

# Cam'ron, Where The Fuck You At

Move 'em in, move 'em out  
Trapped in shoot it out  
Bone a whore  
Corner store  
Want it raw  
On the floor  
Tie 'em up, lie 'em down  
Fuck yall niggas crying now  
Killer Cam  
Side town  
Fuck yall niggas ridin' round  
Creep wit da toast  
Keep it close  
Never know when you'll see da gross  
From my yaht you'll see coast  
From my block you'll see toast  
Love da way I grab dat cash  
Now I laugh  
You love the way I smack dat ass  
Backflash  
You'll sniff foul powder  
Over clam chowder  
Yall lil' rascals like Alfalfa  
While we listenin' to wild salsa  
La la bomba  
Come through in the Hummer  
La la bomba  
Face down ass up  
That's the way we like to fuck  
After that pucker up  
Babygirl we like to suck  
Sucker what  
Never duck  
That's not what my hoods about  
Hood without a doubt  
So bitch put it in your mouth

[Chorus]  
Where da fuck you at  
Bust your gat  
Where da fuck you at  
Do yall niggas sell crack  
Where da fuck you at  
Got a fat stack  
Where da fuck you at  
Huh, ain't a damn thing funny  
Why? Bitch betta have my money  
Where da fuck you at

Aiyo  
I spit spit flow flow  
Get get doe doe  
Switch switch yo yo  
Sick sick fo-four  
Swing swing click click  
Drug game big brick  
Swing swing big dick  
Pretty thing thick chick  
cock cock nice nice  
shot shot twice twice  
Now I gotta slice slice  
Rock rock ice ice  
Drick drink Old Gold  
Bitches wanna Volvo

Woo shit was wo wo  
Now we got dat cocoa  
Tram tram palm palm  
Chicks call it swanton  
Of course we all suit  
And we all cute  
Yo Queet call Kose  
Bitch over here frothin'  
Yo I want they're jaw loose  
We got more troops  
Get you hauled off juice  
Stop frontin' yo  
You ain't sawed off proof  
Whips whips cost cost  
Six six floss floss  
Big big boss boss  
Get get lost lost

[Chorus]

Aiyo I need da type of girl  
That's in love wit her cash  
Get knocked together  
Look at each other and laugh  
Get a key  
She like cut it in half  
Get a in beef  
She like da fuck is my bag  
Take cover and laugh  
Real prestiges  
Walk around wit da mack dies  
Smack Diez  
Cause he said "Dame la chocha"  
Bitch caught him in da Rover  
Scared 'em aired 'em  
Kiete la voka  
Goin' to da gun range  
Her hobby is rape  
Girls lookin' at her jewels  
Like they gotta be fake  
Plus a brand new jeep  
Leather brand new seats  
Wit da dishes real deep  
Nah, Cam too cheap  
Yall can't flow wit dat  
Bang it out throw it back  
Ain't no here we go wit dat  
Grabbin' on here lower back  
Lookin' at me like she can take the shit  
Uh uh uh  
Now take that bitch

[Chorus]