

Where U Been? (Feat. Cap1)

2 Chainz

2 Chainz! I keep my hoes in check, you buy Nike for yours
Say they want that loud, I'mma bring that noise
Check my watch on a flight
Yeah, I call that airtime
Murk 'em in the middle of the street
That gon' be his deadline
Yeah, you gon' respect mine, got a body on my Tec-9
Say you nobody 'till somebody gon' body you, flatline
Pocket full of dead guys and you know I'm anti
Anti-social, anti-lame
But ain't I cool nigga, ain't I?
You looking at a star that's spaced out
They try to take my style and then take off
I go to work with no days off
Everything I own paid off
Shawty pussy hair shaved off
And she did it just for me, nigga
Would skip you like a spacebar
But I much rather delete niggas I've been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I've been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I've been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I've been getting money, where the fuck you been?
Bought a new crib just to fuck you in
Bought a new crib just to fuck you in
Bought a new crib just to fuck you in
I've been getting to the money, where the fuck you been? Gucci hat (Gucci hat), Gucci belt
If you wrote a autobiography
You'd have to sue yourself
Your lying ass, codeine in my wine glass
I know you had a wild past
I ain't fucked you in a while with your wild ass
I get high and I fly past
I don't know nothing 'bout iChat
I work in this iPhone they need an app called iTrap
I trap, shining like a night lamp
I just hit my girlfriend and asked her where her wife at
White cup, white hat, laying on a white couch
Got that presidential and a residential white house
Nigga saying "who?" (who) like a white owl

You can see me shinin' (shinin') with the light out I've been getting money, where the fuck you been?
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I've been getting to the money, where the fuck you been? Turn five to a ten to a twenty to fifty to hundred
My niggas get money, I want it (BEEP)
Ride through the city my niggas got choppers
My bitch she's so pretty that's my pocahontas
Everything on me I shine like a trophy
Run up a check while they watch out for police
Versace my pinky, a brick on my Rollie
The Cali Ferrari I'm feeling like Kobe
TRU that's to the death of me, nigga
Killers on the right and left of me, nigga
My destiny nigga to get all this money
I can't share that whole recipe with you, nigga
My nigga told me "get 'em" did it I got 'em
Stand on that couch, drink out of the bottle
That .40 got hollows, that bitch she gon' swallow
Get to that money, I'm king of Chicago
Bought a new crib just to fuck you in
Bought the Benz just to fuck your friends
Giuseppe's 900 with that gold boss
Everything 'bout me raw like a dope charge I've been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I've been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I've been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I've been getting money, where the fuck you been?
Bought a new crib just to fuck you in
Bought a new crib just to fuck you in
Bought a new crib just to fuck you in
I've been getting to the money, where the fuck you been?

Songwriters

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