identity,
Either way now they my enemies, I cut the car

[Chorus 2: U.P.-T.I.G.H.T. (Six Two)]

What would you do if someone shot ya main partner,
(the heat of the moment)
Number one component, pain got ya, (the police can't
stop ya)
The church cant either, putting in work for Dallas
streets, is how I leave ya,

What would you do if someone shot ya main partner,
(the heat of the moment)
Number one component, pain got ya, (the police can't
stop ya)
The church cant either, putting in work for 2-1-dope, is
how I leave ya

[Verse 3: Six Two]

Stepped out my house, stopped short, oh no,
Solid black rag, wrapped around a .44,

Had a money situation with a fool next door,
Disfigured his face and left him dead at the front door,
Won't hesitate, to annihilate a punk ho,
Got to get ghost and regroup in Acapulco,
Police got leads, but they really not fo shot tho,
Suspect was last seen in como, showin out,
You shoulda seen him and .44 glock,
Had his, enemies serviced, beggin please don't serve
us,
In situations like these, ive been known to show out,
He got his chest plain blowed out,
Easily I approach,
You sittin like jack mask, go ballistic on yo bitch ass,
Ya'll hoez aint ready for two face,
Been down since day uno, and ready to catch a case,
Aggravated armed robbery is the plan,
No need for skizzin, cause the clock keeps tickin,
So whats some aggravated shit without a pistol in it,
The police say the suspects have not been
apprehended.

[Chorus 1: Six Two (U.P.-T.I.G.H.T.)]

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What would you do, if two face came to pop ya? (The
heat of the moment)
Number one component, pain got ya, (the police can't
stop ya)
The church cant either, in the streets of 8-1-G, is where
I leave ya

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