

King Tee f/ Dr. Dre

"Where's T?"

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[Dr. Dre] Ay, ay, ay where the fuck did Tee just go?
[Chorus: singer] {X2} Where is Tee? And what's going on? [Over Chorus: Dr. Dre + (King Tee)] Where the fuck is Tee? (Right here, here I come y'all) Which way did he come? (Here I come) Which way did he go? (Hah, over here) (Hah, here I come) Yeah, kick that shit [King Tee] Set out to check my trap, twist the mode on grind Tryna soothe my brain with my money or my mind Besides busting rhymes, I'm real good at doing crimes Infected with the code of the street and gang signs What's that line? Fuck a bitch, won't make a nigga rich I make a nigga switch from shot calling to a bitch Off the wall, my niggas never heard of y'all Can't trust 'em, all up in the mix near hustlers Stop fronting, I came to represent the W Hood rats, top dogs and thugs too Thought you knew, but obviously not, you're through You need protection from King Tee's resurrection Peep the session, loc get the full +Tee+ spoon Swallow it fast cause I'm about to leave soon for the moon, smoking big bubble toots In the suburban, sipping on the 'gnac Now we swerving past moms, gang affiliated rap stars in motion, tryna get paid for the potion Top notch, the killer with the Rolex watch with many karats, step up on the stage and straight tear it into pieces, ain't a greater man except Jesus who can touch me, bet a hundred thou' you couldn't bust me The original Likwit rough grammer Protected by the gat and bandana, who am I... [Chorus] {X2} [Dr. Dre] Ay you know what... Looking at my Rolex, it's about that time to crack open the Hennessy and roll up a dime Line after line, I'm blowing your mind Disrespect and get the nine to your spine A gang of niggas try but they never come close to the big time player living like I'm supposed to So when you see me rolling in the Testarossa You can best believe I got the strap in my holster Mobbing son, popping +Robbin-son+ like +Sugar Ray+ Put your gun away or get done away like fait Got beats and stock cops, you never see the props stop Steady dippin, stripping emcees like a chop shop Now who wanna get with the black Frank Nitti? I ran through your city and left with my boots shitty Nobody gets looser than this

producer Coordinate tracks that's live, three or four
cars to ride Oh, coming out of L.A. regulating the West
coast East coast and between coasts, then I'm ghost I
know you're bobbing your head cause I can see ya But
you can't see me, the D-R-E and the King Tee [Chorus]
{X2}

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