

## Flower Kings, The "Where You Think You Goin'"

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Yeah, where you think you goin'?  
Where you think you goin'?  
Ladies and gentlemen, it's the unit for the 9-8  
Flipmode Squad baby, that's my word  
All you sucker MC's, try to hide this stuff, come back  
here  
Where you think you goin', nigga? Come back here  
Y'all niggaz ain't seein' Jack, shit

Aiiyo, speak the truth  
Too short to let it hurt, some talk dirt  
And be the first slangin' hertz  
Freestylin' of the hum of the birds

Fall back when I shine on my shine, two shows follow  
behind  
It's a fucked up vehicle, switchin' my lines  
Hotel asks a nigga, "Could I share my dimes"  
Picture that, when you scared to draw toes, playin' me  
close

Rollin' with the dogs wearin' yesterdays clothes  
Left a fouled sin into my squad without permission  
I started dissin', hopin' you listen  
Pay attention

Fatheresly, the shadow leads you back to the hood  
You wanna switch up because some niggas stalked you  
up  
Or is the fact that they thought you was rollin' with us  
Left you all draged like two trains crashin' it up

Aiiyo, 'Spliff Starr' drama, bullet him to sonna  
Type of nigga that would sell crack to your mama  
Take the cash and give me a bind Marijuana  
Check me bound and some turn bull panic

Back in the days, I'm off the drugs like a sonna  
Nigga pushin' boy, kill 'emselves like no other  
Kid don't like Blues brothers, cold weather rock the  
ramma

Lie in front of the jury, D.A. and ya

I represent street niggas, carry heat niggas  
Wants to keep niggas, ain't nothin' but these sweet  
niggas  
I stay token, gun butt cha scar open  
If you fuck wit my squad nigga where you think you  
goin'?

Where you think you goin'?  
Where you think you goin'?  
Aiiyo, what you doin' nigga?  
Where you think you goin'?

Where you think you goin'?  
Where you think you goin'?  
Aiiyo, what you movin' for?  
Where you think you goin'?

Where you think you goin'?  
Where you think you goin'?  
Aiiyo, what you doin' nigga?  
Where you think you goin'?

You think that you can run  
You think that you can hide  
You best believe you still comin'  
I think you better slide  
While you stay bitchin', another nigga missin'

Bodies snatch you up, behold the cream  
Cought in hells kitchen, my trigger fingers itchin'  
Nervous system's fucked up  
That's why my nerves twitchin'

Inslave your mentality nigga brain fried  
We after you, runnin' surgeon for a free ride  
Where you think you goin' son?  
We gon' catch you soon

We here to take over this shit  
Pour the tycoon  
Blossom and gloom  
Capture any nigga sober in a little dark room  
Ha ha ha ha ha

Uh, oh, you lil' league boy I know your beats  
You sound bullshitely, you rock  
Swearin' you to ball, when you know you're wack  
In a studio settin' of a reverands track

Boy, Rah gets busy, my shit be way slaver  
Curder rapper Ernest like the one slave labor  
One first be like the bitch tap oil  
Loyal to my niggas Enemies are fucked around  
And riders rappin for you

Spot stays blowin' goin' to the top  
Where you think you're goin'  
Pocket stay throwin', smooth like the lowin'  
Rap chick flowin', where you think you're goin'?

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I'm a hard man at work  
Lyrical expert  
Look out before you get hurt  
Bury the dirt, line for line

Ramp I be the mastermind  
That's be full time watch me shine  
I know the seven sign  
I'm rich and still life is a bitch

Losin' snitch like camey fake beggar  
Jim Baker I take you're life like the undertaker  
Flipmode money maker, make that kill for this paper  
It's on the poppin'

People wanna know when the album droppin'  
Start talkin' keep walkin'  
Flatbush New York and we live for you  
Sling for you

My squad struck oil  
Now we coppin', platinum things  
Diamond rings, nice cosy things  
And a party for free

From the tunnel to envy  
Ramp's the rugged MC  
My squad keeps growin'  
Where you think you goin'

Chief gunnin' to splash rain potters pooves  
Fuck is you start stand peach  
Chuff for choose, scoffer booves  
Now low muscles moves

Smash crew like statue with jungle jewels  
Son gets school, wit the dummin' crew  
Pay double dues Cradle to the graves, hustle grooves  
Flesh tissue, death kiss, you no love for you, oh

And me the most wanted fool  
Unfriendly in horrical, make power moves  
Snatch colors loose, a dollar rule  
Raw business shit in my hands, and shakes yours with  
it

Till you cause fridget  
Local or long distance  
Gets master served and crash a burn  
Like James Evans when I'm blowin'

Fuck is wrong wit cha  
Where you think you're goin'?  
Where you think you're goin'?  
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