

## **Daddy/112/Faith Puff**

### **"What You Gonna Do"**

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It's a Hell Up in Harlem, fuckit, another day

another dollar, wake up, to the barking from the  
Rottweilers

Pull the collars, make em sit for the Godfather

Then I holler, to Justin my son, run the water

for the shower, trust fund scholarship sure to give him  
power

Baby momma call, she pick him up, in about an hour

Now free to go, free to blow, with the calicos

and the navajos, it's just the way this player knows

anything goes, finally caught up with my nigga Sam  
Sam

Picked me up, in the tan Lex Land

Wanted breakfast down at Pan Pan's, what's your  
favorite dish?

He ordered cheese eggs and grits, I had the swordfish

What is this? Three niggaz dressed in black

Roleys on they wrist, feathers in they hat

One tapped me on my back, then pointed at my stack

Put my finger on the trigger

then I asked him, "Whatchu want nigga?"

Chorus: Puff Daddy

Whatchu gonna do when it's your turn to go

Whatchu gonna do when you can't take no mo'

You gonna cry like a bitch or take it nice and slow

Whatchu gonna do when it's your turn to go

(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Puff Daddy

I pray to God that I'm dreamin, I know my family

wouldn't take it, when the doctor said, "He ain't make it"

Mom Dukes cryin, baby mom full of grief

How she gonna tell her son his daddy is deceased?

Now she got beef with them bitches up the street

All because I used to creep, with her girlfriend Sharese

She knows, I keep the hoes, from nation, to nation

On every radio station, Goodfellas in rotation, uhh

That's why niggaz wanna twist my shit, flip my wig

Attempt to murder me like Tommy Gills

Before they draw, niggaz threw me to the floor

Drill holes in my pocket, Sam launch the rocket

They wanna rip my arms out the socket, fuckin  
heathens

Love to see a nigga stop breathin

I heard a voice sing out, "Ain't you Sean Puffy Combs?"

Here's your eulogy, meet you at the Crossroads"

G'night Bone

Chorus

Verse Three: Puff Daddy

Nothing but clouds and white suits fill my vision  
Watching my life go down, like Christian  
Listen hear them bullets rang, shotguns and Mac millis  
spraying like a hurricane in this war called the terror  
game  
And deuce deuces can't stand the pain  
Little guns ain't got no business in this blizzard  
they just kibitz, here's five shots to visit, blaka  
Blowin bullet holes sizes of door knockers  
Three headed for my chest straight, the other two  
came a little late, and just barely missed my face  
I'm tryin to find a steady place between two cars  
One of us gon' either wind up dead, or behind bars  
Shit, I'm just tryin to live, so I can raise my kid  
and own the world, bone all the girlie girls  
That's when I finally figured out  
That's that nigga David Arthur, Sharese baby father  
And I didn't even bother to ask no further questions  
No more confessions only suggestions  
I think Sam set me up, cause them bullets squeezed up  
from the rear, and Sam was the only nigga there  
Then they all peeled out in the rental, aluminum  
Sam in the passenger seat, so I'm assumin them  
niggaz didn't even get to peep  
Lil' Kim and them, in the backseat, with the heat  
Clips they feelin em, to the top, shit ain't sweet

Once the light turns red, nuff said, that's dead  
They fled, and they waved, hot lead  
If I ain't duck, I'd be on my deathbed  
Sucker move, for that they don't get no props  
Lil' Kim and them, mad they ain't bust no shots  
We in the block, no Land posters just old posters  
of gangsta niggaz I see ghosts of gangsta figures  
I'm tryin to hold my own when they snatched me out the  
car  
Took me in the saloon and said, "Puffy, there you are"  
Them same cats we chased two blocks had new spots  
washin dishes, I guess for goin out like bitches  
I smacked em, gave a little speech, to mirth  
Happiness, cause me and all my peeps got hurt  
That night, I said a little prayer, me and Justin  
That's when I heard the bustin, yeah  
Chorus

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