

Raekwon

"Where You At"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

Let's go, kid

[Raekwon:]

Something's in the attic, drugs on me, thugs gettin'
Bubbly, let's pop, surround the block, looking lovely
Extra nine glindin' on me, women who barely know me
Swarm me, faggots try to front, blow me
Aiyo, I'm from the soul bluntly, we in them H2's coolin'
Want me, try to kill a kid, bring your country
Son's nice with rifles, white fools, white dudes
Jumpin' out, fed jackets, dare you to bump me
A glow like Willie Bostic, I do the knifework job, yeah
Rappers sprint, clap 'em, this is our 'jects
Who taught ya'll niggas, it was the kid with the
tarantula
Tinted up, extortin' ya'll monthly
Crabs in a bucket, rap, fuck it, yo, go get your handgun
I'd rather shoot yo' ass in public, you ain't a Air Force
boss
You a hooster, frontin' like me on your poster
Now ya'll niggas fuckin' with my ones
We need to battle for cattle, acts, boats, art and crafts
Scalpals, thumb rings, dick, be careful
Fuckin' with Staten Island's heartless
Son of all flames, God guard frames, catch me with the
Starks kid
The authentic Ghost, we on the golf course, with rentin'
boats
Eagles on, feastin' with bigger GOATs
Come take it in blood, dare any thug to re-up
What, we gon' keep it on the hush

[Chorus: x4]

In the clubs, where you at?

In the clubs, where you at?

Open paperchasing, on the low getting trapped

[Raekwon:]

Aiyo, drove into the water like bait, the ocean was dark
The moon lit, swimmin' to the bottom to get to the sink

We on niggas, and we comin' boy, talk with ya gun
Me, I'm ready, and I'm ready with cake, yea
Flawless, more powerful horses, the kid flow naucious
Everybody gettin' weeded, we all for this
Armored tank style, moving in ranks
Hundred that'll rock for me, still kill you, over your men
bitch
Skiing in Alaska, half the man, half Casper
Runnin' with wolves, the bulls look nastier
Silencer, each is thee least, will kill on Easter
Ya'll gon' get it, wait til we get creased up
Nothin' but, rapid fire, livewire, brand new trees
Burn 'em up, they respectin' your street, cousin
We gon' bring it to every label, pay attention, ya'll
Cuban is back, now put that on a glass table

[Chorus x4]

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