

# Where We At

Henrik Schwarz

Speak my mind just to reach your mind  
Tap a tempo off the instrumental just to get the drum line  
You know it's my time reel up and rewind  
Get off that cheap wine swinging on my grapevine  
You heard a brother worthy and create rhymes  
I take it further than a murder or I hate crime  
Don't hate on me what have you done for me lately  
Beside to bait me assume and mistakenly  
Too abstract than a backpack  
To super underground with the beats and rats  
'Cause I refuse to bust gats and water down my raps  
To get me caught up in a trap and set me years back, fuck that  
Yeah, right from the start remember that feeling  
The way the hip-hop used to make you feel  
So real like getting first signed  
Then the first time you heard Planet Rock  
Word is over, the God, Staten Island, for real, for real  
I heard brother say J5, men them niggas ain't shit  
Them niggas never slapped no bitch, never inserted a clip  
They never claimed thug or a pimp  
Them niggas never made the attempt  
Hey yo, they ain't all that  
My six members men and four of them black  
What kind of racist statement is that  
They need to change their views  
Start talking about the clubbing they do  
That's the reason we ain't fucking with you

Today's artist is tough, talking loud, this isn't enough, yeah  
Let's talk about the guns you bust, nigga, the crack you cut  
Or all the cars that you bought wholesale  
Or the niggas rattling your cold tail  
I've been keeping it real, let's talk about the ash you feel  
Now that's the way to get mass appeal  
Ya'll ain't heard that, ?Wow?, the brothers ain't feeling your style  
You get stoned play over the radio right now  
Where we at?  
Where we at?  
Where we at?

Don't deny me, diss or ostracize me  
'Cause it's likely I'm all up in your sight gee  
It's unreal how you deal and threat us  
Your bunch of believers  
I can tell just by the way you retreat, cat  
'Cause this is a discreet fact  
They heat rap beat gaps but stay of the knee rack  
So you could put your seat back, pick up your feet and bring facts  
Rhymes and beats that we create can defeat that weak crap  
'Cause your either bling-blogin' or your next tails rignin'  
(Dring)  
Either way it goes, fat baby ain't signing  
The game ain't over until we all get shined  
I mean you do your thing and I do mine

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