

## **Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil Caesar, Lil' Kim**

### **"What She Gonna Do?"**

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[Too \$hort]

It's just a little mo' game (ye-yeah ye-yeah)  
You might need to learn some (make me say ohh)  
Listen and learn (Yeahh-yeahhhhh)

[Verse One]

She's all about that get rich  
Treat a nigga like the lotto, he's a quick pick  
... it's nothin to a boss bitch  
What happened to his cash flow? He lost it  
She don't give a fuck about none of you guys  
She make you look so bad, I bet you want a disguise  
I knew the day and time would come  
When she went out in the world and had to find her one  
He sponsors all her daily, activities  
I'm not her pimp, she don't pay me or give me fees  
I just laced her with the game, so she could shake  
those lames  
And try to take her change, I told her make yo' name  
And turn the tables on 'em, I call her DJ Break-a-Trick  
Cause all your money she'll be takin it  
Put her on the pedestal, your queen on the throne  
And she's still gon' bring the money home

[Chorus: Too \$hort]

(Make me say ohh) What she gon' do?  
(Ye-yeah ye-yeah) What she gon' do?  
(Make me say ohh) What she gon' do?  
Players better ask a bitch - bitch whatchu gon' do?  
(I'll be the one to come runnin - be the one to come  
runnin)  
(Ohh, home to you.. home to you)  
(You're givin me - loooooooooooooove, with a nigga like  
you)  
(It's no need to play around, ohhhhhhhh)  
(You're more than just big pimpin)  
(You're blowin my mind with the love that you're givin)  
(That's what you'll hear me say, boy every dayyyyyyyyy)

[Verse Two]

I knew she had potential, to be a real player

Get paid up the ass by a millionaire  
She ain't tradin sex, like these broke hoes  
Her shit is worldwide, these bitches loco  
She took the show on the road, for the fun and the  
thrills  
Now it's nothin but hundred dollar bills  
She got a lot of G's, spend 'em how you please  
All you broke-ass hoes, get up off yo' knees  
Don't go to Hoe College if you want some mo'  
knowledge  
Cause bitches graduate and end up with fo' dollars  
You can be a hustler, and never be a baller  
He tried to bread her up whenever he would call her  
But the bitch was too dumb, to ask for a thang  
I try to teach 'em when they young, so they don't pass  
on the game  
And when you get your thang on  
Remember where you got your game and where you  
came from

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

It's obvious, we don't come from the same world  
But you still fell in love with the game girl  
Now you're, dedicated since you elevated  
And you, you never hated, just celebrated  
You can't play with the game, you gotta go get it  
It's fire - stop drop and then roll with it  
Let a baller finance your brand new car  
And if he can't do more, you better kick him out the  
door pimpin  
Tell him how you like diamond rings  
So fine, that's why he wanna buy you things  
Now you spendin and shoppin, like you playin a sport  
Cause you listened to the game that you got from  
Uncle \$hort  
I'm proud of you - what you grown to be  
Don't tell him nothin - you always belong to me  
You can travel the world and get your stack on  
Just don't be broke when you come back home

[Chorus] - to fade

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