

Hurricane Chris

"Here We Go"

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Featuring Z-Ro

(Intro)

Never back down (never back down)
Never back down to a man or a creature (that's right!)
(Wrote the van drose, king of the ghetto)
I said I will never back down to a man or a creature
(Fuck you and the nigga you love the most, nigga)
Rapping like mafia, let's go!

(Verse)

Who you ever been from around here
Home boy, I kick the syphilitic top to make noise
Better know we going hard!
Don't come at me half steppin cause I'm ready
My 4-4 with me, nothing but spaghetti
Nigga talking like he want it, but he don't
And I know, he a hoe, we could take it toe to toe
Blow that blow! Had your people front row
Now I ain't that cold unless it's snowing
Man, I'm straight honest, see the pro
But if that's how the game go
I put these niggas in they place,
They ain't nothing less, they ain't nothing more
This some shit you can rap to
But if you're real and you know
I told my dad that I was gonna be a gangster when I
was 4
Standing in my grumble yard trying to call my uncle
Spokes
Now I'm bowling and I ain't never coming back
Bro, remember when we used to sneak freaks through
the back door and be quiet
Now we tell them, hit the flow and get live
If you don't know how to drive,
Pay attention to the sign
Plus on the passenger's side hella fine yella phone
With some brown eyes, want me to go deep inside
Realize, still drive like what the hell is a chauffeur
But at that party in the Maybach, my feet kicked up on
you jockers

I'm on my way back from Spain, so let's just say that I'm
not loco
A young CEO, I'm a mother fucking mole
You, you, you I got some microwave well bitch I'm hot
like a toaster
Never seen money? Come and let me show you!
Let me show you

(Hook)

Here we go, we go, go, here we go, we go, go
Here we go, we go, go, here we go, we go, go
(Mother fuckers don't know how we feel)
Here we go we go, go, here we go, we go, go, her we
go
(We gonna show you niggas how we feel)
Here we go we go, go, here we go, we go, go, here we
go
(Oh, mother fuckers don't know how we feel)
Here we go we go, go, here we go, we go, go, here we
go
(We gonna show you niggas how we feel)

(Verse)

Look, who else wanna do that,
Like when the opponent niggas that busted make a
crowd move back
figure this here's original clique and I'll woop a bitch
nigga till my knuckles is blue black
Your pants too goddamn tight to fight, I need my
bitches to stag homie
Can't move in that set, nigga said you can't get his dick
out your ass, homie
Ya fellows be low since droppin, me I'm comin out with
my holster poppin
I can't relax I brought a whole ass and a half-ass nigga
I'm supposed to drop it
I don't fuck with rap niggas
Rap niggas be touching on rap niggas
Better stack free better than let anyone serial boat size
whole in the head of a rap nigga
They speak when they're told to
Fuck, it's up when they told to
Whatever their boss may tell them to do
That's just what they gonna do
I had a book and I respect you, and you don't even own
you
Niggas, try this shit with me, smithereens is what they
get blown to
Ya niggas can't kill me, homie
But even if yall kill me, homie
Yes he did, keep on spinning, I'mma keep on winning,

the whole world gon feel me, homie
Man, God ain't never met a man I'mma run away from
Either one at a time, or all in a line,
I promise I'm ready whenever they come home

(Hook)

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(Verse)

I'm back in this bitch, I'll break your back if you flinch
I make so much money cause I drop nothing but
classical hits
Yeah, I'll be jamming, matter fact, ain't no rapper
ratchet as Chris
But you think you could hold a match anywhere close to
me then we need to handle this shit
Got beef and they coming out from under my shirt with
the burn of the clapping, now let it speak
In a whole nother zone, when I grab microphones don't
nobody never know what they gonna get
Then a nigga so cold, put him on a song, with a nigga
trying to rub a hole in your shit
Got the top off of the coupe, well this other day mane
I'll be rolling the beat
Everything coming out of my mouth is fire, just listen to
Chris
This ain't that swag, swag, swag, this that make me
bust your ass shit
Rapping ass niggas acting like they're on some fag shit
Game over, I got them on my body bag list
I heard you was bad, but words mean pass tense
No key in the Jag, counting cash with my head band
Come from off the back seat with mack and make yo
back flip
Conformation man down, made him do a backflip

(Hook)

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