

Ray J f/ Game

"Where You At"

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[Intro] Man I heard that nigga Ray J got ten million off a BITCH! Then less than three, off a deal? Shit, add that all up, that's 13 million! [Chorus: Ray J] + (Game)
Where you at? (I got it) Where you at? (I got it) Where you at? (I got it) All my niggaz makin money Where you at? {Where you at?} Where you at? {Where you at?} Where you at? {Where you at?} All my bitches makin money where you at? {"In my cherry red shirt, and my Anaheim fitted"} {"In my cherry red shirt, and my Anaheim fitted"} {"In my cherry red shirt, and my Anaheim fitted"} {"Nigga throwin up the beat, baby can you get wit it?"} [Ray J] Soon as I got a mil', uh, I got a zone Got a couple cribs, and, all brand new homes Smokin and poppin pills, that's how it goin In my cherry red shirt, in the club gettin loaded Bitch I'm a baller (Ray J) but I ain't hoopin I'm off the courts, in a view swoopin And you can confirm THAT (with the whole West Coast) Cause my nigga DJ Quik brought this beat funk music [Chorus] [Game] I'm in cherry red Chucks, Anaheim fitted Brim low, drive by, tell 'em Anaheim did it Game the banger, part-time slanger Half-time hustler, put soap on a hangar Let it damp out, khaki suit flamin like the camp out Game on a track I'll blow the fuckin amps out Gangbang while I drive, pullin six tramps out X Games in the hood, bring the fuckin ramps out (where you at?) D-boys on the block, 'til they see the vans out Three dollar X pills, call that shit a handout She know that sex sells so she got her ass out But we ain't buyin nothin but PatrÃ³n bitch pass out (where you at?) Where I'm at? In the hood on D's Five years after I was in the hood on ki's Rockin the A's hat, like where the haze at? Red rag in my right pocket and I stay strapped [Chorus] - 2X

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