

B.G. aka B. Gizzle f/ Homebwoi

"Where Da At"

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[B.G.]

What's your heart beatin for, ha? (You SCARRRRRED)
What's your heart beatin for, ha?

[Intro] + (B.G.)

Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh! (Uhh, deez niggaz scarred)
What's up ladies and gentlemen? (Deez bitch niggaz
scared)
Boys and girls (It's lil B. Gizzle, Homebwoi)
ColliPark music (ColliPark, Chopper City)
And I'm so sick and tired of bein sick and tired
of bein sick and tired bein sick and muh'fuckin tired
All these pussy-ass niggaz (I see they heart beatin - I
see it)
(I know what's happenin with 'em)
(We gon' do it like this-sheah - c'mon)

What's your heart beatin for, ha? (You SCARRRRRED)
What's your heart beatin for, ha?

[Chorus]

WHERE DEY AT? In the club; WHERE DEY AT? Showin
love
WHERE DEY AT? In the drop ridin twenty-deuce dubs
WHERE DEY AT? In the street; WHERE DEY AT? With the
beat
WHERE DEY AT? With dey bitch still talkin 'bout me
WHERE DEY AT? In the back; WHERE DEY AT? In the 'llac
WHERE DEY AT? In the hood still gettin they ass jacked
WHERE DEY AT? Gettin 2-way; WHERE DEY AT? In the
who-ay
WHERE DEY AT? Talkin bad but it's still all goo-ey

[B.G.]

Man I'm rollin with the gangsters, kick it with the G's
Hustle with the hustlers I'm "The Heart of the Streetz"
Grind with the ballers, ball with the grinders
Keep it real with my clique so my whole team shiners
Ride with the riders, swim with the sharks
If I get caught I got nuttin to say to the law
I'm built to last, ever since them niggaz killed my dad

Crackin a pen and pad is all I had
It's get it how you live with me
Busters don't know how to deal with me; it's all real with
me
All the street niggaz scared of me
All the hot girls love me they say "Boy put that drill in
me"
I come through, limo tint on the truck
I got a whole block spooked when I ride slow, puttin it
up
Got straight, Seagram's gin in my cup
I ain't gon' do ya nuttin scary-ass nigga, what'cha heart
beatin for?

What's your heart beatin for? (You SCARRRRRED)
What's your heart beatin for, ha?

[Chorus]

[B.G.]

I'm in the club, post up, way in the back
Got a bottle of gin and I snuck in with the mac
Got my fresh bows on, breeze on my feet
Hoes love when I'm thuggin in my fresh white tee
I'm 'bout whatever; Gizzle is a G
We could do it however, it don't matter to me
We can do it right here, we can take it outside
I'm young, but believe, I been 'bout mine
I just ride when it's time to ride
I grind when it's time to grind; slangin hot when it's
time to bust
Slangin dick when it's time to fuck
I'm a Chopper City nigga, don't try your luck
You want beef? I ain't scared, nigga I'm everywhere
You don't be where you say you be, you're never there
You actin like you 'bout it, bitch nigga you scared
I see your heart beatin, so busta break bread

What's your heart beatin for? (You SCARRRRRED)
What's your heart beatin for, ha?

[Chorus]

[Homebwoi]

Niggaz caught in the zone, they better watch it when
I'm cockin my chrome
Cause at clubs, yeah I slip one in your dome, you better
leave me alone
I ain't no bitch, I don't talk shit on the phone
I got somethin that just might follow you home, now
ain't I dead-ass wrong

How could you react, if your brains are blown
I guess that fat bitch is singin her song; that bitch is
singin her song
You busted wide, little boys ain't grown
Your mouth is heavy but your back ain't strong, and
once again it's on
You must be smokin on that Cheech & Chong
Think you can handle with somethin this wrong; with
somethin this wrong
Just write it in blood, or carve it in stone
Otherwise you don't want no problems with homes;
don't want no problems with homes
You can't get rid of me, not even penitentiary
A friend of me, you need to be, I'm hotter than
humidity
Without a mask, jack a nigga for his cash
Hot led make a motherfucker heart beat fast

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