

# C-Murder, Where We Wanna

[T-Mo]

Tell it.

Tell it.

Let em know.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

[Khujo]

Chorus

Talk how you wanna talk, hang where you wanna hang

Slang where you wanna slang, Goodie Mob and C-Murder man x2

[Khujo]

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

[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

[Khujo]

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 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 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 wanna rap so where my real niggas at

[Cee-Lo]

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  
Fuck with me the wrong way and know you'll never forget

[Khujo]  
Chorus x4