

# What Would I Do

Jean Grae

1 for the beat  
2 for the real  
Right cats who never doubted I was dropping the skill

For all my peoples in NY and SA who blessed me  
A gas face to all those who still wanna test me  
3 for the fans who already know the name  
4 smacks to all wack niggaz in the game  
5,6,7,8,9,10 for the flows  
'Ey yo Len, drop it to zero, this is how the story goes..

Drama, so close to not completing the missing piece of the puzzle  
Quit again, in again, drop suit be following  
Swallowing prod like porn stars and money shots  
I'm hitting ya blocks, spinning as heavy as SUVs doing 360  
I'm ready as ever, over due like the rain in New York  
Sustained a steady fan base, but you still don't know me  
Hold me in your highest regards, I'm your homie  
I relate it's personal, nothing fake, read me - wait, I'd rather dictate it  
Relay it to you on a deeper level  
Kick off your shoes and light your Ls and talk and get to know each other  
I'm Jean, honorable team player for years  
Emceeding on the low, in videos devoid of the hoes  
For sho' it's crunch time, I'm the one they sent to piss your label off  
They won't f\*\*k with me, unless I'm parading and taking it off  
Nah man, executives, con mans  
This record is too hot to get pushed back another minute  
It would burn a set control well admit  
You liked it when the first bar dropped  
In less than one second she's already spitting  
I need ya'll, you want a change? well here it is  
Let's stop complaining, make it happen, everybody step up your game  
'Cause everybody's stuck in park or reverse  
Letting the media choose your path and rape you, market you less than you worth  
I was gonna throw your towel in  
But honestly you cats deserve some better music  
Plus, come on, what else would I be doing? Shit..

(What, what, what would I do?)If, like my people said, "I left it to you"  
(Tell me what, what, what would I do?)If I didn't try a verse, if I didn't rhyme  
(Tell me what, what, what would I do?)If I just hated and did nothing to change it  
(Tell me what, what, what would I do?)Hell no, that could never happen

There's so much further to go  
I feel like Mindy Cohen doing the One To Grow On  
Yeah I'm old school, 40s and high tops  
Triple Gooses and Travel Fox  
Huaraches and Blow Pops  
I'm down to earth but still dreaming  
Peace to Skeme Team and all of my niggaz on the come up  
Apani and Lyric, we gon' take it there  
The rest of ya'll just taking up space, and you don't even care  
It's like you started eating Thanks Giving dinner without saying grace  
I whisper a prayer for you

'cause you cats are lost and probably not gon' make it back  
Fuck it, it's more for me I guess  
So please don't stress it  
The best is yet to come  
This is just an introduction  
I'm 'bout to have niggaz madder than big titty girls who getting breast reductions  
The purpose of my function is to smash, simply put - trash you  
Until you cry "Uncle mercy", wander aimless in this concrete jungle and curse me  
There ain't a need for verse three I can feel it  
That would rob you of your man hood, and I'm not into stealing  
So tell me..

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Ha-ha, yeah man... And it's only the beginning...  
Better choose sides now..