

## Casual "Where They At?"

Visit "[Where They At?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[CHORUS:]

"Where they at? Where they at, c'mon (x 5)"

From the bottom of my heart  
I must declaim  
the deranged mind state.  
I find hate surrounding me,  
so I clown a G,  
and his rebuttal is  
"Cas stop bein' a ass,"  
It makes me think  
what'll ever stop the angry  
when they wanna throw thangs wit' me?  
They're aware I'll bang 'em  
because of examples  
I have made out of humans  
doom when they toy with my thought train,  
they're caught plain and simple,  
but some will attempt to pull jammies  
so I slam with these,  
ram these, all into his jaw,  
and ideas of why he is front'n really frighten me,  
'cause I can be doin' better things with my time,  
my pen enlightens the page I puncture  
my rage is brunt to show you  
what flow too through hard times  
and times when my pen  
is my only friend,  
I'm lonely  
then I create a new antidote that'll raise hell,  
and I hope this busi-ness pays well,  
cause its fly to me  
but not worth the anx-i-e-ty,  
I wish I can BE all I CAN, B,  
so the man see his full potential,  
with them phrases  
get you into dazes,  
praise this overlordian  
who got shit for the naughty men,  
here we go-

[CHORUS:]

"Where they at? Where they at? Where they at, c'mon.  
(x 5)"

Hut. Hut. Hike.  
I strike like angry employees  
It's gonna take more than MC's to destroy these.  
Please stop drop and roll a spliff  
lift my mind to niggas get bowed and ripped  
then I stomp 'em like a brush fire  
'cause I get much flyer  
even in the clutch  
I adjust and bust skills  
with negative frills,  
still no one will let me look  
that we give too to the public  
still we're lovin it  
how you're dubbin shit  
on the DL,  
you got the newest shit,  
but I can do this shit  
and I'm gonna have a fit if you don't quit  
'cause you don't get props,  
so get stops, it annoys me  
when boys be postin' and boastin'  
about the noise we enjoys, gee  
whillickers, still I serves  
my speech to reach you  
and beat a new adversary  
who had me very frustrated  
so I must fade it, invaded,  
plus waited for the attack,  
but I'm fortified with the proper equipment  
to rip shit. Yo, troops we flips it.

[CHORUS:]

"Where they at? Where they at? Where they at, c'mon."

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.