

## Pharrell Williams "Where's Yours At?"

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(feat. Rohff)

[Chorus - Pharrell]

Where's yours at  
Where's yours at  
Where's yours at  
Come on, hah, come on, hah  
Come on, hah, come on, hah  
Come on, hah, come on, hah  
Come on, hah, come on, hah, come on

[Verse 1 - Pharrell]

Yeah I'ma skater, yeah I'm dirty  
Lookin' for my wife, while they smart and perty  
Your material-istic, journey  
That bullshit, don't concern me  
Ah, here you go, talking big shit  
You ain't think, I could flip it like this quick  
You just talking, and I'm the big shit  
Without mentioning my hit list, for instance  
Color dunk show, got 'em all yo  
Got a different car, under each garage do'  
From the Rolls Royce, that rides like hydro  
That white 550, nigga, kicking like Tae Bo  
I don't give a fuck, what ya haters think  
Fam' I did things, my major means  
At a pretty young age, I did major things  
I made major cream, I eat major greens  
First the yellow diamonds nigga, made ya bling  
Had the baddest bitches, on the major scene  
Fuck what ya heard and what you think you seen  
I fuck that bitch who come from Cover Girl, to  
Maybelline  
Quater million jewelry from, Las Van Dome  
Diamonds and plat', like glass and chrome  
Black credit card, just asking on  
Didn't need it, just didn't have it home  
White girl in Africa, Black in Rome  
Philipina girl, just packing at home  
All the girls I get, I hack and moan  
Man I give 'em the dick, you know them bitches just  
gone

Nigga raise ya funds, been crazier son  
But nigga ignorant, and Star Trak, take his fun  
I'm the keyboard killer, with the raz-or toungue  
Don't come back tellin me, what play-ers done  
I did it big, and I made it fun  
I made a ton, oh yeah the Rolls Royce got sacadelic  
flowers  
Painted on it, and I'm leaning on a nigga wit a lazor gun  
The house in Virginia, that's what I'm living in  
Building in Carribean, fillin 'em and buildin' 'em  
"Paris too?" said the strangest girl  
I said bitch, I'm tryna change the world, whoo

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Rohff]

MC tu fais pas le poids, dis moi tu vas faire quoi  
C'est la K'1 Fry Mafia, ceux qui t'ont montr? l'pas  
MC qu'on ne contr?le pas, MC qu'on ne compare pas  
Qu'on ?coute au car-pla, que les keufs ne blairent pas  
Pour Sarko on est bon qu'? porter la cagoule et les  
gants  
Star-co dans les mariages on est les plus ?l?gants  
Charme du ghetto, sur les photos  
Joue les pachs, J'serre des tis-m?s (???)  
Roule en Smart, J'raconte que d'la merde  
Elle s'marre, font des smacks  
On aime celles qui se respectent, car l'respect  
commence par soit m?me  
Celles qui s'prennent pas la t?te, qui couchent le soir  
m?me  
On est bizarres, ma vie un bazar  
Armdullah, j'suis artiste comme Mozart  
Les MCs j'smoke, le rap c'est comme  
la prostitution, ?a s'mac, Dan's l'show buis'  
Font tous la bise, S'appellent " ch?ri "  
On vient tout niquer sur l'terrain, la France-Alg?rie  
Ton boss Rohff dans la place, prot?ge ta garce  
Reconna?t le flow, la classe de celle qui fracasse  
Sur un gros son "Neptunes" issu de l'espace  
Issu du bitume, donne moi mes tunes, j'suis un rapace  
Partout o? on passe, C'est d'la casse, L'air ne  
repousse pas  
Ceux qui jactent dans les s'ringues ou crosses des  
lance-bas  
A bout portant, on shoot la concurrence  
T'entend pas l'ambulance, pam-pam-pam

[Chorus]

[Bridge - Rohff]

M.A.C.R.O-cun  
MC d?chire ?a comme moi  
Give it up, give it up  
Say give it up, give it up

[Bridge - Girl]  
G.I.R.L  
Aucune meuf donne ?a comme moi  
Get it up, get it up  
Get it up, get it up

[Chorus]

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