

O.c.**"What Am I Supposed to Do?"**Visit "[What Am I Supposed to Do?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[O.C.]

Uhh... if ya can't count your mans on your hands
That's a problem
Everybody ain't your man, your peoples, all that
Knahmean? Got to watch
Third eye open, yo

I know that God almighty gave me life every mornin
When I rise, I try to move righteous and learn from my
pop
Cause he wise in ways I'm not
Playin thorough, stick to the plan, unless it gets
botched
But you know some pray for downfall, the others are
sayin
For the niggaz I consider my brother
Evil eye stayin cold from hate from motherfuckers yeah
Step out of place and it's fate you'll be discoverin
Buttons pushed, bring out the side of cold Mush
{Aiyyo try frontin ?} Bring it to me
See I try avoidin niggaz use 'em like foes
No pathseekin ain't my fault dog, life is cold
Yet you barkin up the wrong tree, tryin to weigh your
troubles on me
Cause nothin in this life is free
I used to hold my man down right, now he act funny
like
cut ties, money low, where's my man?

[Chorus]

Fake friends I cut loose, gotta stay snake proof
The truth - what the fuck are we supposed to do?
Misery love company, yet they'd rather envy you
So what the fuck am I supposed to do?
They'd rather win and let you fall face first on the floor
Here's proof {mmm-hmmm}
Get rich, they go broke, see how many niggaz still in ya
crew
Now what the fuck am I supposed to do?

[O.C.]

Yo, misery love company sharin they woes
Depth in luxury in me buried deep in my soul
I learned the hard way, so-called friends be just foes
It was written it was told in them Godly scrolls
Thou shall not, how so foul is it just no?
Dogs ain't your man, his favorite food is Alpo
Beast and, feastin on your kindness for weakness
Not knowin nuttin other than hollerin at street shit
The ghetto goes without sayin so stop playin cause
When I'm on the mic there won't be no delayin brah

[Chorus]

[O.C.]

I count my mans on my fingers, I know who's who
Who not to trust, plastic, I see right through
From the jump my wiz told me who's elite and who's
weak
Who's out goin for theirs, O baby don't sleep
I pose at times, thinkin back to what she used to tell me
Runnin on instinct, hopin prayin it don't fail me
Not a drop of disloyalty, in my blood
I'd rather not but if I gotta take a slug from my ace
My nigga, my man, whoever that I refer as fam
to dodge harm I'll be the sacrificial lamb
(No question) My love is deep for those
with the same in return with love who deep for O
But yo, these ain't just words
Who if it concern if it slides made my soul burn
Fo' real, and that's word to the golden seal
On judgment day, when God take me under his shield

[Chorus]

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