

# Wha Cha Gonna Do

Bushwick Bill

And ahh... the secret of the hidden temple is that ahh  
You gotta listen, as I run it down the business  
The jungle creed, is that the strongest feeds, on any prey it can  
And I was branded beast, at every feast, before I became a man  
Hahaha! Full swing for the jungle.  
John Bido in the house, it's a black man thing you wouldn't understand.  
Chorus:

What cha gonna do when the world's on fire?  
I'ma light a spliff, and keep gettin higher  
The world's bout to end  
I don't give a fuck  
I ain't scared to die, niggaz put that on Chuck

Verse One:

Put me in a room with four gats and four clips  
Aimed at my dome and I bet I won't flinch  
At least I get to know I'm going out in a blast  
So either pull the trigger or you tricks better mash  
Cause I ain't afraid to kill neither  
I snatch your soul like the motherfuckin grim reaper  
I be the, man that worries not about life  
I'd rather piss in the wind than take a risk with eyes, yeah  
A brave man dies once, but a coward dies a thousand deaths  
Fuck a right, I make a thousand lefts  
Cause I'm a motherfuckin thrillseeker  
You can't scare me with no bullshit threats, I ain't afraid to die

Chorus 2X

Verse Two:

The world is on some old new-improved shit  
They building bombs everyday but screaming peace  
A piece of pussy nowadays could cost a nigga life  
The condom ain't shit, the rubber breaks and that's your life  
Babies havin babies knowin not what to do  
For some grown ass men, niggaz old as me and you  
Think a nigga fuck a kid needs his motherfuckin dick chopped off  
Cause youse a child molester, that ain't cool motherfucker  
Mamas keeping sons from their daddies  
What you sposed to teach him bitch? You ain't no man, youse a hoe  
Monkey see, monkey do  
What you want my son to act like me or act like you, shit  
I'm on the verge of suicide, so what's murder?  
Another casualty, cause mentally I'm damaged G  
So I ain't afraid, I ain't afraid to kill  
And I ain't afraid to die, motherfucker

Chorus 2X

Verse Three:

A punk can be controlled by death threats  
A man's not a man if he can't take a stand and umm  
Confront your foes nigga everybody bleeds  
So fuck bowing down to another nigga's needs  
Curiosity, killed the cat  
And anybody gettin curious with mines is gettin disciplined black  
I lets the motherfuckin fo'-fo' click  
And that's the end of that big bad nigga shit [see-ya!]  
How can you be afraid of what's bound to happen  
You can't run and try to hide from death  
Death is univited, it's also at a shitty time  
Things can creep and snatch your ass up out your prime, I lives my life

aggressively, successfully, I press to be  
Demanding with myself and not profess to be  
You can't impress me with no bullshit threats  
I squabble any motherfucker out your set, motherfucker  
Chorus 2X