

C-Murder, Where Do We Go

[C-Murder]

You know I just got outta jail and everything
and I'm trying to change my life for the better
You know I got kids to feed but I got a question you know
Where do I go from here?

Chorus [Sons of Funk]

Tell me where do we go from here?
Tell me why must I shed my tears?
The ghetto is a jungle, but I call it home
I gotta struggle to live, so leave me alone
Tell me where do we go from here?
Tell me why must I shed my tears?
The ghetto is a jungle, but I call it home
I gotta struggle to live, so leave me alone

[C-Murder]

So many rainy days and gun sprays, I'm hearing AK's out my window
Close my shades, let me blaze on this indo
My situation getting sticky, life is green
I mean I'm 19, and my momma is a dope fiend
And I think about all the hard times we had
No dad, no time shared, the buster never cared
A little bastard child, going wild,
Another victim of a broken home, my TRU friend was the chrome
And if it wasn't for bad, I had no luck at all
I represented my hood, I sprayed my name on the wall
Fresh outta jail, and I'm here to see the sun rise another year
But tell me where do we go from here

Chorus [Sons of Funk]

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[Mac]

The ghetto is hot, it's dark, and most of all it's a prison
Most of my niggas serve life sentences, only the few is risen
I made it out the hood but my people still there
Some of them dead, strung out, up in they wheelchair
I still care from a distance
and I know that any day could lead me back to that crimey insistance
I tell the kids be persistent, when they follow they dreams
Ain't no telling what tommorrow brings
Ain't no time to be wasting, you wanna be a doctor or the patient?
Hesitation can lead to expiration, only God can predict it,
Where do we go from here, snorting powder, drinking beer
Smokin' crack, killin' our peers, I shed tears

Chorus [Sons of Funk]

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Tell me where do we go from here?
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[Silkk]

Where do we go from here, after we all gone
and where do we go after we ain't got no place to call home
Hell I'm just glad to be breathing
?? like I was the projects for a reason
Shit, tell my niggas we gotta live, and some gotta give
Y'all gotta rise above this shit, and turn negatives into positive
Yeah I struggled, but I'ma hustler, and that's self explanatory
So if I die trying, the hood can just tell y'all my story
Niggas seen killings and drug dealings,
imagine we'd dream through it all
Old ladies ?? through the window, I guess she done seen it all
It's up to you, cause nobody seems to jam with us
We struggled to long at the bottom, nowhere else to go but up

Chorus [Sons of Funk]

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