

Here We Go

Hurricane Chris

[only Z-Ro's verse and chorus are correct]

[Hurricane Chris's intro (Z-Ro):]

Never backed down (never backed down)
Never backed down to a man or a creature (that's right!)
(Rother Vandross, King Of The Ghetto)
I said I would never back down to a man or a creature (Hurricane...)
(Fuck you and the nigga you love the most, nigga)
Rap-A-Lot Mafia (let's go!)

[Hurricane Chris's verse:]

Who you ever been from around here
Home boy, I kick the syphilitic top to make noise
Better know we're going hard!
So don't come on me cause I'm ready
My 44 nothing but spaghetti
Nigga talking like he wanted, but he don't
And I know, he a hoe, we could take it toe to toe
Blow that blow! I had your people ..
Now I ain't that cold unless it's snowing
Man, I'm straight honest, see the pro
But it's the
A pretty niggas in the place,
They ain't nothing less, ain't nothing more
Listen shit you can rap to
But if you're real and you know
I told my dad I always gonna be a gangster when I was frozed
Standing in my yard trying to call my uncle..
Now I'm bowling and ain't never coming back
Bro, remember when we used to sneak.. through the back door and be quiet
Now we sell them, hit the flow and get live
Cause you all know how to drive,
Pay attention to the sign
Plus on the.. decide it's a hell of fat,
Yellow bone with some brown eyes, want me to go deep inside
Realize, still drive like what the hell is a chauffeur
But at that party in the Maybach, my chick .on you dopers
I'm on my way back from Spain, so let's just say that I'm not loco
A young CEO, I'm a mother fucking mole
You, you, you I got some microwave like a toaster
Never seen money? Come and let me show you!
Let me show you:

[Z-Ro's chorus:]

Here we go, we go, go, here we go, we go, go
(Motherfuckers don't know how real feel)
Here we go we go, go, here we go, we go, go, her we go
(We gonna show you niggas how real feel)
Here we go we go, go, here we go, we go, go, here we go
(Motherfuckers don't know how real feel)

Here we go we go, go, here we go, we go, go, here we go
(We gonna show you niggas how real feel)

[Z-Ro's verse:]

Look, who that wanna do that like run up
On a nigga that'll bust and make the crowd move back
Nigga, this here's original clique and I'll whoop
A bitch nigga till my knuckles is blue black
Your pants too goddamn tight to fight
I need my ?????? to sag, homie
You can't move unless that nigga say
You can get his dick out your ass, homie
Ya fellas be lotion shopping
Me I'm coming out with my holster popping
I can't relax around a hoe ass and
A half-ass nigga I'm supposed to drop them
I don't fuck with rap niggas
Rap niggas be touching on rap niggas
I'd rather stack figures and leave
A cereal bowl size hole in a head of a rap nigga
They speak when they're told to
Fuck is up when they're told to
Whatever their boss may tell them to do
That's just what they gon' do
How the fuck can I respect you
When you don't even own you
They can try this shit with me
And smithereens is what they get blown to
Ya niggas can't kill me, homie
But even if ya'll kill me, homie
The CD keep spinning, I'm a
Keep on winning 'til whole world gon' feel me, homie
Man, God ain't never met a man
I'mma run away from
Either one at a time, or all in a line,
I promise I'm ready whenever they come, I don't play
none

[Chorus:]

Here we go, we go, go, here we go, we go, go
(Motherfuckers don't know how real feel)
Here we go we go, go, here we go, we go, go, here we go
(We gonna show you niggas how real feel)
Here we go we go, go, here we go, we go, go, here we go
(Mother fuckers don't know how real feel)
Here we go we go, go, here we go, we go, go, here we go
(We gonna show you niggas how real feel)

[Hurricane Chris's 2nd verse:]

I'm back in this bitch, I break your back if you flinch
I make so much money cause I drop nothing but classical
hits
Yeah, I'll be dreaming, as a matter of fact, ain't no
rapper
But you think you could all imagine .. what closed to
them,
We need to handle this shit!
Got.. coming out of my show with a and the clapping,
and let it speak
And the whole let us all, when I grab like a phone
That a nigga so cold, when I'm on a song, with a nigga
trying to rub a hole in your shit
Got a top on for the.. I'll be rolling the beat

Everything coming out.. fire, just listen the
This ain't the swag, swag, swag, this will make me bust
your ass shit
Rapping ass niggas acting like they're on some fake
shit
Game over, I got them on my body beg list
I heard you was bad, but words mean
No key in.. counting cash with my head..
Come from to make you back seat
Conformation down, made them to a

Chorus:

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