

## Too Phat "Where My Love At?"

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Verse 1

Listen...

It's been like  
One fourth of a score  
And I ain't glad at all  
'Cause I been facin'  
More bull than a matador  
And ever since  
The success of Plan B  
Alotta people think  
It's been candy  
Sweet and dandy  
It can be  
Minus all the envy  
And all these underground cats  
Wanna slam me  
Yeah I admit I been quiet  
But off that I'm tired  
You got beef?  
I'll fry it  
Now which motherlover  
Wanna try it?  
My silence's an act of charity  
And now unmerrily  
I'm forced to stoop down  
To your mentality  
Battle rap was an excuse phrase  
You 'bout to lose face  
The whole sing sing thing  
Was a loose case  
Sing sing's a pen  
Short for penitentiary  
S-G is Singapore  
And Singapore is family  
So tell Kuza  
Which you's a loser  
And if I see her face  
At my show again  
I'll bruise her  
Duality of Styles'  
Diss track was garbage  
Illustrait, garbage

Souljah Boo, fat garbage  
And praise the Lord  
The mentions are kept minimal  
And when I diss  
I say names  
Buck bein' subliminal  
You asked for my autograph  
Memorized my recitals  
Well last year  
You groupies  
And now you punks rivals? (Please...)  
Illegitimate beef is suicidal  
I still hold the title  
And I'm still your freakin' idol  
Chorus  
Now where my love at?  
I'm askin' young cats  
And all that  
If I ain't phat  
Now what you call that?  
Alotta suckers are mad  
Because I'm all dat  
Yo' blast the track  
Where you ball at  
Verse 2  
Alotta people love  
Us but even some hate  
And the feeling  
When you dealin' wit'  
Dumb hatred's ungreat  
Five years  
I met all kinds of people  
Some minds are simple  
Some kinds just grind your temple  
Critics can suck my \*\*\*  
I'm sick with it  
Anonymous diss  
And say another kid did it  
Word is  
Since in the limelight  
Malique can't rhyme right  
But puff that  
This rhyme's tight mate  
Now am I right?  
Or am I right?  
The buck I do  
With my life is my right  
Well everybody sins  
Why mine's the highlight?  
Now reporters stay nose  
Gossip and rumors

Life is made humor  
Sicker than brain tumor  
Friends turn to snitches  
Jelly duns is vicious  
Try to set me up  
By hookin' me up with witches  
Now even Joe thinks I'm paranoid  
Cause I got this odd  
Sense of danger every 40 yards  
So I roll with bodyguards  
I swear to God  
If it wasn't for the cream  
I've quit cause I've had  
And done enough for the scene  
Promote the four elements  
Key show performin'  
Foreign land tourin'  
Now doin' a song with Warren  
Kids is stormin'  
Bum rushin' pack shows  
But respect from the scene  
Ain't had those  
Now all fingers up  
Not one, yeah I would love that  
Askin' hip hop heads  
Now where my love at...?  
Chorus (2x)  
Now where my love at?  
I'm askin' young cats  
And all that  
If I ain't phat  
Now what you call that?  
Alotta suckers are mad  
Because I'm all dat  
Yo' blast the track  
Where you ball at

### Verse 3

Yo f---, --, A!  
I got emotions to let out  
Impossible in two verses  
So here's a third one  
Pardon the curses  
First is first  
Imma make clear  
And state here  
That I ain't start ish  
And won't stop until  
Your eighth tear  
Diss until your mates cheer  
It's retaliation

The price you pay  
For thinkin' I've eternal patience  
After squashin' beef with Ammo  
I thought it'll be  
Like no problemo  
Until I heard kiddies  
Who dissin' on they demos  
Not just that  
Go on the net  
Phat Fam dissed by Bobby  
Little sick kid  
Who surf porn as a hobby  
14 and racist  
In real life Phlowtron  
Will stomp you on a daily basis  
Alotta internet nerds  
Think they wildin'  
Keystylin' ain't freestylin'  
No timin', no hooks  
No production, no beats, pal  
I rather write dope lyrics  
Than come up with wack freestyles  
I write songs good hearts listen  
The rest start dissin'  
Wit' stanky rhymes  
I call 'em farticians  
Yeah I only mentioned  
Few from the namelist  
Your overnight trick  
Of gettin' famous is the lamest  
Diss the best  
He diss you back  
You get known  
That's obsolete witch  
Work the throne on your own  
But until that day comes  
Kill the bull ish  
And all that  
And realize that deep in your heart  
That's where my love at  
Chorus (2x)  
Now where my love at?  
I'm askin' young cats  
And all that  
If I ain't phat  
Now what you call that?  
Alotta suckers are mad  
Because I'm all dat  
Yo' blast the track  
Where you ball at

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