

## Common F/ Jill Scott

### "Where You At"

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[ CHORUS ]

[ Kool G Rap ]

Yo, if you make a lotta cream and don't share them  
stacks

[ Prodigy ]

Yeah, it ain't where you from, it's where you at  
I know a lotta niggas that'll tear your back

[ Kool G Rap ]

It ain't where you from, kid, it's where you at

[ Prodigy ]

Listen, if you goin out of town and don't bear them gats

[ Kool G Rap ]

It ain't where you from, kid, it's where you at  
If you caught up in a beef and you scared to clap

[ Prodigy ]

Dogs, it ain't where you from, it's where you at

[ VERSE 1: Kool G Rap ]

Shit, thug listen (What up baby?)

Ain't nothin 'round here but drug addiction

Niggas is anti-love-livin

The slug-givin little shortie on the snub itchin

For beef, he might get left in the street with his blood  
drippin

The poor niggas sling crack, real raw niggas that bang  
gats

Crazy lady jumped on the train tracks

Know if you owe somebody dough you better bring that

Them kids is live, put five where your brain at

You walk the streets of the slums

Know to spot beef when it come

Reach for the guns or feel the heat from the ones

Never know who your killer be (Yeah, speak to no one)

Just put a Desert Eagle beak in his lung

Leak em and run, some guys light the blunts up

(And then what?) And then go ride with the pumps up

Chopped up bitch inside of a dumpster

Paramedics tryin to speed a nigga pulse up

(Yo, he's a cold blue) victim of the vultures

Block sizzlin hot, flooded in the middle with cops

Innocent nigga topped, riddled with shots



Kids up in rock spots clock knots, fiddle with glocks  
Ready to die for what little they got  
Tricks, hoes and thugs (That's right)  
The ones that put holes in mugs  
Waitin outside for them ones that pose in clubs  
To that strange nigga knockin on your do' with gloves  
Let the .44 blow for grub, it's no love

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 2: Prodigy ]

You got uniformed cops, the D's when it's hot  
TNT knockin down the door of your spot  
The feds come get you once you think you on top  
They just been buildin they case, they got you on tape  
The CIA clip you if the shit is that deep  
Your money's that long, you ain't that strong  
Informants'll bury you under the jail  
They got wires and statements for juries to hear  
Then they got rivals that got it clickin just like you  
That's your competition, them niggas tryin to eat too  
They'll set you up for dead if you don't show strength  
Extort all your workers cause you ain't built for this  
Plus stick-up kids and jealous-ass niggas  
You gotta watch your front, sides and your back  
(Damn)  
You gotta keep your eyes on your bitch and your mens  
You gotta keep your mind sharp livin so fed

[ CHORUS (2X) ]

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