

Allman Brors Band

"What Ya Wanna Do?"

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(Intro)

This ain't even much the half of it ya heard me?

(no indeed no indeed)

Part of it.. that guerilla warfare gon be the whole of it

(yes indeed yes indeed)

Check it out..

(Verse 1)

Baby Gangsta motherfucker -- fake nigga head busa

If I don't know ya dont trust ya

If I don't trust ya then fuck ya

Keep my finger on the trigg.. gotta think on the next
nigga

Out to have thangs I hustle hard for 6 figures

Raised up thugged out, keep the fuckin gauge out

Hoe shit done played out ya whole posse laid out

Birds and money that's all that excite me

Fuck bitches I'm bout money that's all that entice me

President lover, undercover, ain't another like me

You get a ki half price from Columbia fuckin with B

Believe it's just in me to be a real soldier

Gats I load, slip you dont value what's on ya shoulder

Now I done told ya -- the streets is real all the time

Gotta survive the game nigga I'ma die for mine

I ain't lyin.. I do what the fuck I gotta do

Shoot who I gotta shoot if ya outside my crew

Numbers 2-2-6, lotta buster playa hate it

Takin off like Delta cause Manny Fresh can't be faded

I'm a young nigga.. hard nigga.. street nigga

Tryna get on my feet I creep you sleep six feet deep

I'm dangerous.. I slang raw I don't cut it

If I profit or not, as long as ya loaded then fuck it

Yo head is a banana, squeal and get peeled

Feel what come out my grill it's a must I keep it real
nigga

(Chorus)x2

What cha wan do nigga

How ya wan do it

When ya wan do it we could get straight to it

You could take it how ya wanna

Bring it how ya feel
Accept it in blood cuz
Ya get it how ya live nigga

(Verse 2)

Fuck all that assholin nigga lets beef
Remember I'm the one that said 'take it to the streets'
Twerk somthin, handle up nigga, shake somthin
Got a K with a drum -- and I'm ready to spray somthin
Lay it down.. make the wrong move.. checkmate
Think again.. you sendin peace messages, it's too late
Tryin to recuperate.. after we left ya in the dust
Big Boy can't fuck with us retaliation is a must
Baby Gangsta, grim reaper, death bringer
Assault rifle banger.. got a itchy trigger finger
I let em hang-a....what you niggaz say you gon do
me,do it man
Underestimate in this war you gon lose it man
Got a AR... 15 I mean
D.O.A when I hit the scene nahmean?
It's a bust-back thang nigga grab yo shit
I come behind limo tint with the optimo lit
Bust open the 911, let me take my hit
Y'all done started, you can't quit
I'm rushin with a monster blitz
Lights out like the eclipse, rookies tryin to battle us
Cockin and be bout poppin nigga its time to hanlde up

(Chorus)x2

(Verse 3)

All these.. jive niggaz wan rep on me
Knowin they ain't bout to step cross Martin Luther King
All these other initials besides U.P.T, and H.B. --
Don't mean nothin to the B.G
I'm ready to get down and dirty bout my place in this
biz
Let a nigga take me down after all this time? Shiiiit
I'm a uptown shiner, bout takin what's mine-a
Used to spin bins in camerys and pathfinders
That's just to remind you, niggaz that tryin to
Fade lil doogie slip nigga ill down you
Me and my rounds come through set trippin
Gettin it how we live and, takin respect ain't given
50 rounds out each assault rifle we deliverin
scary motha fuckaz...on ya block in each ya shiverin
Fuckin with the B.G., Cash Money goin broke
puttin change on niggaz brains behind me

Chorus x3

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