

C-Murder "Where We Wanna"

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Tell it, tell it
Let 'em know, ha ha ha ha ha ha

Talk how you wanna talk, hang where you wanna hang
Slang where you wanna slang, Goodie Mob and C-
Murder man

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A soldier out that N.O. camp
Meets the Goodreese, Gods finest 'cause he don't
make no trash
Pop us in your CD changer when you mash
Exemplery, brothers droppin' brothers like the white
man
Shoot street, we won't, so get back

Big gats spray and get no work when he on the porch
smokin' crack
Why girls wanna be Satan to the niggas incarcerated, I
got one love
'Cause I can't get no where hatin', the funk I will not be
rakin'
Uh, I know one nigga that met his match, cakin'
I'm not goin' tell you how to live your life, boy you bakin'

Bitch I'm a runnin' all through you, you's a PT nigga
'Cause we run with true niggas, all about them dollar
figures
Ready to take the war, mafia said go get 'em
Hair growin' long, my hunger pain got my game goin'
strong

From the Twats to the Third Ward
Shippin' them tens across the board like keys
Blowin' D's all the way down to New Orleans
Baton Rouge, have you blues, don't snooze
Or you might lose your life caught up in the fight

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Slugs and thugs go together like pumps and trunks
Ready to dump, yo, laid back, crunk
Blowin' like king jumpin' hoggin' in the 99's
Sizzlin' out my fuckin' face, jumpin' out your polo's

Back up in the blunts birds, flip flop to the rolls elbows
With the look, down here, rushin' all up on the curb
Good bye night please, what you think
Murder can a nigga get up in a tree

Goodie Mob, real mail, A T L, where them killas dwell
South side niggas pushin' motherfuckin' platinum
figures
That many bitches wanna roll with us
But like the weed with no seed we just roll 'em up

Beats by the pound ain't no limit
Goodie Mob and Murder man like Jackie Chan
Hittin' hard and pushin' weight by the sound
You hit the I-10 and head west or we'll test
'Cause down in Twats, fuck the cops, killas packin'
glocks

Lo and Gipp never trip, we goin' sank a nigga ship
T-Mo and Khujo in a motherfuckin' studio
And gettin' crunk, bumpin' in a trunk
And rap when I wanna rap so where my real niggas at

Oh, Lord I'm Sugar Sugar please, take it easy heeze
Already beat him to his knees, he goin' give you your
cheese
Talkin' 'bout the day [unverified] your tippin' the scale
I work your ass like a woman, make you sale your tale

Throw your ass on the stove and repay you there
I'm a let C-Murder make your T-shirt wet
I'm a bet, hot enough to make the concrete sweat
Fuck with me the wrong way and know you'll never
forget

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