

## Voices Of Theory

### "Here We Go"

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Yo it's the slick fuckin trick-tight nigga from the Heights  
again

I'm gettin nice again as the pussy's like \*?Micalin?\*

So I pretend to be somethin that you ain't

You got me laughin til the fuckin bank'll bust, I'll do ya  
somethin sick

I'm bad to the bone, gnaws at the gristle

Puttin the squeeze on niggas so (what?) fuck Mr

Whipple

If you live along my end, yeah baby girl I might tickle  
(c'mon)

I drink Gold E like Fred D drank the ripple

Word to God, niggas wanna play hard rap-a-dosis

That shit got to go, I cock back, shot the flow POW!

CAUGHT, now hook em to the respirator drip

The shit bag to his hip while he vision in the escalator

Now play the humble in the tunnel with the bright light  
at the end of it, word is bond, time to end this shit

Chorus:

Here we go

Here we go yo, time to get dumped

Yeah that's how it is yo and that's how it go

\*repeat x3\*

Well guess who's next up to flex, no need to introduce

We're holdin down the spot just like the pimps that  
wanna 40-deuce

So here's the story, kid you bore me, don't ignore me

You're gettin killed in my territory (word up)

You think ya clever son but you're never son

Gonna get a chance to fuckin call me like Edison

I think ya better run cos I'm comin at'cha

And what the fuck you gonna do when I catch ya

Ya little bastard ya get the last hit

When I blast it you're gonna end up in a fuckin casket

I kicks the mad shit, I come to show the flow

You're fuckin with a pro but yo I guess by now ya know,  
so

## Chorus

Well now I got you niggas stumblin, I see you fumblin,  
kill the mumblin  
Cos when I'm on the track I'm never wacked when I be  
rumblin  
Like dis, like dat, I'm fatter than the fattest  
Niggas wish they had this, they know my style's the  
fuckin baddest  
You got the saddest but yo you're just a pussy  
My fuckin girl'll make you do the wa-toosie  
You need protection when in my section  
With the injection, the number one in my fuckin  
collection  
I blast off like a rocket, so don't knock it  
til you try it, I come deep like a riot  
Ya can't deny it, I keep it on lock  
A 40 and a blunt motherfucker and you don't stop  
I'm on the scene with the nicotine puffer  
I gut ya clean and make ya fuckin spleen rupture  
Nice with the ways is the dazed axe nigga  
I know a lotta rap figures and pushin-crack niggas  
Perhaps wacked niggas need to play the back step  
I got styles with days but styles ain't even hatch-ed  
I'm super fly hatin but never violatin  
We use to smoke a pound a week but now we're gettin  
higher lately  
Rhyme-sayers need prayers cos sniper's gettin hot  
When you make the sign of the cross, X marks the spot  
Ill clips to my ribs with my niggas to the side  
3-80 stash in the 3-25  
Oops I'm at the eight now, bees think I push  
more rock than Mr Slay, I'm fat like Ricki Lake

## Chorus

Here we go  
Here we giddo, time to get diddo  
That's how it is yo, axe how we go

Here we go  
Here we go, time to get dough  
That's how it is yo, axe how we go

Here we go  
Here we go yo, time to get dough  
That's how it is yo, that's how we go

Here we giddo, time to get diddo  
That's how it is yo, act like we kniddow  
Word up

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