Notorious B.I.G. F/ Craig Mack, G-Dep, Missy Ellio "Where Was Your Ass At"

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When I dropped my first album niggas was jocking me tough

And hoes was scared of me because my tape was too rough

"Well slow it down"

Hell, no! I ain't slowing down shit

It's 94 so you hoes better get used to this lick

You know what I'm saying, motherfuckers try to front on the Blank

Soon as they think I got paid, smoke a blunt with the Blank

Then we get high, so high that they think I don't notice But only if they knew, that's the only way I could focus Hip hop blues, I'm still paying dues undercover But they don't see the times a motherfucker gotta suffer

Pawning all of my shit and I couldn't afford to get it back

But still made hits 'cause Dope ain't charged me nothing for the tracks

Cool, much respect due, I see you fool

Motherfuckers don't appreciate the shit that you and Egypt do

Women around Houston seem to think we rich Because every time they see me I'm rolling with a different bitch

I got a tape, true enough, it's jamming, G

But I had more shit back in the day when I was slanging

So how the hell you gonna say you was down from the git

When you weren't there when I was making this shit

Chorus:

Working late nights in the studio, busting my ass crack Busting my ass crack, where was your ass at?

Hell, yeah, I bust my ass trying to make this And I'll be damned if I let a nigga take this 'Cause it's all about respect and never giving up But a lot of artists these days just don't give a fuck I seen them come and go, straight to the top and drop Way back when Just Ice used to wreck shop And what I don't understand to this very day is How'd all this white shit ever make it on the play list, shit

I dig ditches for bitches that wanna ride dick
Now everybody's jocking, trying to be my sidekick
Holding they hand out, trying to get a hand out
But when they stand out I wear they fucking ass out
Man, I don't owe that nigga shit
If I got something to give you, I'ma give it to you
You ain't got to rob my dick to get it
And what's this shit I heard about the Blank smoking
crack?

Nigga, I'm six four, 260 solid, so squash that The suicide attempt is true, if I may say I can't explain, I just felt like dying that day But motherfuckers stick they nose where it don't belong

And got the nerve to want to be on my fucking song Trying to be down, but can't accept the fact that he fired

Get off my dick, nigga, I'm tired

Chorus

Nine to five, ten to three, eleven to six around the clock clowns trying to mix this shit down I've been up for three days and still pushing it My girl talk crazy, but fuck her 'cause she's full of shit It's all about money, I got to get paid If I don't make it in this game I got to get the 12 guage And all I'ma have to say is I tried to Not only my dreams died, I lost my pride, too So I'ma reincarnate the old Point Blank Put this damn mic down and start slanging weight Because I knew a lot of niggas in the game And I still know a lot of niggas who want to do this damn thing Klondike Kat told me to hold on

While Vice Grip and Alcatraz was ready to get they bone on
David D was kind of scared, but I don't blame him

David D was kind of scared, but I don't blame him He was expecting another child and wanted to be there to name him

PSK, what can I say about this niggero
Always talk crazy, but down with the Blanksta though
But Dope E and Egypt E, I'm speachless
Much love for y'all fools, and I mean this
K Rude and all my boys up in TDC

I'd rather you stick a knife in me than forget me
Yo, I can't forget Bigtyme and Eddie C
MC Bone and Will up in Atlanta, G
And for the rest of y'all fools I know some of y'all care
But face the facts, you weren't there
Player, when I was

Chorus

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