

## Hi-Tek "Where It Started At"

Visit "[Where It Started At](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Where do I start?  
Let's see what they wanna hear

Let me see where I started at  
Hood cats are part of where it started at, no doubt  
We hustle hard to keep the shark's fear, yeah  
For the score go to war like a jar head, Hi-Tek

New York, New York, New York, New York, New York  
New York, New York, New York, New York, New York  
We gonna take you all on a little trip to New York City  
With a first hello

Got a lot of heart, best part is I'm clever too  
Hand skills, hard work, gun play whatever duke  
Ecstasy, oxy, vicodin, powder  
Ari, haze, diesel, sour

Dust Juice, Lucy's, turbans, kufi's  
Hand guns is petite the shotties is doofy  
Tellin' in is not nice, lot of niggaz got life  
Everything is good in my bank except cop dice

Harlems, Jordans, the hood can't afford them  
So they bootleg them now everybody sport them  
Dorms, cells, packages, mail  
Warrants, bails, every thing's real now

Let me see where I started at  
Hood cats are part of where it started at  
We hustle hard to keep the shark's fear  
For the score go to war like a jar head

New York, New York, New York, New York, New York  
New York, New York, New York, New York, New York  
(Hi-Tek, Hi-Tek, Papoose Papoose)  
With a first hello

All I got is my word and my nuts, man, I got Brooklyn in  
my balls  
So you could see bed-stuy if you lookin' in my draws  
Always talkin' 'bout you ballin', look you wanna ball

Word on the streets, niggaz ready to put you on the wall

You just a leg shooter, you aim your gun low  
I shoot my tek high I keep a Hi-Tek like the producer  
Pap ripped the Desi till that clip is empty  
Man, I'll have black buried in the cemetery

Go 'head get your fetti but you better tell Holmes  
Messin' with me will get black buried like a cell phone  
Punks pay dues, not me I pay attention  
Call it New York 'cause we keep reinventin'

Let me see where I started at  
Hood cats are part of where it started at  
We hustle hard to keep the shark's fear  
For the score go to war like a jar head

New York, New York, New York, New York, New York  
New York, New York, New York, New York, New York  
With a first hello

Who flipped the vocabulary? Shadow my adversary  
Buss 'em like vocabulary, roaches and rats in every corner  
When it's warmer but New York is used to that already  
Manhattan built the cemeteries where the blacks is buried

I take the Staten Ferry, I walk to Broadway  
I talk to chicks along the way with John Forte  
Used to do this all day, burnin' in the project hallway  
Discussin' strategies in the court case

I rock the North face cold like winter  
I'm from Brooklyn like the D-Cep and low life niggaz word  
Fuck the talking, it's a New York thing we aboard  
But all things considered we all kings, what?

Let me see where I started at  
Hood cats are part of where it started at  
We hustle hard to keep the shark's fear  
For the score go to war like a jar head

New York, New York, New York, New York, New York  
New York, New York, New York, New York, New York  
(My nigga, my nigga, whattup? Tek, you did it again,  
nigga)  
(Word up, I love that)  
With a first hello

Ayyo, yo, I rhyme for the streets broke niggaz rap when  
they feast  
Who angry as hell, we yell from the beast  
Wise killers up in New York, who lay for peace?  
Crime action get you trapped by the chief, no PC

Proud and have the hood stylin' good talent most of us  
tellin'  
Drug wars, try to re-up, the law whylin'  
Can't get no rest, the vest is on stress pound it  
Schemin' on somethin' green, we eagles on the chef  
found it

While I take a trip back my first little pack  
Had to open doors no time for broads I was scopin'  
crack  
Baggin' like a newborn, barely profit beef pop off  
We carry tommy guns and smoke trees and grab  
pockets

Pilgrimage life, real like with no money and no white  
I had this white girl who work for me wipin' pipe  
Livin' by the sword, a hundred niggaz daily  
Who get on board and kill for some proper live on them  
acres board

Let me see where I started at  
Hood cats are part of where it started at  
We hustle hard to keep the sharks fear  
For the score go to war like a jar head

New York, New York, New York, New York, New York

Visit [Hi-Tek](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.