

Mobb Deep, Kool G Rap - Where You At?

[CHORUS]

[Kool G Rap]

Yo, if you make a lotta cream and don't share them stacks

[Prodigy]

Yeah, it ain't where you from, it's where you at

I know a lotta niggas that'll tear your back

[Kool G Rap]

It ain't where you from, kid, it's where you at

[Prodigy]

Listen, if you goin out of town and don't bear them gats

[Kool G Rap]

It ain't where you from, kid, it's where you at

If you caught up in a beef and you scared to clap

[Prodigy]

Dogs, it ain't where you from, it's where you at

[VERSE 1: Kool G Rap]

Shit, thug listen (What up baby?)

Ain't nothin 'round here but drug addiction

Niggas is anti-love-livin

The slug-givin little shortie on the snub itchin

For beef, he might get left in the street with his blood drippin

The poor niggas sling crack, real raw niggas that bang gats

Crazy lady jumped on the train tracks

Know if you owe somebody dough you better bring that

Them kids is live, put five where your brain at

You walk the streets of the slums

Know to spot beef when it come

Reach for the guns or feel the heat from the ones

Never know who your killer be (Yeah, speak to no one)

Just put a Desert Eagle beak in his lung

Leak em and run, some guys light the blunts up

(And then what?) And then go ride with the pumps up

Chopped up bitch inside of a dumpster

Paramedics tryin to speed a nigga pulse up

(Yo, he's a cold blue) victim of the vultures

Block sizzlin hot, flooded in the middle with cops

Innocent nigga topped, riddled with shots

Kids up in rock spots clock knots, fiddle with glocks

Ready to die for what little they got

Tricks, hoes and thugs (That's right)

The ones that put holes in mugs

Waitin outside for them ones that pose in clubs

To that strange nigga knockin on your do' with gloves

Let the .44 blow for grub, it's no love

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2: Prodigy]

You got uniformed cops, the D's when it's hot

TNT knockin down the door of your spot

The feds come get you once you think you on top

They just been buildin they case, they got you on tape

The CIA clip you if the shit is that deep

Your money's that long, you ain't that strong

Informants'll bury you under the jail

They got wires and statements for juries to hear

Then they got rivals that got it clickin just like you

That's your competition, them niggas tryin to eat too

They'll set you up for dead if you don't show strength

Extort all your workers cause you ain't built for this

Plus stick-up kids and jealous-ass niggas

You gotta watch your front, sides and your back (Damn)

You gotta keep your eyes on your bitch and your mens

You gotta keep your mind sharp livin so fed

[CHORUS (2X)]