

## **Toni Braxton F/ Foxy Brown**

### **"Whatcha Gonna Do"**

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Once upon a time, not long ago  
When gangstas rocked waves sold dope and sniffed  
lo'  
There was a young G by the name of Shyne Poe  
Puttin' it down, cuttin' it up and cookin' it now  
It's been a lotta dick ridin' for lack of a betta words  
Speculations on the guns I hold underneath my furs  
Similarities in my voice nigga check the words  
I'm in for winter to doe's that pinch merds from the cur  
Dodgin' and dippin' the narcs  
It's the young Frank Matthews the rap version  
Touch my trap on my smack the gats burstin'  
That's certain leave ya face and ya chest and ya back  
jerkin'  
Uh--y'all got me fucked up like  
My desert eagle and my sick doom bust right  
Like my guns is racin', muthafucka don't you know I  
Make ya heart stop and ya body start shakin'  
Now you know the bottom line of this rhyme crime  
25 to life plus 9

[Chorus 2X]

Whatcha gon' do when shit hit the fed  
Take it like a man or snitch like a bitch  
Whatcha gon' do when shit hit the fan  
Pray to God, go hard or lay up in the morgue

Evil grin, dead eyes, walkin wit a bock, monster  
Best way to describe my posture  
In this world of sin I'm as wicked as they come  
Moonlightin' as a rapper get this ticket and I'm done  
Ain't enough money here I ratha be in the tropics  
Wit Corsicans where narcotics is the only topic  
Persian rocks and things the man that made of snow  
Tiger par  
And every other form of raw  
Since a team been handlin, nigga been scramblin'  
Bettin' on money in Vegas gamblin'  
Desert in the abdomen, pissy drunk stylin', staggerin'  
More than you can imaginin  
Uh--thoughts randomin, runnin through my mind

Like who's the best MC's - Biggie, Jay-Z, and Shyne  
Demented as a young'n, apple 2nd comin'  
Evil thoughts runnin' through my cerebellum  
Shyne Poe what the fuck you gon' tell 'em?  
All you niggas that wanna be fly my gun shots'll propell  
'em  
Leavin' somewhere smellin', repellin'  
Closed caskets for you fuckin' bastards c'mon

[Chorus]

Only the strong survive, weak niggas bleed  
And get found, wit they fuckin' face down  
Numb from the waist down  
I din been to hell and back  
Twice and still in crack  
Stare death in the eyes and never blink  
Headshots rip through my mink  
Went to war wit the realist killas  
Killed friends over jealousy and envy  
My heart's empty  
Behind the wheel of my Bentley  
Coke-d up feelin invincible  
Bout to take over the world I can't be stopped  
Not the feds or the fuckin' cops  
Not even 17 shots  
Can put a end to this terror  
I'ma live forever, cause gangstas don't break  
We just get plastic surgery and relocate  
To anotha state  
or island, smilin, money pilin, wildin  
Yo Puff over done them fuckin violins  
Uh this shit is bigger than me though ask Oliver North  
Kill you then use your corpse, to transport horse  
Leave ya brains hangin' from ya fuckin' car window  
Any nigga snitch and givin' info  
Since my motha stomach coke and liquor  
Was the mixture  
Betta be prepared when we hit ya

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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