

The Jets

"Whatcha Gonna Do"

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I'm gonna slam, Face give em the bass
and let em know who I am, god damn, my man
You didn't know cause it came on the down low
But your G didn't, she chills at my rhythm
I coulda woulda shoulda and yes I'm still able
to black at cheeba, and give her the fly Zhigge move
You ask what is that, it's a Z on a padlock
Cause when we swing know G I get sly
I don't get started, I is not the holy water
I hit em, I hit em, I let Prance kill em
He rode her like a Lex then I showed her to the exit
Now we're through Hobbes, we hand it back to you
Yo Tonga (uh-huh) can my man improve yeah
Tell em what you're gonna do

Well I'm out like it's out on a new route
Don't flip a flavor till I'm later why man
Get your Zhigge on, so whatcha gonna do
By the way, pisses you man it jerks our crew
Now, back of a get-back gone
You were chillin for a reason and it didn't take long
For us to figure out you wasn't down from the get go
The rhymer on the down low, and step to the next bro

Well I'm frustrated by the fact, the brother tried to front
If I was fuckin for feelin to get twelve steps up
With the lyrics that my crew move, heatin on a loom
Stab no mercy on a haggler, or to the rumors
Yeah now did you try to step up
Cause you can get dealt like a punk cracker duck
Gimme your G's, about to get pleased
To the weaker MC's, you're like a disease
on the earth, but do dirt and you know I'm too fly
Not playin balls servin bricks all the time
I give my all to my girl not do a thing for a trick
Foon fang foom now that's my favorite drink
You think you'd love a pork chop I caught her not
chewin
I leave the pork alone because I don't like all them
juices
Here to seperate my strength I say it again I'll never

love it
Cause you know back in the day they used to call me
Kid Dog
and you don't stop
Yo Kazo tell em what you're gonna do

Well I drink a brew or two, never tease a two
Take her to my room smoke the buddha life's a boom
Cut my hair on the down low, now that I got dough
Lookin like I'm dealin and wheelin, in a fo'
When I be there I'm gonna get it if you buy my record
So let me wreck it tongue to teeth better check it
As Zhigge gets the profit that make the public pockets
Swing no rocks G flockers though they jock it
only to us because mike-in plus is us
Only the money to just, all the public throw
Get it forget it, cause Zhigge done got it
True by the tribe, Afro niggaz and we spot it
Guess always do, they sport black in the crew
On the one and two dance yo

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