

Master P

"Where Do We Go From Here(feat. Mac, Nas, Sons of Funk"

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[Master P talking:]

This goes out to all the soldiers out there
All the fallen soldiers, all my soldiers seeking
conviction
Keep your head up and look to the stars for strength
ya heard me? (Hoody Hoo)
Don't let nothing hold you back
Keep your eyes on your enemies
and just remember a wise man learn, but a fool never
will
it aint no limit soldiers

[Verse 1: (Master P)]

Dear Brother, I should I say soldiers of all colors
where we went wrong I wrote this love song for ya
Let me begin to tell ya how I love ya
and if your heart is anything like mine soldier I die for
ya
You never met me but you felt my presence
Your father, Your son, your brother that's my essence
I'm only human so I stress like you, and I'm just like
you,
and someday I gotta leave this flesh like you
We all part of a plan that we would never truly
understand
in convictions, seeking confessions, but confused by
the devil's hand
and no of us was born killers and thieves,
but its the evil we instill in the seed
Am I soldier cause I run against the seed wodie?
Don't nothing truly exist but your dreams wodie
and any times I find myself worshiping the morning
But when you catch me off track just put me back on it
with ya love....

[Chorus: Sons of Funk, (Master P)]

All my soldiers is all I have
(Where do we go from here)

All the bad times we went through
everyday our dreams come true
(Where do we go from here)
You need me and I need you
(Lord tell me where do we go from here)
Change your ways you have time
(Lord tell me where do we go from here)

[Verse 2: (Nas)]

Check it out
I bought this two tickets to see these No Limit movies
Foolish _I Got The Hook Up!_ , me and my baby far
from a hooker
It's good to see young men doing something right with
their life
could be a the next Spielberg, I supported it I enjoyed it
that night
We thug millionaires, everywhere, you look we ballin'
but there always gotta be somebody stupid to spoil it
I call it, everytime I see it, it gets me heated
this fake thugging, actin like they can't bleep shit
Another coward I gotta bury, I'm hot on you secondary,
we vow that you lesser than me
we last forever, mask together,
No Limit, Ill Will, Queensbrigde, killers cash forever
You feel this, have my whole projects on an airplane to
kill shit
Made nigga before the money, killers taking all this
from me
But I learned how to chill, now I'm rightfully living
Cause the clowns out here get you life in the
prison.....Man

[Chorus:]

All my soldiers is all I have
(Where do we go from here)
All the bad times we went through
everyday our dreams come true
(Where do we go from here)
You need me and I need you
(Lord tell me where do we go from here)
Change your ways why you have time
(Lord tell me where do we go from here)

[Verse 3: (Mac)]

Now to you living mothers, havin' hell raising you
brothers
cause the baby's daddy don't love ya

You still a queen ole' girl, don't let him get you down
Just do your thing if he real he gonna come around
but if he don't then you don't need him,
he man enough to make 'em but not man enough to
feed 'em
and it kills him to see you succeeding
so keep your head in the clouds, bump this love song
loud
and every bow, with your girls feeling proud
your heaven-sent,
and I don't understand how you settle for the scrubs it
was never meant
You can do better by your lonely, there's nothing like
being free
and it's never to late so baby go get your G.E.D
If you believe in you like I know you believe in me
then we can live in peace and no longer this misery
your world don't stop, and ain't no limit to trys
and just remember this dark is just some light in
disguise
and my childern say Woah...

[Chours:]

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(Where do we go from here)
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[Master P talking]

Wassup soldiers yall keep ya'll's heads up
It's hard times, we spread love
from ghetto's everywhere
from the south, to the east. to the world
wassup Nas, wassup Mac

we got chase our dreams, I'm chasing mines Picture
me in the NBA Picture me still living Picture us all
making changes That's where we go from here

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