

Hi-Tek f/ Dion, Jadakiss, Papoose, Raekwon & Talb Kweli

"Where it Started At"

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[Intro: Hi-Tek] (*Sample)

(*Where do I Start?) Let's see what they wanna hear?

[Chorus: Dion] (Jadakiss) (*Sample) (**New York Sample) (***)Sample)

Let me see where I started at (Uh)

Hood cats are part of where it started at (**New York) (No doubt)

We hustle hard to keep the sharks fear (Yeah)

For the score go to war like a jarhead (**New York) (Hi-Tek!!!)

New York, New York, New York, New York, New York!!!

(**New York, New York) (Woo!)

New York, New York, New York, New York, New York!!!

(***)We gonna take you all on a little trip to New York City!)

(*With a first hello!)

[Verse 1: Jadakiss]

Uh! Got alot of heart, best part is I'm clever too

Hand skills, hard work, gun play whatever duke

Ecstasy, oxy, vicodin, powder

Ari, haze, diesel, sour

Dust Juice, Lucy's, turbans, kufi's

Hand guns is petite the shotties is doofy

Talkin in is not nice, lot of niggaz got life

Everything is good in my bank except cop dice

Harlems, Jordans, the hood can't afford them

So they bootleg them now everyday sport them

Dorms, cells, packages, mail

Warrants, bails, everything's real now

[Chorus: Dion] (Papoose) (*Sample) (**New York Sample)

Let me see where I started at

Hood cats are part of where it started at (**New York)

We hustle hard to keep the sharks fear

For the score go to war like a jarhead (**New York)

New York, New York, New York, New York, New York!!!

(**New York, New York)

New York, New York, New York, New York, New York!!!

(Hi-Tek Hi-Tek, Papoose Pa-poose)
(*With a first hello!)

[Verse 2: Papoose]

All I got is my word and my nuts, man I got Brooklyn in
my balls
So you could see Bed-Stuy if you lookin in my draws
Always talkin bout you ballin, look you wanna ball
Word on the streets, niggaz ready to put you on the
wall
You just a leg shooter, you aim your gun low
I shoot my tek high I keep a Hi-Tek like the producer
Pap ripped the Desi, till that clip is empty
Man I'll have black buried in the cemetery
Go 'head get your fetti, but you better tell holmes
Messin with me will get black buried like a cell phone
Punks pay dues not me I pay attention
Call it New York cause we keep reinventin

[Chorus: Dion] (*Sample) (**New York Sample)

Let me see where I started at
Hood cats are part of where it started at (**New York)
We hustle hard to keep the sharks fear
For the score go to war like a jarhead (**New York)
New York, New York, New York, New York, New York!!!
(**New York, New York)
New York, New York, New York, New York, New York!!!
(*With a first hello!)

[Verse 3: Talib Kweli]

Who flipped the vocabulary? Shadow my adversary
buss 'em like vocabulary
Roaches and rats in every corner when it's warmer but
New York is used to that already
Manhattan built the cemeteries where the blacks is
buried
I take the Staten Ferry I walk to Broadway
I talk to chicks along the way with John Forte
Used to do this all day burnin in the project hallway
Discussin strategies in the court case
I rock the Northface cold like winter
I'm from Brooklyn like the D-Cep and low life niggaz
word
Fuck the talking it's a New York thing
We aboard but, all things considered we all kings, what

[Chorus: Dion] (Raekwon) (*Sample) (**New York
Sample)

Let me see where I started at
Hood cats are part of where it started at (**New York)
We hustle hard to keep the sharks fear

For the score go to war like a jarhead (**New York)
New York, New York, New York, New York, New York!!!
(**New York, New York)
(My nigga my nigga whattup, Tek you did it again
nigga!)

New York, New York, New York, New York, New York!!!
(Word up I love that) (*With a first hello!)

[Verse 4: Raekwon]

Aiyyo yo, I rhyme for the streets broke niggaz rap when
they feast
Who angry as hell, we yell from the beast
Wise killers up in New York, who lay for peace
Crime action get you trapped by the chief, no PC
Proud and have the hood stylin good talent most of us
tellin
Drug wars, try to re-up, the law whylin
Can't get no rest, the vest is on stress pound it
Schemin on somethin green, we eagles on the chef
found it
While I take a trip back my first little pack
Had to open doors no time for broads I was scopin
crack
Baggin like a newborn, barely profit beef pop off
We carry tommy guns and smoke trees and grab
pockets
Pilgrimage life, real like with no money and no white
I had this white girl who work for me wipin pipe
Livin by the sword, a hundred niggaz daily
Who get on board and kill for some proper live on them
acres board

[Chorus: Dion] (*Sample) (**New York Sample)

Let me see where I started at
Hood cats are part of where it started at (**New York)
We hustle hard to keep the sharks fear
For the score go to war like a jarhead (**New York)
New York, New York, New York, New York, New York!!!

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