Where Do We Go

Yung Berg

Bro, what's poppin'?
It's 'bout time, real Chi-Town niggas link up
Without no further a due
I give you Yung Berg and Twista, let's get it in
Where do we go from here?
Now that all of the children are grown up
And I will respond my time
Knowing nobody gives us a hand
Aye
(Aye)
If y'all 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 gon' have eight digits that is
Let's go
(Let's 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, goddamn
(Take it all, you need me)
YB gang, that's the new thang
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 doh and shorty like my
Never rolled around in a drop top V
Like me, like we, YB, that's 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, that's 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 Yung Boss mansion
South side stand up
Location top of the world
West side 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 gon' 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, that's 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 tha block
Hustling by the building
Just stacking the money up to the ceiling
Ain't no penicillin finna hit 'em
When I'm dealing wit 'em ask Yung Berg
Where we go after we kill 'em?
'Cuz we gettin' money and the roof gon' be so wicked
Is the reason we can kick it how we kick
And it's 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 Impalers
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 killas
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
Where do we go from here?
Where do we go from here?
(Take it all, you need me)
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 gon' flop

Now we on top like dog I told ya
(Take it all, you need me)
M holla what's good miss ride out
Let these motherfuckers
Know what we talk about
Left lane, Yung 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)
That's right I'ma a prince of the Chi-Town
So where my south side niggas at right now
We gon' 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 wip that the ballers drive
Big GT Royce Chevy that's ridin' high
Swang on 'em when you ridin' by and I'm gone
Where do we go from here?
Where do we go from here?
(Take it all, you need me)
Yea, it's 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, ugh

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