

Five Fingers Of Funk "Look At Where You At"

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Look at where you at look look at where you're going
Listen to the rhyme check the way I'm flowing
Got to come correct when I select words for wreck
Because respect means more than any bullshit check
I claim that L.V.P. now knowledge that's on me
Can't disrespect my O.G.s or roughneck reality
See I've been down from the start to tear a sucker apart
Fuck money guns and hoes just flow to show if you've
got heart
And we can go rounds you low-down duck
Got stuck with a beat-down in P-town cause your style
sucks
You little mark yo you didn't expect it
Like a pack of drunk drivers man some crew straight
wrecked shit
And ain't that 'bout a bitch? Got jacked in Oregon that's
my
Origin fuck around and now you'll never snore again
Slept like a baby thinking you were all that
Your'e all wack player now look at where you at
Look at where you at
Stop and just listen 'cause ain't no time for riffing
Just scoping and hoping I'll get open like a gift when
Everybody's watching M.C.s beging jocking
Back in the day we used to play and punks got picked
like cotton
But look at where I'm at now I'm ripping up the track
Got my mind on a mission now there ain't no turning
back
Peace to Mr. Sam-I-Am for putting me on the path
Look into the rear-view mirror and today I just laugh
Back then I used to stumble fumble on the mic or
mumble
But you still put me on so now I try to be humble

Went to Mecca to get my step correct and do my part
Now it's Mecca on my mind and Mecca in my heart
Still I depart from the past last night went fast
Pete Miser is what I'm known as so now I watch my own
ass
Want to be all that without holding a strap
Money grip don't trip just look at where you at

-It ain't where you're from it's where you're at-
I'm setting it off you're lost so stop and clock your
plotted position
Boy you put upon wax a track that lacks any facts what I
mean you're
slipping
When I'm hitting I'm kicking the thick non-fiction upon
my nation
Understanding the place I'm facing through the
knowledge of foundation
Case in point the path I traveled unraveled as each step
had landed
Took a look at now for known-how beat my brow where
demanded
Know I'm branded like cattle as the one in battle to
make it
Not a snake kid or a viper or a diaper I don't take shit
From no-one throw one out to show the clout that I'm
attaining
Rough like leather and like Portland weather better bet
I'll be
reigning
With an iron fist I dissed you mister pissed you off a
little bit
But the hits that I swung will keep you strung out like a
fiddle now
sit
Your ass down 'cause the last clown that tried to step
Got swept like a dustpan man you understand?
A fan of no one 'cause I know none that can bust a
better rap
I'm from the West Coast West Coast now look at where
you at

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