

## 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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