

## Die Schröders

### "Which Way You Going"

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[Intro: Beretta 9 (girl)]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, what up mira, what up mira?  
(Get the fuck off my arm, man)  
Check it, check it out, right  
This Beretta 9 from the Killarmy crew  
What's up ma? Two ?? and I'm ripped (Si, eat it)  
Yo, I love pretty birds, what's up  
You rollin' with me? (Who the fuck you callin' a bird)  
(?? la chocha) Yo we don't eat dead birds, honey

[Beretta 9]

What up sweet thing? Lookin' like prom queen, eat  
bitch  
Snake out our dough and do the same thing  
But yo love, beat love to be love, you got to make love  
Slow jams, candles and shit, word up  
While she work it, curved dick, between her pink lips  
Your girlfriends buggin' and shit, check out her hips  
Yo, the God must slayin' it well, guaranteed  
Broke it straight then, the virgin holograms, the misfits  
Big ass, big tits, shorty was raised on grits  
Tall glasses of milk, her grandson was biscuits  
But mad shit she lack, like a girl, she react  
Kings need queens, not no silly dingbats  
Sugar and spice, but yo, you ain't that nice  
Leave your ass fast, and won't think twice

[9th Prince]

Yo, live at the barbeque, two blocks down from Park  
Avenue  
Sky was blue, shorty was dressed like a groom  
Titties and ass round like balloons  
Chinky eyes I analyzed, took my time like an old man  
that's wise  
I pushed up, what up buttercup?  
Probably ebonics, the slang her stuck  
My jewelry was truck, from the moment I spoke  
Bitch almost choked on a note, she fell in love  
Like Cinderella, I said my name was 9th Prince, boo  
Yeah, but you can call Cinde-fella

[Chorus: P.R. Terrorist]

Which way you going? I think we goin' that way too  
Girl, where your friends at? Introduce them to my crew  
We be the livest M.C.'s in the game, you heard boo?  
You heard boo? Yo

[P.R. Terrorist]

Which way you going? I think we goin' that way too  
Yo, where your friends at? Introduce them to my crew  
Harmonize after thick thighs had me hypnotized  
To analyze and cease for a minute, before I advertised  
A young ass, we used to cut class, smoke greenish  
bags  
Back to 49 junior high, I was a bad ass  
Bringin' heat to school, pattin' me down was the  
principal  
Nothin' he would do, gettin' suspended was the usual  
In the boy's room, they in the vacant classroom  
Pokin' fast, got her tight womb, too many come to soon  
But I was young, her little tongue'll get my dick hard  
She feels, tuckin' her tits up in the schoolyard  
Took her virginity in Catholic School Trinity  
Promised that you by first love to infinity

[Chorus 2X]

[Solomon Childs]

Yo, what the deal Miss Chocolate?  
Got us some of French twist, Gucci boots, cover girl  
body  
'88, the Adora hotty, Mary J. Blige body, mahogany  
queen  
Body rollin' round at a slow pace  
Can't make lamb of girl, this the softest place  
Playin' with the cucci at the fireplace  
Catch I, flicks and hundred dollar kicks, lingerie, red  
cherry  
Kitty kats stickin' out the popcorn schrimp and  
strawberries  
Bubble baths and chocolate milk, candle lights after  
dark  
Back shots, late night, in the park  
Solomon Childs, good girl, you heard?  
B.B. Conduct, crushin', forever crushin'

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: P.R. Terrorist]

Let me holla at you, yeah, quick conversation  
Yeah, yo

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