

# 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?

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  
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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

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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 tomorrow brings  
Ain't no time to be wasting, you want to 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

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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  
why'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 why'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

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