

What Can I Do

8Ball & MJG

4 in the morning, now where am I at? On the track
Distributin' crack wth my hand on my gat, fat
Not cause the spot be hotter than a torch
The fiends gettin' they pipe dreams on the back porch
I haven't been asleep, tryna stack chips, underneath my mattress
I gotta see the judge on the 5th
Until then I'm the cake cuttin' cookie making
Baking soda measurer, illegal money treasurer
Searchin' for an alternate, I'm looking for a way out
Prison ain't the way for me so I'm tryna stay out
A couple of young niggas I know keep my yay' in steady flow
Eventhough I'm tryna stop my clientele continue to grow
So I want to quit and get legit and pay taxes
Practice new tactics with the GP beneath my mattress
What should I do, open a soul food restaurant
Where all the ballers come after early morning blunts
What about a place for a tight stereo
Full of the best shit like autoradio
But I don't know it's a hard decision to make, mane
Tryna think of something to do to get out the game

What can I do?
What can I do to get out the game, get out the game
What can I do to get out the game

Hell ain't nothing like a laundry for your money
Cleanin' up all the fifth, turnin' that shit to hundred
Funny how the baller and beauty and shops
Occupy the spaces and places around the block
Charges gettin' too damn large for me to take
Rules gettin' too damn hard for me to break
Hate to stay out the game for so long
Tired of doin' shit for myself, it's feeling wrong
Niggas that I came up with is gettin' 'noid
Shoppin' with strangers, checkin' their own boys
Instigations made by certain hoes
Got a player hatin' on the down low
So keep my mind in the motherfucking greatest type of condition
To avoid being missin'
Wishin' that the money would help me forget about all the chances
But certain chances led to other circumstances
Ridin' in the streets, 4 deep after midnight
Packin' the heat that's how we creep to keep the shit tight
But know the IRS know my name, I can't buy a damn thang
So tell me, what can I do to get out the game

What can I do?
What can I do to get out the game, get out the game
What can I do to get out the game

Today is a new day, oh what a lovely day
I'm gonna try a new way to make my brain power pay
Scope the tight spot to open up a nice spot
Supposed to meet the man about the lease on the lot
Got half way up out the house, when what do you know
Somebody wanted me to re open the drug store
Now would it be different if I would juuglin' on the light side

I would go meet the man and let that dope shit slide
But every time a nigga come with a bigger figure
I gotta dash homie, get my fuckin' serve on
Makin' fast money, hook me like nicotine
This on the street shit is deeper than a submarine
One day I want to have a wife and live as nice
Afraid I'm gonna lose my life before I get it right
Stuck like glue in this underground life click
My hard headedness got me in some stupid shit

I thought it was safe to put the house in my momma name
'Till I was busted sittin' and all fucked up drama came
I coulda sold my whole soul to the devil
To be smackin' the FED's across the head
With a shovel I was howled away
A sunny day on my streets
Shackle the cuff with no shoes on my feet
They slammin' down face first on the brick
And looked at my daddy, like boy you betta say not shit
Now ain't that bitch, a real motherfucking fag
Wanna be hard and hide behind a rusty ass badge
Embarassed as fuck, my own kids have to watch
While daddy was beaten and being drugged by a cop
And now that the bubble had been busted in my shit
They looked at my family like we was all unlegit
The block was shocked, because my folks was so nice
But the spot was hot, because they son led a street life

What can I do?
What can I do to get out the game, get out the game
What can I do to get out the game
[x4]