

# Where Da At

B.G.

What's your heart beatin' for, ha?

(You scared)

What's your heart beatin' for, ha?Yeah

(Uhh, deez niggaz scarred)

What's up ladies and gentlemen?

(Deez bitch niggaz scared)

Boys and girls

(It's lil B. Gizzle, Homebwoi)

Collipark music

(Collipark, Chopper City)And I'm so sick and tired of bein', sick and tired of bein'

Sick and tired of bein', sick and muh'fuckin' tired

All these pussy-ass niggaz

(I see they heart beatin')

I see it

(I know what's happenin' with 'em)

(We gon' do it like this-sheah)

C'monWhat's your heart beatin' for, ha?

(You scared)

What's your heart beatin' for, ha?Where da at? In the club, where da at? Showin' love

Where da at? In the drop ridin' twenty-deuce dubs

Where da at? In the street, where da at? With the beat

Where da at? With da bitch still talkin' 'bout meWhere da at? In the back, where da at? In the 'llac

Where da at? In the hood still gettin' they ass jacked

Where da at? Gettin' 2-way, where da at? In the who-ay

Where da at? Talkin' bad but it's still all goo-eyMan, I'm rollin' with the gangsters, kick it with the G's

Hustle with the hustlers I'm the heart of the streetz

Grind with the ballers, ball with the grinders

Keep it real with my clique so my whole team shinersRide with the riders, swim with the sharks

If I get caught I got nuttin' to say to the law

I'm built to last, ever since them niggaz killed my dad

Crackin' a pen and pad is all I hadIt's get it how you live with me

Busters don't know how to deal with me, it's all real with me

All the street niggaz scared of me

All the hot girls love me they say, "Boy put that drill in me"I come through, limo tint on the truck

I got a whole block spooked when I ride slow, puttin' it up

Got straight, Seagram's gin in my cup

I ain't gon' do ya nuttin scary-ass nigga, what'cha heart beatin' for?What's your heart beatin' for?

(You scared)

What's your heart beatin' for, ha?Where da at? In the club, where da at? Showin' love

Where da at? In the drop ridin' twenty-deuce dubs  
Where da at? In the street, where da at? With the beat  
Where da at? With da bitch still talkin' 'bout me  
Where da at? In the back, where da at? In the 'llac  
Where da at? In the hood still gettin' they ass jacked  
Where da at? Gettin' 2-way, where da at? In the who-ay  
Where da at? Talkin' bad but it's still all goo-ey  
I'm in the club, post up, way in the back  
Got a bottle of gin and I snuck in with the mac  
Got my fresh bows on, breeze on my feet  
Hoes love when I'm thuggin' in my fresh white tee  
I'm 'bout whatever, Gizzle is a G  
We could do it however, it don't matter to me  
We can do it right here, we can take it outside  
I'm young, but believe, I been 'bout mine  
I just ride when it's time to ride  
I grind when it's time to grind, slangin' hot when it's time to bust  
Slangin' dick when it's time to fuck  
I'm a Chopper City nigga, don't try your luck  
You want beef? I ain't scared, nigga I'm everywhere  
You don't be where you say you be, you're never there  
You actin' like you 'bout it, bitch nigga you scared  
I see your heart beatin', so busta break bread  
What's your heart beatin' for?  
(You scared)  
What's your heart beatin' for, ha?  
Where da at? In the club, where da at? Showin' love  
Where da at? In the drop ridin' twenty-deuce dubs  
Where da at? In the street, where da at? With the beat  
Where da at? With da bitch still talkin' 'bout me  
Where da at? In the back, where da at? In the 'llac  
Where da at? In the hood still gettin' they ass jacked  
Where da at? Gettin' 2-way, where da at? In the who-ay  
Where da at? Talkin' bad but it's still all goo-ey  
Niggaz caught in the zone, they better watch it when I'm  
cockin' my chrome  
'Cause at clubs, yeah I slip one in your dome, you better leave me alone  
I ain't no bitch, I don't talk shit on the phone  
I got somethin' that just might follow you home, now ain't I dead-ass wrong  
How could you react, if your brains  
are blown  
I guess that fat bitch is singin' her song, that bitch is singin' her song  
You busted wide, little boys ain't grown  
Your mouth is heavy but your back ain't strong, and once again it's on  
You must be smokin' on that Cheech and  
Chong  
Think you can handle with somethin' this wrong  
With somethin' this wrong  
Just write it in blood, or carve it in stone  
Otherwise you don't want no problems with homes  
Don't want no problems with homes  
You can't get rid of me, not even penitentiary  
A friend of me, you need to be, I'm hotter than humidity  
Without a mask, jack a nigga for his cash  
Hot led make a motherfucker heart beat fast  
What's your heart beatin' for?  
(You scared)  
What's your heart beatin' for, ha?

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