

# Where Do We Go

Yung Berg

Where do we go from here  
Now that all of the children are grown up  
And I will re-spend my time  
Knowing nobody gives us a hand

Aye (Aye)  
If yall niggas don't get ya money right  
This time you know what sayin'  
I'm giving niggas till the end of 07 bout 08  
(Where we going)  
My bank account goin' have 8 digits that is  
Lets go (Lets go)

Nobody gave me nothing  
I made 50 of a pack  
When I made 100  
I ran straight to the block  
Bounced back with the work like  
(Take it all you need me)  
Yes sir  
Niggas better get wit the program  
I'm fast on a track  
But I kill a slow jam  
Oh man, god damn  
(Take it all you need me)  
YB gang thats the new thing  
Brand new chain is straight from Hussein  
Mo shoes mo cars  
(Take it all you need me)  
Mo clothes mo brain  
Oh yeah  
You done seen a few niggas  
Wit a yang like me  
Never really had dough  
And shorty like my  
Never rolled around in a drop top V  
Like me, like we, YB, thats us  
Too fast, too hard  
(Take it all you need me)  
Young buck, catch up  
Yep,  
I'ma prime time player  
Shorty don't smoke weed  
She a high time hater and  
Why date her hand  
My paper is,  
(Take it all you need me)  
Few taller than, a skyscraper  
Niggas better know how to ride the 101  
Big shotgun and I buy another one  
And another (and another)  
And another (and another)  
(Take it all you need me)  
Keep going, is you wit it  
You ain't got shit to say less you did it  
You ain't never came from nothin' and blew wit it  
(But) who did it

(Yep) I did it  
YB, thats the new

Where do we go from here  
Where do we go from here  
(Take it all you need me)

Where we going from here niggas  
I know where we going  
But where you going  
Don't miss the train nigga  
Headed straight to the young boss mansion  
Southside stand up  
Location top of the world  
Westside get up K-Town  
Twista get em,

Now now  
I'm a old g in the city and ya knew one day  
A nigga was goin' come along and spit that real shit  
Wanna bet, what  
(Take it all you need me)  
That he too much of a thug for you  
Wanna be ballers out here to deal with,  
Make it competition go sit on the couch for him  
If he need work I'ma hand it out for him  
If he need a pistol I'ma hand it out for him  
(Take it all you need me)  
Yung Berg and the Twista and I'll vouch for him  
Thats me,  
Could spit it just so I could spit it  
Flow a just so could flow a  
Fuck her like I could fuck her  
(Take it all you need me)  
Do her like I could do her  
Get it how you got to get it  
Me and my boy came up on the block  
Hustling by the building  
Just stacking the money up to the ceilin'  
Ain't no penicillin finna hit em  
When I'm dealing wit em ask Yung Berg  
Where we go after we kill 'em  
Cause we gettin' money and the roof goin' be so wicked  
Is the reason we can kick it how we kick and  
Its the reason why we pull up on the 30's  
(Take it all you need me)  
And the hummers and  
We don't give a fuck if we get a ticket and  
Why I pay a hundred dollars for a watch  
Five Fifty for a ounce a Kush  
Three Fifty for a pair of jeans  
And thirty thousand for a charger  
(Take it all you need me)  
Two Hundred for all cops on the first look  
Got money on the books  
And we got the dollars for Impalas  
And the thumpers and the hummers  
And I'm throwing out the other figgas  
Yung B E R to the G wit the TB some killers  
And we never taking shit from off another nigga  
Every time I had mo of to dank  
Niggas think I be finish  
But I got mo in the tank

I'ma score about 80 on em  
And go in the paint  
(Take it all you need me)  
I'ma take a chunk of ya chip  
And then go to the bank so uh

Yes sir  
Niggas said Dr. Wine wasn't nothing  
3 years later Dr. Wine got a budget  
4 years later now everybody love it  
(Take it all you need me)  
God fucking damn!  
Niggas said June wasn't that hot  
JB sitting back and I was goin' flop  
Now we on top like dog I told ya,  
(Take it all you need me)  
M holla whats good miss ride out  
Let these motherfuckers  
Know what we talk about  
Left lane, young boss  
Get ya money we bout to turn the lights out  
We about to take it straight to the white house  
Cook crack clean it up then I write down  
Everything that I see we I come around  
(Take it all you need me)  
Every state every hood that I've been around  
84th just seen to the buggie down  
Niggas know I blow weed when I put it down  
Niggas know I got love niggas know I been plugged  
(Take it all you need me)  
Thats right I'ma a prince of the shy town  
So where my Southside niggas at right now  
We goin' all line up in a single file  
And give the whole world something they can sing about  
(Take it all you need me)  
Rule 1 better live what you speak bout  
Rule 2 don't slip when you creep out  
Rule 3 grab heat when you leave out  
Rule 4 don't rush nigga ease out  
(Take it all you need me)  
And Rule 5 fall or die  
Cop that shit that the ballers buy  
Ride that whip that the ballers drive  
Big GT Royce Chevy thats ridin' high  
Swing on em when you ridin' by and I'm gone

Yea  
Its the boss baby  
Look what you made me  
Where we going from here  
So you ridin' wit us so good luck  
You could be with this or that

Yea  
So there you have it  
Eat your fucking heart out on this one  
Yung Berg, Twista