

Where You At

Ray J

here you at? (I got it)
Where you at? (I got it)
Where you at? (I got it)
All my nigga's makin' money

Where you at? (where you at?)
Where you at? (where you at?)
Where you at? (where you at?)
All my bitches makin' money
Where you at?

My cherry red shirt and my Anaheim fitted (in my)
My cherry red shirt and my Anaheim fitted (in my)
My cherry red shirt and my Anaheim fitted
Nigga throwin' up the beat, baby came to get with it

Soon as I got a meal, I got a zone
Got a couple cribs, all brand new homes
Smokin' and poppin' pills, it's how we goin'
My cherry red shirt in the club gettin' loaded

Bitch I'm a baller, but I ain't hopin'
I'm up the courts in a view so movin'
And we can confirm that (with the whole west coast)
'Cause my nigga DJ Quik brought this beat funk music

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I'm in cherry red Chucks, Anaheim fitted
Brim low, drive by, tell 'em Anaheim did it
Game the banger, part time slinger
Half time hustler put soap on a hanger

Let it damp out, khaki suit flamin' like a camp out
Game on the track I'll blow the f**kin' amps out
Game bang while I drive, pull this six tramp out
X-Games in the hood bring the f**kin' ramps out
(where you at?)

Gameboys on the block, 'til they see the Vans out
Three dollar X pills, call that shit a handout
She know that sex sells so she got her ass out
But we ain't buyin' nothin' but Patron, bitch pass out (where you at?)

Where I'm at in the hood on D's
5 years after I was in the hood on Keys
Rockin' that 80's hat, like where the haze at
Red rag in my right pocket and I stay strapped

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