

Where We Wanna

C-Murder

Tell it.
Tell it.
Let em know.
Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Talk how you wanna talk, hang where you wanna hang
Slang where you wanna slang, Goodie Mob and C-Murder man x2

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

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

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 f**kin 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

Goodie Mob, real mail, A-T-L, where them killas dwell
Southside niggas pushin motherf**kin 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 Cha
n
Hittin hard and pushin weight by the sound
You hit the I-10 and head west or we'll test
Cause down in Twats, f**k the cops, killas packin glocks
Lo and Gipp never trip, we goin sank a nigga ship
T-Mo and Khujo in a motherf**kin studio
And gettin crunk, bumpin in a trunk
And rap when I wanna rap so where my real niggas at

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
f**k with me the wrong way and know you'll never forget