

Too \$hort "Where They At?"

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Where they at? Where they at?
Where the hoes at? Where they at?
Where the bitches at? Where they at?
Where they at? Where they at?

Yeah, where they at?
Where the hoes at? Where they at?
Where the bitches at? Where they at?
Where they at? Where they at?

Y'all niggas always talkin' bad about a breezy
Talkin' 'bout that young-ass, rich-ass nigga Too Sheezy
Always callin' a woman out a name
Callin' her a bitch, now that's a shame

What if somebody called your woman that?
You'd be all up at the century club boy with your stri-
nap
Talkin' 'bout, I'll never save a ho
Then why you have that breezy drivin' your big-body
Benz for?

You say you only out to get some head, and then to
stab
But I see you up at Monty's feedin' her lobster and crab
They say that captain is a playa's worst enemy, so
whats next?
You just mad 'cuz I got more hoes than you got
diamonds on your rolex

I realize after makin' six platinums in a row
The shit was easy, so I had to get some more
I never did like stiff hoes
I fuck like a rap, ain't no quick flows

I'm a California nigga, born and bred
Got a wild imagination when I'm on the bed
I love my woman, I love her girlfriend and her sister
Felt on her mommas booty but never kissed her

Been mackin' on these hoes since the 8-0's
It don't take much for me to break hoes

You must be dreamin', if my bitch chose you
We in another lifetime, my game is full proof

It won't happen, as long as she's my bitch
I give a fuck if you fake pimps peep my shit
'Cuz I'mma mack these hoes like never before
And every time I grab the mic I gotta better flow

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I went from rappin' about the clothes I was wearin' at a
party
To all the hoes that let me see their naked bodies
It's not an overnight transition thing
I wasn't born pimpin' hoes, wearin' pinky rings

Never walked around sayin', "Who am I?"
'Cuz when I seen old movies like 'Superfly'
It was my destiny, to live a pimp legacy
And reach levels other niggas never see

In '81 I rapped friendly, but now it's on
One day I said somethin' on the microphone
About sixteen hoes, suckin' ten toes
People loved it, that's how the story goes

It's true, in 1982
Me and Freddy B sold the tapes to you
X-rated, talkin' 'bout bitches and thugs
All the dope-dealers gettin' rich sellin' drugs

Too \$hort bumpin' in the background
You thought I retired, bitch I'm back now
Like a house party, or a side show
I got the Spanish, black and white hoes

Ask an East Oakland nigga, I bet you he know
Is she mixed with Japanese or fillapino?
I always spit the game when I rap
All I wanna know is where the hoes at?

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Where the hoes at? Where they at?
Where the bitches at? Where they at? Yeah

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