

Ira!

"Where Ya At?"

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Intro:

The C.O.L.O.N.Y. east coast and the west coast fuse
together this shit
ain't dope it's a musical treasure never come and test
a, dope MC like
Brown and the C.O. check this. Lil El.

Brown:

Crusin' down the street in my 64
A brother stuck a strap in my window
So I grabbed the strap mashed on the gas
Had that brother running down the block like the Flash
Shouldn't of tried to stick Brown for his cash
Doing 65 on the shore that's his ass
I let him go the nigga screamed "No"
He had a little heart though and bucked at my door
As he rolled and rolled, I seen it all in my mirror of my
64
I even got proof buckshots in my door
Where ever you go keep one eye open at all times
Cause you can get got or even get popped
From hood to hood it ain't all good
You better watch you back, where ever you at

Hook:

On the east we got the guns, (on the west we got gats)
On the east we lick a shot, (on the west we peel your
cap)
Only two bags of buddah, (to chronic sacks)
Cause it ain't where you from it's where you at

C.O.:

Rollin' dice with plum gettin' high in the park
Strapped with ooh ops cause it's crazy after dark
Cause when shit gets sparked niggas feel the heat
From the city that never sleeps or skips a beat
On the streets your incomplete if your not ready for
whatever
Cause niggas in the streets be ill and steady
24-7 fuckin' days a week
Lights and great heights right in the concrete

Day time night time brawls in the heat
These are the things that happen in the street don't
sleep
Murder rate crime constantly all the time
For every nigga gets ahead there's another one behind
Trying to get hip to the strive to get mine
Cause life's like a mountain an endless climb for this
rhyme thing
Hood to hood shit's no good guard your grill killer

Hook

Lil El:
Nine to five hit me one time because I'm so damn high
I get kodiac lord of the chronic sack
Plus I've been a phat mack ever since wayback
When it was 2 point 0 for the dove sack
Give me a phat track I'll give you phat raps
My verbal haze took over the west coast
It's no secret who's herb you love the most
And now we be chillin' with the east coast villians
Exchanging methods on the way we gonna kill 'em
You get the guns and we'll get your back
And you can bust shots and we'll peel the cap
From hood to hood it aint all good you better watch you
back nigga

Hook

Keep your head up Queens for the funds
Coming no triple beam dream and them fiends ain't on
my team
Got my strippin' for the cream so I lean
Gun free get the scene on the ski mask
And action set set ready for blastin'
Stickinn' your crew in disorderly fashion
Rashin' mean never son you're fuckin' with a clever one
Foe fiends listen more power then Tom Eddison
On the doo op I light the crowd like an ooh op
No witness to the rhyme vandiel evidence is
surcumstancial
And I still I grip a pistol by the handle
then start blowin' out niggas like 16 candles
He cold I smoke the fuckin' blunts to the roach
And we're quick to break y'all niggas if ya fell in your
approach
Cause the gang bangers drug hangers and gun
slangers
Just keep gettin' the money it's all good honey yeah
yeah yeah

See sorry baby but I gotta do what I gotta
It ain't where you from it's where ya at (x4)

East coast, west coast (x4)

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