

**C-Murder F/ Goodie Mob****"Murder F/ Goodie Mob - Where We Wanna"**

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[T-Mo]

Tell it.

Tell it.

Let em know.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

[Khujō]

Chorus

Talk how you wanna talk, hang where you wanna hang

Slang where you wanna slang, Goodie Mob and C-

Murder man x2

[Khujō]

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

[T-Mo]

Bitch I'm a runnin all through you, you's a PT nigga

Cause we run with TRU 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

[Khujo]  
Chorus x2

[Big Gipp]  
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

[C-Murder]  
Goodie Mob, real mail, A-T-L, where them killas dwell  
Southside 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

[Cee-Lo]  
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 ?? 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

[Khujo]  
Chorus x4

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