

Do What I Gotta Do

E-40

Ugh granny bed ridden
I just come home from prison
Her dopey daughter stealing from her
What happened money missing
Catch her in the act I'm going back
Reason why I'm here cause it's the atlas I prolled that
Health complications, genetics, family history of diabetes, diabetic
Blacks and latinosaurs be the targets it's more
Story tellers in america than supermarkets
Raised by baboons a bunch
You wanna go chunking with me you
Betta pack a lunch
I ain't a spring chicken I'm not a new comer
Memory like a dopey neva lose a number
4 months behind on my payments
They lookin for my dodger
They don't know it's in my neighbour's garage
Ugh my finances ain't the best you can find me at winkler's or
Food for less

Homie my stomach rumblin ain't got no rent money
I had to do what I had to do
Ain't got to pop the pussy my baby momma trippin
I gotta do what I gotta do
Recession hit me hard they just repo my car
I had to do what I had to do
Tryna flip my work check and lost all that shit
I gotta do what I gotta do

Homie my struggle hard it ain't no disney story
Broken home that's why my nature naughty
Traacherous that's why it's effortless
For me to cook this blog and send this hoe bitch
God forgive me for the things I do not know
Got these bills stuffed up in this envelopes
How am goin pay em no predum
No where to borrow, no medeas
The bible says cash who cares upon me
But I shot this double up from my og
40 said last nice guys finish last
So am out here on the turf and am acting bad
Too much pride to sign up for that edt
Searchin they goin repo my bitch alton when they see
Me at the spot I'm makin it hot
Baby can you stay at your aunty house till everything cool off

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That hand fed you for years why would you bite it
This ain't new it was written but who writes it

Can you blame him he homeless all he got is his mouthpiece
Sammy c pullin got otha niggas d6
But we ain't got shit to lose
Cause we ain't show up to lose
To fit in these shoes is hard to size up
Sucka disrespect my homie grab his hammercock it back
Shit I gotta do what I gotta do
The struggle keeps us mobbin
Tried to get a job in
Pulled the background photo that keep my charges in
What the fuck I'm posed to be expunged
That's why a nigga will sell everything but his guns
And his ammo hoodie and some camo
Hunt ya ass like rambo with his ribs touchin
I might not own that property and that new car
But this game is forever like carmelot

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