

Letters To Cleo

"Where They At?"

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[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 anxi-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."

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