

Tung Twista

"Whatz Next"

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[2Pac:]

Tell me what the fuck am I suppose to do
Now what's next
Tell me what the fuck am I suppose to do
Now what's next

Caught up in the middle
My life's a riddle
Don't let it get ya
I wanna be legal
But it's this hustle that get me richer
One love to my peoples makin' money
I can see you bubblin'
Avoid all trouble
Beware of devils continue strugglin'
Nothin's impossible if there's a will there's a way
So get your mind on official business
You can be great
And it's been this way from the cradle to the grave
So get paid
My niggaz do this every fuckin' day
We parlay
Through politics and conversation
This information to my thug niggaz in the congregation
Watch and bare witness to the pleasures of
participation
Separation is self destruction
What's needed is unification
Cause the world ain't hardly scared
If not prepared
Be sure to be bummy and be no longer there
But no one cares it's there to share
All we get is stares
Because of fear we'll evaporate
Say your prayers

And what's next

[Chorus x2:]

Hard livin' got me goin' insane
But I'm addicted to the hustle I'm trapped in the game

Whatz next
I'm goin' crazy
Tell me tell me what the fuck am I suppose to do
Whatz next

[A3:]
(Aye it's on A3)
Makaveli tried to warn us
But niggaz ain't listen to Pac
Naw (listen listen) nigga really listen to Pac
Shit yean got it yet (no)
Then you won't get it
Might as well measure 'em up
And have his ass fitted
Why
Caught slippin' dog trippin' didn't soak game
Got his wig split like dem shutters on the airplane
Never will change niggaz wit' no name no shame
Might open ya head foe mess broke change
I stay posted like a flag (flag)
Starin' thru my rear view ballin' in a jag (jag)
Bounce wit me Cali body rock down in H-Town
We gon' put these artificial bustas in they place now
Time foe a change
Real niggaz rollin' wit' me
Money makin' swift decision we controllin' the streets
Side track by the broads and the frauds
Ain't it strange
It's the reason so many niggaz get scarred in the game

Whatz next

[Chorus x2]

[Jay Rock:]
That money gotta make it
What I gotta do to make it
Do I really gotta take it
Put this mack up to you face it
Doin' what we gotta do to survive
Just ask Kweli doin' what we do to get by
Some niggaz stick to the crime
Pitchin' nickel and dimes
What the fuck we s'pose to do
Who gon' give us a job
So I tried and tried
Tried to get out the grind
But the block kept on callin' me back
Fiends kept on callin' for crack
So I supply 'em wit' that
Gave 'em a reasonable fee

Nigga don't blame it on me
Shit just look where I'm at
Niggaz in gardens
LAPD is the target
Niggaz is heartless hustle regardless
Look that dope spot use to be an apartment
But now it's just a place to hide the guns in the closet
Watch ya step shift the grams under the carpet
We just tryin' hard not to see that coffin

Whatz next

[Chorus x2]

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