

**K-Rino****"What You Gonna Do"**

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(K-Rino) We be back street flipping stacking slipping  
Money coming clean and these laws still tripping I'm a  
certified street cat cash flow holder A double OG with  
hood stripes on my shoulders Every now and then a  
hater make be a headbussa South Park son of a Third  
Ward Hustla Who came up in the ranks and  
thenÂ tighten up my skills You just got here last month  
you capping, let's be for real If they put some pressure  
on you boy I bet you blow the whistle Fool you ain't a  
man just because you pack a pistol Out here poisoning  
your hood you lil ignorant mothafucka And let the white  
man condition you to kill your own brother See,  
gangster is a title earned better learn fast Not tattoos  
on your arms your pants hanging off your ass Your  
vision of the American Dream ain't what it seems Open  
your eyes young homie you fighting your own team  
[Hook] What you gonna do when your hustle fall dead  
The boys start checking you on every word that you  
said When you start getting snatched by these racist  
ass hogs And the friends that you thought you had  
throw you to the dogs What you gonna do if martial law  
come around And these laws rush in and start shutting  
things down And the life that you thought was real  
proof counterfeit And the money that you kill over's no  
longer worth shit! (K-Rino) Nowadays it's a known fact  
snitching is contagious Half the fools you think is real is  
illuminati ages You flunked the semester with your  
artificial flyness Your overall grade in the hood is a F  
minus How many blacks do these laws gotta kill Before  
we start busting back on their ass with loaded steel?  
Instead we see them coming fold up or run Preachers  
scared to square them off that's why I roll with  
Farrakhan And they taping conversations every sort So  
don't say nothing on the phone that you might hear  
again in court Here we are, throwed off the black  
family ruined Analyze today these shit that your kids  
see you doing If you been selling dope for ten years  
and hustling tough And you ain't rich enough to stop  
it's time to give the game up Get your understanding  
up and try to see the big picture Bottom line is they  
want your ass them bastards gon get ya [Hook] (K-

Rino) Hellified gun fire flying through the night How many homies gotta die before we get our minds right? My homegirl's a stripper not because of reflation It's cuz her sorry ass don't wanna go get a real occupation We don't know we God's people so we see our own and flame them But then again if they ain't got the knowledge then how can you blame them? Self-righteous ass negros get hung from a limb Cuz if you got it and you don't teach them then you worst then them What category do you fall in: the G or the hater? The sellout or the warrior, the real homie or the traitor? Hoops or the branches, the angel or the menace? Fools that sold out to receive or reduce sentence How the hell you fix your month to say you fighting for freedom When like a corner store in the hood you just pimp them and bleed them The Devil's curriculum was formatted to trick them If you scared of revolution I hope you the first victim [Hook]

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