

Cam'ron "Where The Fuck You At"

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Move 'em in, move 'em out
Trapped in shoot it out
Bone a whore
Corner store
Want it raw
On the floor
Tie 'em up, lie 'em down
Fuck yall niggas crying now
Killer Cam
Side town
Fuck yall niggas ridin' round
Creep wit da toast
Keep it close
Never know when you'll see da gross
From my yaht you'll see coast
From my block you'll see toast
Love da way I grab dat cash
Now I laugh
You love the way I smack dat ass
Backflash
You'll sniff foul powder
Over clam chowder
Yall lil' rascals like Alfalfa
While we listenin' to wild salsa
La la bomba
Come through in the Hummer
La la bomba
Face down ass up
That's the way we like to fuck
After that pucker up
Babygirl we like to suck
Sucker what
Never duck
That's not what my hoods about
Hood without a doubt
So bitch put it in your mouth

[Chorus]

Where da fuck you at
Bust your gat
Where da fuck you at
Do yall niggas sell crack

Where da fuck you at
Got a fat stack
Where da fuck you at
Huh, ain't a damn thing funny
Why? Bitch betta have my money
Where da fuck you at

Aiyo
I spit spit flow flow
Get get doe doe
Switch switch yo yo
Sick sick fo-four
Swing swing click click
Drug game big brick
Swing swing big dick
Pretty thing thick chick
cock cock nice nice
shot shot twice twice

Now I gotta slice slice
Rock rock ice ice
Drick drink Old Gold
Bitches wanna Volvo
Woo shit was wo wo
Now we got dat cocoa
Tram tram palm palm
Chicks call it swanton
Of course we all suit
And we all cute
Yo Queet call Kose
Bitch over here frothin'
Yo I want they're jaw loose
We got more troops
Get you hauled off juice
Stop frontin' yo
You ain't sawed off proof
Whips whips cost cost
Six six floss floss
Big big boss boss
Get get lost lost

[Chorus]

Aiyo I need da type of girl
That's in love wit her cash
Get knocked together
Look at each other and laugh
Get a key
She like cut it in half
Get a in beef
She like da fuck is my bag

Take cover and laugh
Real prestiges
Walk around wit da mack dies
Smack Diez
Cause he said "Dame la chocha"
Bitch caught him in da Rover
Scared 'em aired 'em
Kiete la voka
Goin' to da gun range
Her hobby is rape
Girls lookin' at her jewels
Like they gotta be fake
Plus a brand new jeep
Leather brand new seats
Wit da dishes real deep
Nah, Cam too cheap
Yall can't flow wit dat
Bang it out throw it back
Ain't no here we go wit dat
Grabbin' on here lower back
Lookin' at me like she can take the shit
Uh uh uh
Now take that bitch

[Chorus]

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