Where We At

Mos Def (Yasiin Bey)

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 mistakely
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 thats 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-bligin' 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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