

Where U Been? (feat. Cap.1)

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
Trying to take my style then take off
I go to work with no days off, everything all 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 been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I 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 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
Yo' lying ass, codeine in my wine glass
I know you had a wild past, I ain't fucked you in a while with yo' wild ass
I get high and I fly past, I don't know nothing 'bout iChat
I'm working 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 in a residential white house
Nigga saying "who?" (who) like a white owl
You can see me shinin' (shinin') with the light out, come on
I been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I been getting money, where the fuck you been?
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I 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
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
That Cali Ferrari, I'm feeling like Kobe
T-R-U, 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, I can't share that whole recipe with ya
My nigga told me "Get 'em, get it?" I got 'em
Stand on that couch and just drink out 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 that Benz just to fuck your friends
Giuseppe's 900 with the gold bars
Everything about me raw like a dope charge
I been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I been getting money, where the fuck you been?
I 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 been getting to the money, where the fuck you been?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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