

## Yung Berg "Where Do We Go"

Visit "[Where Do We Go](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Bro, what's poppin'?  
It's 'bout time, real Chi-Town niggas link up  
Without no further a due  
I give you Yung Berg and Twista, let's get it in

Where do we go from here?  
Now that all of the children are grown up  
And I will respond my time  
Knowing nobody gives us a hand

Aye  
(Aye)  
If y'all niggas don't get ya money right  
This time you know what sayin'  
I'm giving niggas till the end of 07 'bout 08  
(Where we going?)  
My bank account gon' have eight digits that is  
Let's go  
(Let's go)

Nobody gave me nothing  
I made 50 of a pack  
When I made 100  
I ran straight to the block  
Bounced back with the work like  
(Take it all, you need me)  
Yes, sir

Niggas better get wit the program  
I'm fast on a track  
But I kill a slow jam  
Oh man, goddamn  
(Take it all, you need me)

YB gang, that's the new thang  
Brand new chain is straight from Hussein  
Mo shoes, mo cars  
(Take it all, you need me)  
Mo clothes, mo brain, oh yeah

You done seen a few niggas  
Wit a yang like me

Never really had doh and shorty like my  
Never rolled around in a drop top V

Like me, like we, YB, that's us  
Too fast, too hard  
(Take it all, you need me)  
Young Buck, catch up, yep

I'ma prime time player  
Shorty, don't smoke weed  
She a high time hater and  
Why date her hand, my paper is  
(Take it all, you need me)  
Few taller than a skyscraper

Niggas better know how to ride the 101  
Big shotgun and I buy another one and another  
(And another)  
And another  
(And another)  
(Take it all, you need me)  
Keep going, is you wit it?

You ain't got shit to say less you did it  
You ain't never came from nothin' and blew wit it  
(But)  
Who did it?  
(Yep)  
I did it  
YB, that's the new

Where do we go from here?  
Where do we go from here?  
(Take it all, you need me)

Where we going from here niggas?  
I know where we going  
But where you going?  
Don't miss the train nigga

Headed straight to the Yung Boss mansion  
South side stand up  
Location top of the world  
West side get up K-Town, Twista get 'em

Now, now, I'm a old G in the city and ya knew one day  
A nigga was gon' come along and spit that real shit  
Wanna bet, what?  
(Take it all, you need me)  
That he too much of a thug for you  
Wanna be ballers out here to deal with

Make it competition, go sit on the couch for him  
If he need work I'ma hand it out for him  
If he need a pistol I'ma hand it out for him  
(Take it all, you need me)  
Yung Berg and the Twista and I'll vouch for him, that's  
me

Could spit it just so I could spit it  
Flow a just so could flow a, fuck her like I could fuck her  
(Take it all, you need me)  
Do her like I could do her, get it how you got to get it

Me and my boy came up on tha block  
Hustling by the building  
Just stacking the money up to the ceiling  
Ain't no penicillin finna hit 'em  
When I'm dealing wit 'em ask Yung Berg  
Where we go after we kill 'em?

'Cuz we gettin' money and the roof gon' be so wicked  
Is the reason we can kick it how we kick  
And it's the reason why we pull up on the 30's  
(Take it all, you need me)  
And the Hummers and we don't give a fuck  
If we get a ticket and

Why I pay a hundred dollars for a watch?  
Five fifty for a ounce a kush, three fifty for a pair of  
jeans  
And thirty thousand for a Charger  
(Take it all, you need me)  
Two hundred for all cops on the first look  
Got money on the books

And we got the dollars for Impalers  
And the Thumpers and the Hummers  
And I'm throwing out the other figgas  
Yung B E R to the G wit the TB some killas  
And we never taking shit from off another nigga

Every time I had mo of to dank  
Niggas think I be finish  
But I got mo in the tank  
I'ma score about 80 on 'em

And go in the paint  
(Take it all, you need me)  
I'ma take a chunk of ya chip  
And then go to the bank so, uh

Where do we go from here?  
Where do we go from here?  
(Take it all, you need me)

Yes sir, niggas said Dr Wine wasn't nothing  
3 years later Dr Wine got a budget  
4 years later now everybody love it  
(Take it all, you need me)  
God fucking damn

Niggas said June wasn't that hot  
JB sitting back and I was gon' flop  
Now we on top like dog I told ya  
(Take it all, you need me)

M holla what's good miss ride out  
Let these motherfuckers  
Know what we talk about  
Left lane, Yung Boss

Get ya money we 'bout to turn the lights out  
We about to take it straight to the white house  
Cook crack clean it up then I write down  
Everything that I see we I come around  
(Take it all, you need me)  
Every state every hood that I've been around

84th, just seen to the buggie down  
Niggas know I blow weed when I put it down  
Niggas know I got love, niggas know I been plugged  
(Take it all, you need me)  
That's right I'ma a prince of the Chi-Town

So where my south side niggas at right now  
We gon' all line up in a single file  
And give the whole world something they can sing  
about  
(Take it all, you need me)

Rule 1, better live what you speak bout  
Rule 2, don't slip when you creep out  
Rule 3, grab heat when you leave out  
Rule 4, don't rush nigga ease out  
(Take it all, you need me)  
And Rule 5, fall or die

Cop that shit that the ballers buy  
Ride that wip that the ballers drive  
Big GT Royce Chevy that's ridin' high  
Swang on 'em when you ridin' by and I'm gone

Where do we go from here?  
Where do we go from here?  
(Take it all, you need me)

Yea, it's the boss, baby  
Look what you made me  
Where we going from here?  
So you ridin' wit us so good luck  
You could be with this or that

Yea, so there you have it  
Eat your fucking heart out on this one  
Yung Berg, Twista, ugh

Visit [Yung Berg](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.