

Here We Go

Chamillionaire

Here we go again
That's life
Ooh, ooh, ooh... alright
Can't you see that it's raining? (hol' up)
Can't you see that it's pouring?
They just wanna see rainfall (hol' up)
They just hope that it's storming
I was gonna tell you when it rains it pours
Moder Nature's playing her part
C'mon, I don't have a lot of time to tell you this
But this is where we gon' start, hol' up

Teenager from the North side of town
It was a rainy day in Houston now
Wasn't no hoopers out, just people that would loot your house
In a city where they used to smile, you could lose your child
Think back when I heard a rap
I would listen to the words of Chad and Bun B
"Have you heard of that?" is what I heard them ask
I never ever heard them laugh
Uncle Ro was a street cat
He was down with a Chi-town producer named Hurt-M-Badd
He did Hail Mary for 2Pac
When he spoke everybody listened to him like you heard the man
I met them out Rap-A-Lot, I was droppin' of my partner Crime
And I was really young at the time, I wasn't even 'sposed to be there
He asked me to come with him cause he knew I could rap some lines
No problem, on the way driving everybody else working on their day job, and
Don't sell weight, no I ain't robbing
I'm a keep going, told 'em that I ain't stopping
Had rhymes I was tryna bust, I guess I said something that was live enough
I had the type of vibe that these guys could trust
And one said you should come out to the Chi with us
Can't do, it took a little while to get cool
This relationship was brand new, but you know I had too
Fast forward three months later, where do you think Cham flew?
Touch down in a windy place, make a move to Chicago
Work for survival, Vice Lords and Disciples
"Stay gangsta" was the motto, really, what do I know?
Well, I learned real quick how to not die
Don't wear your ball cap to the wrong side
Matter fact, you don't wanna get the wrong vibe
Don't wear the ball cap if you gon' ride
It's what he told me, and he was OG
And when I listened to him I had did it closely
It was cold so he brought me a coogi
And matter fact he never told me "you owe me"
Think about it that was cool as hell
And I was try'na rap, tryna do it well
He had that type of hustle that included scales
The type of hustle that could put a dude in jail
I slept on his couch, I had said my prayer
Like, "why the hell did I move way out here?"
"How did I get this great idea?"
Three months later I disappea...