

## What Would You Do

Royce da 5'9"

Why? Die!

As the clock ticks, we knock off the block quick  
Chip off the ol' block of the sixty Steve's{?} our pops  
We - will stick you for your cheese to receive our props (yeah)  
Believe it or not, we not evil, we fiendin to stop  
We - we cryin out to the dire amounts of survival  
We not desired to beef, just inspired the spiral  
beneath the - dirt for every stem in the grass  
Memories pass, I keep 'em workin, a vile stem in the hash  
He will - kill a killer feelin like he's killin himself (uhh)  
He's feelin himself but not that killer but he's that killer hi  
mself (yeah)  
He's spendin his last, fiendin lookin to turn this cash raw  
It's like, Felix Trinidad turnin a glass jaw  
No, please! You're not that broke thief  
I used to approach you like you would've approached me (why?)  
cause you was just like me.

What would you do if you knew what he knew?  
If you went through, what he been through  
If you get him will he come back to get you?  
Would you lose, would he lose?  
What would you do if he as real as me and you now?  
As me and you now, now see it through  
Deep in your heart you like to snake and probably fool  
But, we in the streets so - no no no

Yo, panic and both of us stiff as mannequins, we speak  
We - both got rules to the streets we keep if you cross and we  
creep  
We - we even cold in the coffin with sheets  
We - was taught in the streets what we FOUGHT, our thoughts and  
beliefs  
We - front on we actors; we love the next nigga  
'bout as much as we love our guns and we'll DITCH our guns if w  
e hafta  
Our religion is we niggaz that's livin  
We believe in the Lord, while we unsure 'bout the way it was wr  
itten  
We - focus on what niggaz focus on us  
The beam or scope is on us, we teens that just hope to grow up  
Uhh, I know the shit I said it hundreds of times  
Would this bun or this .9 switch with the hands of a one-of-a-  
kind?  
Hell naw!