

## Here We Go

## Chamillionaire

Here we go again  
That's life  
Ooh, ooh, ooh... alright  
Can't you see that it's raining? (hol' up)  
Can't you see that it's pouring?  
They just wanna see rainfall (hol' up)  
They just hope that it's storming  
I was gonna tell you when it rains it pours  
Moder Nature's playing her part  
C'mon, I don't have a lot of time to tell you this  
But this is where we gon' start, hol' up

Teenager from the North side of town  
It was a rainy day in Houston now  
Wasn't no hoopers out, just people that would loot your house  
In a city where they used to smile, you could lose your child  
Think back when I heard a rap  
I would listen to the words of Chad and Bun B  
"Have you heard of that?" is what I heard them ask  
I never ever heard them laugh  
Uncle Ro was a street cat  
He was down with a Chi-town producer named Hurt-M-Badd  
He did Hail Mary for 2Pac  
When he spoke everybody listened to him like you heard the man  
I met them out Rap-A-Lot, I was droppin' of my partner Crime  
And I was really young at the time, I wasn't even 'sposed to be there  
He asked me to come with him cause he knew I could rap some lines  
No problem, on the way driving everybody else working on their day job, and  
Don't sell weight, no I ain't robbing  
I'm a keep going, told 'em that I ain't stopping  
Had rhymes I was tryna bust, I guess I said something that was live enough  
I had the type of vibe that these guys could trust  
And one said you should come out to the Chi with us  
Can't do, it took a little while to get cool  
This relationship was brand new, but you know I had too  
Fast forward three months later, where do you think Cham flew?  
Touch down in a windy place, make a move to Chicago  
Work for survival, Vice Lords and Disciples  
"Stay gangsta" was the motto, really, what do I know?  
Well, I learned real quick how to not die  
Don't wear your ball cap to the wrong side  
Matter fact, you don't wanna get the wrong vibe  
Don't wear the ball cap if you gon' ride  
It's what he told me, and he was OG  
And when I listened to him I had did it closely  
It was cold so he brought me a coogi  
And matter fact he never told me "you owe me"  
Think about it that was cool as hell  
And I was try'na rap, tryna do it well  
He had that type of hustle that included scales  
The type of hustle that could put a dude in jail  
I slept on his couch, I had said my prayer  
Like, "why the hell did I move way out here?"  
"How did I get this great idea?"  
Three months later I disappea...