

Yaki Kadafi f/ 2Pac, Young Thugz

"Where Will I Be"

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[Verse One: Yaki Kadafi] As I think back to what the whipper's on the rear was for And take look at all my niggas who ain't here no more and all that Wheeling and dealing Ain't looking appealing Cause now I got a funny feeling for a million And hey around my way young thugz stay strapped With extra ammo on they motherfucking back's And crack to sell Can't go back to jail Pack tail and help this young nigga stack some mail And crime's in the New York Times ain't getting better And Lord knows this shit won't last forever These days for the cream and thing's Kids will black out Some cracked out hit the pen max out Come home and blow a back out Cause life's a task Trying to earn some cash without that burning mass and still I ask [EDI aka Big Malcolm talking:] Where will I be this time next year Will I survive or die Yo will I still be here [Chorus: Tupac and Young Thugz] Success, drapped in riches having sex with the badest bitches (But I was only 17 young thug wanting cream and thing's) (My homie couldn't help but dream of fame and still I wonder) Where will I be this time next year Will I survive or die Yo will I still be here (Thinking about, Success, drapped in riches having sex with the badest bitches) But I was only 17 young thug wanting cream and thing's My homie couldn't help but dream of fame [Verse Two: Kastro aka K-Dogg] All I see is Crack feind's and drug dealer's And cops will stop beam scheme's and chrome wheeler's When will these Motherfucker's really feel us Maybe if we illed out and turned into killer's I dream that One day i'll be rich and be on every bitch and Jealous niggas hit list I see you coming and I ain't running It's way too late And if I got to die young then it's just my fate I be a thug nigga The same time around next year (Thug life) No lie, if I cry then it be tek tears '97 probably be hell of heaven for a nigga like me But i'ma keep bailing there ain't no telling where your homie will be And it ain't just only me But all the niggas that I run with Stacking figger's smacking niggas and having fun it's dumb (Why?) Cause in a flash my ass can be a goner So i'ma puff blunts and get drunk when the fuck I wanna And I wonder Where will I be next year [Verse Three: Tupac] I

be fucked up and weeded No introduction needed Get
your hoochie hot enough to eat it As I proceed to kick
the G shit I'm bucking foe's And ducking hoes Suppose
that then can catch me off fucking toes And even
though i'm still high I'm thugging till I die Never let
these bitches catch me with my eye's closed Got bullet
holes in my building Seen the death of many children
Between us them niggas killed them All these stressful
ass memories All I can see is all the homie's that I
witnessed bleed It's is killing me [EDI talking:] Will I
survive or die Yo will I still be here [Chorus: Tupac and
Young Thugz] Success, drapped in riches having sex
with the badest bitches (But I was only 17 young thug
wanting cream and thing's My homie couldn't help but
dream of fame and still I wonder) Where will I be this
time next year Will I survive or die Yo will I still be here
(Thinking about, Success, drapped in riches having sex
with the badest bitches) But I was only 17 young thug
wanting cream and thing's My homie couldn't help but
dream of fame What? What? So what? What? So?

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