

## Ray J "Where You At"

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Where you at?  
(I got it)  
Where you at?  
(I got it)  
Where you at?  
(I got it)  
All my nigga's makin' money

Where you at?  
(Where you at?)  
Where you at?  
(Where you at?)  
Where you at?  
(Where you at?)  
All my bitches makin' money  
Where you at?

My cherry red shirt and my Anaheim fitted  
In my cherry red shirt and my Anaheim fitted  
In my cherry red shirt and my Anaheim fitted  
Nigga throwin' up the beat, baby can you get with it

Soon as I got a meal, I got a zone  
Got a couple cribs and all brand new homes  
Smokin' and poppin' pills, it's how we goin'  
My cherry red shirt in the club gettin' loaded

Bitch I'm a baller but I ain't hopin'  
I'm up the courts in a view so movin'  
And we can confirm that  
(With the whole West Coast)  
'Cause my nigga DJ Quik brought this beat funk music

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I'm in cherry red Chucks, Anaheim fitted  
Brim low, drive by, tell 'em Anaheim did it  
Game the banger, part time slinger  
Half time hustler put soap on a hanger

Let it damp out, khaki suit flamin' like a camp out  
Game on the track I'll blow the fuckin' amps out  
Game bang while I drive, pull this six tramp out  
X Games in the hood, bring the fuckin' ramps out  
(Where you at?)

Game boys on the block 'til they see the Vans out  
Three dollar X pills, call that shit a handout  
She know that sex sells so she got her ass out  
But we ain't buyin' nothin' but Patron, bitch pass out  
(Where you at?)

Where I'm at in the hood on D's  
5 years after I was in the hood on Keys  
Rockin' that 80's hat, like where the haze at  
Red rag in my right pocket and I stay strapped

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