

Kadafi

"Where Will I Be"

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As I think back to what the whipper's on the rear was for
And take look at all my niggas who ain't here no more
and all that
Wheeling and dealing
Ain't looking appealing
Cause now I got a funny feeling for a million
And hey around my way young thugz stay strapped
With extra ammo on they motherfucking back's
And crack to sell
Can't go back to jail
Pack tail and help this young nigga stack some mail
And crime's in the New York Times ain't getting better
And Lord knows this shit won't last forever
These days for the cream and thing's
Kids will black out
Some cracked out hit the pen max out
Come home and blow a back out
Cause life's a task
Trying to earn some cash without that burning mass
and still I ask

Where will I be this time next year
Will I survive or die
Yo will I still be here

Success, drapped in riches having sex with the badest
bitches
(But I was only 17 young thug wanting cream and
thing's)
(My homie couldn't help but dream of fame and still I
wonder)
Where will I be this time next year
Will I survive or die
Yo will I still be here
(Thinking about, Success, drapped in riches having sex
with the badest
Bitches)
But I was only 17 young thug wanting cream and
thing's
My homie couldn't help but dream of fame

All I see is
Crack feind's and drug dealer's
And cops will stop beam scheme's and chrome
wheeler's
When will these
Motherfucker's really feel us
Maybe if we illed out and turned into killer's
I dream that
One day I'll be rich and be on every bitch and
Jealous niggas hit list
I see you coming and I ain't running
It's way too late
And if I got to die young then it's just my fate
I be a thug nigga
The same time around next year (Thug life)
No lie, if I cry then it be tek tears
'97 probably be hell of heaven for a nigga like me
But I'm a keep bailing there ain't no telling where your
homie will be
And it ain't just only me
But all the niggas that I run with
Stacking figger's smacking niggas and having fun it's
dumb
(Why?)
Cause in a flash my ass can be a goner
So I'm a puff blunts and get drunk when the fuck I
wanna
And I wonder
Where will I be next year

I be fucked up and weeded
No introduction needed
Get your hoochie hot enough to eat it
As I proceed to kick the G shit
I'm bucking foe's
And ducking hoes
Suppose that then can catch me off fucking toes
And even though I'm still high
I'm thugging till I die
Never let these bitches catch me with my eye's closed
Got bullet holes in my building
Seen the death of many children
Between us them niggas killed them
All these stressful ass memories
All I can see is all the homie's that I witnessed bleed
It's is killing me

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Yo will I still be here

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What?
What?
So what?
What?
So?

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