

Dieter Annon

"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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