

Kanye West "Where You At?"

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[Verse 1: Kanye West]

Yeah, yeah - I used to front when I write songs
Talk about havin' ice on, and I could barely keep my
lights on
And my beats was so sick, I shoulda got a medic
But my credit was so pathetic I couldn't afford a debit
When the Dropout dropped, I had to cop me a money
tree
To front on anybody who ever tried to front on me
With so much personality, what do you want from me?
I could be by myself and enjoy the company
My life, this year, my career, is the Lord
Bad chick, this award, is for Melissa Ford
'94 I could only afford this Accord
From the home of gangbangin' and we all outdoors
Southside, outside, Westside, let's ride
Eastside, right B-Side, Lakeshore Drive
And I'm (And I'm) Chi-Town's finest
Where you at? The whole city behind us

[Chorus: Kanye West]

Where you at? The whole city behind us
Where you at? The whole city behind us
Southside, outside, Westside, let's ride
Where you at? The whole city behind us

[Verse 2: Ludacris]

It ain't nuttin' to it but to do it! I came here
To shut the place down 'til my body stops pumpin' red
fluid
A-Town I've been through it! And we steady gettin'
tested
But ready to fill your bubble when we put the lead to it
Out West they still bangin', up top it's really gully
Down South we get buck and turn hearts to Silly Putty
Ludacris I got silly money - you got jokes?
I'll be laughin' all the way to the bank - now that's really
funny!
Big city bright lights - and many pity 'cause we like
fights

May be long days but it's fright nights

Living out the night life - and people asking "Where you at?"

Not the club; I stay in to get right!

Hotlanta home of the booties and the really tight skirts

Where if somebody moves then somebody gets hurt!

From Decatur down to CP, and EP

Adamsville to the Battlefield it's D.T.P.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: The Game]

It's Compton's prodigy

Obviously I'm from the home of hydraulics

Where they tie bandanas around the steerin' collar

'Nuff Impalas in to get holla

We fightin' pitbulls and Rottweilers

In the projects the objective is make dollars

"Where you at?" It ain't a problem to get it there by tomorrow

'Cause I got a female friend, with frequent flier mileage

I ain't never been to college got the IQ of a Rhodes Scholar

If you follow G-Unit throw up your dubs and yell "Holla"

To all the Y.G.'s in khakis and white tees

With AND1's in every color like Ice-T

I might be the city of Compton's right knee

The way I paint pictures with these hip-hop scriptures

Pay attention while The Game shine like a prism

Glisten, show you how canaries can alter one's vision

Not to mention I am Dr. Dre christened on behalf

Of Luda and Kan-Yeezie, I'm gon' breathe easy

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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