

Where's Da G's

Dizzee Rascal

Dirty stank, yeah man
I know that you think you're foolin?
But you ain't foolin' me, man
I don't give a shit man, I'm out here man
Wherever you want man
Sweat or fuckin' blood, man
Liar, liar, pants on fire
You're not gangsta, you're not street
You just make yourself sound gangsta
When you're rappin' on the beat
You ain't got yourself in no
Life threatenin' situations yet
You're no dealer, you're not ballin'
You just get yourself in debt
You're a fan of hip hop, wankin'
When you hear them rappers talk
Love to sit and listen
But we know that you don't walk the walk
What's with all the fake aggression
I can see that it's not true
I know killers, I know gangsters
And they never heard of you
You ain't robbed nobody, shanked nobody
You ain't bust no gun
You ain't seen no ghetto action
Who do you think you foolin', son?
You should pull your trousers up
You know it ain't your type of look
You're no playa, you're no pimp
I think that you should read a book
And seckle
Find yourself a pretty girl and settle
You know that if it's on
That you ain't drawin' for no metal
I know them rap songs got you thinkin'
You're some kind of G
Well if that's the case, then que sera
And what will be will be, boy
Where's the G's? Where's the stars?

Where's the whips? Where's the cars?
Where's that cribs and where's the yards?
?Cause all I see is hype
Where's the dough? Where's the cash?
Where's the hoes? Where's the gash?
Where's the blicks and where's the mash?
?Cause all I see is hype
Too many moots on the TV
How many real crooks on the TV?
All I hear is dead hooks on the TV
Bein? real these days ain't easy
Too many moots on the TV
How many real crooks on the TV?
All I see is bare poop on the TV
Bein? real these days ain't easy
Well it's big Bun B and I'm back again
Talkin? that shit on the track again
Too many motherfuckers be lyin? about
Sellin?, buyin? and traffickin?
I'm like, really though what's happenin?
You boys talk about that crack again?
?Cause we don't believe you, need more people
Y'all might as well just pack it in
Show me the paper you're stackin? in
Show me the blocks you got on hold
Show me your workers, show me your shooters
Lemme see the neighborhood you control
Lemme see if you a boss
And if motherfuckers is scared of you
And if somebody tryin? to take your shit
Let me see what you prepared to do
Are you ready to go to war?
Are you ready to shoot to kill?
Are you really gon' man-up or bitch-up?
Just tell the truth for real
Are you ready to take a life

Walk up to 'em and squeeze the trigger
I don't think so ?cause you ain't built like that
So just be easy, nigga
?Cause you know, you ain't 'bout no drama
And you know that you really don't want it
So stay the fuck out of the way
When them trill-ass niggas is on it
Dizzee Ras and UGK

You know we stay connected
Trill recognize trill, so just respect it
And check it and tell me
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Where the Benz and where the hoes?
Candy niggas with candy clothes
Where the cocaine, where the o's?
Where the SoundScan, where the shows?
You's a pimp, bitch, where the track?
Where the diamonds and where the Lac
You say that you in hot pursuit
But I ain't never seen you with a prostitute
I got everythin? I say
Don't believe me, ask Lil' J
On the West ask Ice-T
Fuck good but my dick ain't free
So hood, I used to whip the D
Patron and wood when I'm in the B
Sweet Jones, Tony Snow, Percy Mack, Pimp C
Bitch, I got a bunch of names
Gettin? head in the H.O.V. lane
Gettin? red, I let my nuts hang
Wear a lot of red but it ain't no gang
Chased by the Feds but it ain't no thang
I guess they think I still sell cocaine
92 carrots in my chain
Jumpin? out a red-candy thin?
Never snitch, never tell
Get caught up, go back to jail
Before I tell them hoes shit

Fuck the law, they can eat my dick
The main niggas that pop the trunk
Go to the pen and get with them punks
Then come home tryin' to act tough
When they was up there gettin' fucked in the butt
Where's the G's? Where's the stars?
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