

What She Gonna Do?

Too \$hort

It's just a little mo' game (ye-yeah ye-yeah)
You might need to learn some (make me say ohh)
Listen and learn (Yeahh-yeahhhhh)

She's all about that get rich
Treat a nigga like the lotto, he's a quick pick
... it's nothin to a boss bitch
What happened to his cash flow? He lost it
She don't give a fuck about none of you guys
She make you look so bad, I bet you want a disguise
I knew the day and time would come
When she went out in the world and had to find her one
He sponsors all her daily, activities
I'm not her pimp, she don't pay me or give me fees
I just laced her with the game, so she could shake those lames
And try to take her change, I told her make yo' name
And turn the tables on 'em, I call her DJ Break-a-Trick
Cause all your money she'll be takin it
Put her on the pedestal, your queen on the throne
And she's still gon' bring the money home

(Make me say ohh) What she gon' do?
(Ye-yeah ye-yeah) What she gon' do?
(Make me say ohh) What she gon' do?
Players better ask a bitch - bitch whatchu gon' do?
(I'll be the one to come runnin - be the one to come runnin)
(Ohh, home to you.. home to you)
(You're givin me - loooooooooooooove, with a nigga like you)
(It's no need to play around, ohhhhhhh)
(You're more than just big pimpin)
(You're blowin my mind with the love that you're givin)
(That's what you'll hear me say, boy every dayyyyyyyyy)

I knew she had potential, to be a real player
Get paid up the ass by a millionaire
She ain't tradin sex, like these broke hoes
Her shit is worldwide, these bitches loco
She took the show on the road, for the fun and the thrills
Now it's nothin but hundred dollar bills
She got a lot of G's, spend 'em how you please
All you broke-ass hoes, get up off yo' knees
Don't go to Hoe College if you want some mo' knowledge
Cause bitches graduate and end up with fo' dollars
You can be a hustler, and never be a baller
He tried to bread her up whenever he would call her
But the bitch was too dumb, to ask for a thang
I try to teach 'em when they young, so they don't pass on the game
And when you get your thang on
Remember where you got your game and where you came from

It's obvious, we don't come from the same world
But you still fell in love with the game girl
Now you're, dedicated since you elevated
And you, you never hated, just celebrated
You can't play with the game, you gotta go get it
It's fire - stop drop and then roll with it
Let a baller finance your brand new car

And if he can't do more, you better kick him out the door pimpin
Tell him how you like diamond rings
So fine, that's why he wanna buy you things
Now you spendin and shoppin, like you playin a sport
Cause you listened to the game that you got from Uncle \$hort
I'm proud of you - what you grown to be
Don't tell him nothin - you always belong to me
You can travel the world and get your stack on
Just don't be broke when you come back home