

Where We Wanna (feat. Goodie Mobb)

C-Murder

[Featuring Goodie Mob]

[T Mo]

Tell it.

Tell it.

Let em know.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

[Khujō]

Chorus

Talk how you want to talk hang where you want to hang
Slang where you want to slang Goodie Mob and see Murder man x2

[Khujō]

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 want to 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

[T-Mo]

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

[Khujō]

Chorus x2

[Big Gipp]

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 fuckin 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
[C-Murder]
Goodie Mob, real mail, A-T-L, where them killas dwell
Southside niggas pushin motherfuckin platinum figures
That many bitches want to 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 Chan

Hittin hard and pushin weight by the sound
You hit the I-10 and head west or we'll test
Cause down in Twats, fuck the cops, killas packin glocks
Lo and Gipp never trip, we goin sank a nigga ship
T-Mo and Khujo in a motherfuckin studio
And gettin crunk, bumpin in a trunk
And rap when I want to rap so where my real niggas at
[Cee-Lo]

Oh, suga suga please, take it eazy eaz,
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 see-Murda make your teeth turn red
I'm a bet, hot enough to make the concrete sweat
Fuck with me the wrong way and know you'll never forget

[Khujo]
Chorus x4

Songwriters

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