

# What Would U Do

Paul Wall

My life, ain't all peaches and cream  
This fame thing and this game bring, more pain than it seem  
I ain't trying to be depressed, and I'm grateful for my blessing  
But sometimes it just feels like, there's some'ing missing  
I got all the answers, but ain't no questions  
I wonder if God's, just trying to teach me a lesson  
The situations progressing, it's getting stressing  
I hope I don't fail my test and, the heat is on  
They say that pressure, busts pipes  
So I keep my cool, and thank God for every breath of my life  
I'm taking steps to the right, but still I end up wrong  
I'm built for the ocean, but I'm stuck in this backyard pond  
I'm trying to maintain my pace, in the place I belong  
I'm going for the gold, but I keep getting bronze  
Who do I call to for advice, when all my mentors gone  
This is my life, this ain't just the words to my song what do I do

What do you do, when them haters after you  
Keep it real and keep it true, get that dirt up off of you  
Still swang and bang Screw, Swishahouse like what it do  
Don't let them see the sweat on you, just keep it real

This one here's for Broderick Brown, locked down  
A 45 year sentence, I don't like how that sound  
We've been homies since Middle School, we were childhood chums  
But you got caught up, by life in the slums  
I'm thinking bout, where your life went  
45 years of your life spent, with a aggravated robbery indictment  
You plead guilty, for a lesser charge  
Even though the judge was harsh, God's still in charge  
I be wishing that, I could go back in time  
And tell the judge that that nine, and the strack was mine  
That would be fine, but I guess it's too late for that  
I know that court appointed lawyer, was whack  
Ain't it ironic though, you in the Ferguson Unit up in the Pen.  
And the only way that we communicate, is through a pen  
Don't give up, just do what you do  
Live your life don't let your life live you, just keep on moving

People think, my life is all about raps and such  
If I'm suppose to have it good, why is my life so rough  
I'm walking straight, but sometimes I need to lean on a crutch  
Nobody told me life would get this tough, you gotta feel me though  
Cause I ain't trying to be sad  
I thank God for everything I got, and all the blessings I had  
I work hard I still grind, all night in the lab  
The best friends I ever had, was a pen and a pad  
Cause people talking down, hating on me  
Yeah we use to be down, but now you shady homie  
I see 'em all up on the Internet, debating on me  
Wondering when will I flop, I know they waiting on me  
A lot of rappers is jealous, saying all that we rap about is swangas  
Mad cause they c.d.'s, below the shelf like hangers  
Should I retaliate the hate, and pay 'em back ten fold  
They got me running hot, but I'm standing out in the cold what do I do