

## 13 Engines

### "Where Ya At"

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[Big Punisher]

Aiyyo it's funny dunn

The two nicest niggas unite as one

Collide the sun wit the moon, BOOM!!

I leave you brighted from

My full of clips, hawk the world into hell when a bullet spit

Crucifix myself to the sun, now who you wit?

Enter my world of doom, consume fear and feel the panic

I ram a lightning bolt between the earth and moon

And curl the planets

I'm ?palanatic? wit lyrics spannin for galaxies

Battle me, mathematically, I'm givin your wisdom a cavity

Rapidly flowin, controllin the time

Flip over the line, I'm blowin your mind wit just a flow and a rhyme

I'm Hogan in his prime, strong and fast

You can bomb and blast, c'mon, you'll still be on your ass

It's satisfaction guaranteed

Wit Fiction like Quentin Tarantin'

Kickin your baddest dreams, shit you haven't seen

I have to be perfectly honest

You should have an anniversary to acknowledge the way I work the ebonics

I verbally vomit on how much niggas try to get us

With garbage lyrics, my style delivers it as the Outer Limits

I'm like the pyramids cuz every point is precise

Now you know me for life

Six Pun, Cuban flooded wit ice

Chorus [Big Punisher] (Milano)

If I ain't home wit my fam (Where you at?)

Stash crib, cuttin grams (Where you at?)

Hung wit my niggas and we're rollin and controllin, hold that!

If I ain't deep in some ass (Where you at?)

I'm in the jeep wit the stash (Where you at?)

Hung wit my niggas and we're rollin and controllin,  
baby!

[Milano]

Yo I camel-clutch mics, a truce gahzuntite  
Guess I'm allergic when shit ain't done right  
You spread disease while the vaccine is what I write  
Couldn't avoid this, sit tight  
All aboard ship, on my voy-age  
Purple Explorers, seven warriors my aura  
You tied a ? and boredom, Milan bring more than offer  
High exalted, boned a Lazarus sculptor  
You penny-weight style  
While my piece alone around three pounds  
I had to serve nerds, and throw it down, stuck for a  
reason  
Laid up a whole season, pen and pad style  
Honeymooners like Jack Gleason  
Blessin the whole reason  
Until my niggas max out, hold the axe out  
Whoever front, saw the procedure  
All you thugs now wit misdemeanors  
I seen ya'll in clubs, poppin Zima  
Fake minks wit ninety percent of it beaver  
Thought you was killin em?  
I played the back wit two dime Brazilians  
Cogniac and ice buckets, puttin a slight chill to them  
Rock platinum like I sold a million  
Trapped on my island like Gilligan  
Really, Manhattan niggas here, you gotta feel em  
It ain't hard, sent to Parkwest Hall  
Straight up the Malcom Boulevard  
Wit no bars, I write scriptures  
Me on beats is a fatal attraction when I give you the  
business  
Caught a dough virus for spittin sick shit  
Got niggas like "Who is this?"  
On this '99 classical edition

Chorus

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