

Tung Twista

"Where Do We Go From Here"

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Power.. pow.. power...

Guess who's back? Hahaha, here we go
It's ninety-fo', what's next?

Power.. enter my world

I guess this year gonna be a motherfucker for real
niggaz
I swear these playa haters done got a taste of power
It ain't all good in the hood
Least not on my side, from where I stand
And the law? Man, fuck the law!
Niggaz must outthink, outstep, and continuously
outsmart
The motherfuckin law, in every way
Key word in ninety-four is 'down low'
Gots to be struggling
I see how the rich got theirs
Nigga I'm legit, shit
Where do we go from here?
(Who's afraid, of the punk police?
To my niggaz run the streets, fuck peace) -- [repeat in
background]
Heyyy niggaz, where your heart at?
See motherfuckers killin babies, killin mommas
Killin kids, puttin this in they motherfuckin mark
Now what type of mixed up trick would kill the future of
our race
Before he would he look his enemy dead in the eye,
and open fire?
These crazy motherfuckers got toys with guns
Jails for guns, but still, no god damn jobs
And they wonder why we loc'n up
Where do we go from here?
Where do we go?
[singers singing variations of 'Where do we go from
here']
All you niggaz out there
The clouds shook, the world listened
We stood together in April of ninety-two

With duty, and a sense of honor
There is no limit to what WE can achieve
That's all on us... us...
Not my niggaz, not the whites, not the enemies
Or none of them motherfuckers, US
What can WE do? Shit
I declare a death sentence to all child molesters
Fake-ass bitches, male and female
And all you punk-ass snitches
We can do without your asshole
Let no man break, what we set
Where do we go from here?

Rest in peace, to Cato, I miss you
All the other real G's that passed away in ninety-three
In ninety-four, and more
What do we do? For us?

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