

The Game, Where You At? (The Whole City Behi

(Verse 1: Kanye West)

Yeah, yeah - I used to front when I write songs
Talk about havin ice on, and I could barely keep my lights on
And my beats was so sick, I shoulda got a medic
But my credit was so pathetic I couldn't afford a debit
When the dropout dropped, I had to cop me a money tree
To front on anybody who ever tried to front on me
With so much personality, what do you want from me?
I could be by myself and enjoy the company
My life, this year, my career, is the Lord
Bad chick, this award, is for Melissa Ford
Ninety-four I could only afford this Accord
>From the home of gangbangin and we all outdoors
Southside, outside, Westside, let's ride
Eastside, right B-Side, Lakeshore Drive
And I'm (and I'm) Chi-Town's finest
Where you at? The whole city behind us

(Chorus: Kanye West)

Where you at? The whole city behind us
Where you at? The whole city behind us
Southside, outside, Westside, let's ride
Where you at? The whole city behind us

(Verse 2: Ludacris)

It ain't nuttin to it but to do it! I came here
to shut the place down 'til my body stops pumpin red fluid
A-Town I've been through it! And we steady gettin tested
But ready to fill your bubble when we put the lead to it
Out West they still bangin, up top it's really gully
Down South we get buck and turn hearts to Silly Putty
Ludacris I got silly money - you got jokes?
I'll be laughin all the way to the bank - now that's really funny!
Big city bright lights - and many pity cause we like fights
May be long days but it's fright nights
Living out the night life - and people asking 'Where You At?'
Not the club; I stay in the get right!
Hotlanta home of the booties and the really tight skirts
Where if somebody moves then somebody gets hurt!
>From Decatur down to CP, and EP
Adamsville to the battlefield it's D.T.P.

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: The Game)

It's Compton's prodigy
Obviously I'm from the home of hydraulics
Where they tie bandanas around the steerin collar
'Nuff Impalas in to get holla
We fightin pitbulls and Rottweilers
In the projects the objective is make dollars
'Where You At?' It ain't a problem to get it there by tomorrow
Cause I got a female friend, with frequent flier mileage
I ain't never been to college got the IQ of a Rhodes Scholar
If you follow G-Unit throw up your dubs and yell holla
To all the Y.G.'s in khakis and white tees
With Air 1's in every colour like Ice-T
I might be the city of Compton's right knee
The way I paint pictures with these hip-hop scriptures
Pay attention while The Game shine like a prism
Glisten, show you how canaries can alter one's vision
Not to mention I am Dr. Dre christened on behalf
of Luda and Kan-Yeezie, I'm gon' breathe easy

(Chorus) - repeat 2X