

Too Short, Where They At?

Hook:

Where they at? Where they at?
Where the hoes at? Where they at?
Where the bitches at? Where they at?
Where they at? Where they at?
Yeah, where they at?
Where the hoes at? Where they at?
Where the bitches at? Where they at?
Where they at? Where they at?

Verse 1: (Captain Save 'Em, Too \$hort)

Captain Save 'Em:

Y'all niggas always talkin bad about a breezy,
Talkin bout that young-ass, rich-ass nigga Too Sheezy
Always callin a woman out a name,
Callin her a "bee-eye-itch", now thats a shame
What if somebody called your woman that?
You'd be all up at the century club boy with your stri-rip
Talkin bout "I'll never save a ho",
Then why you have that breezy drivin your big-body benz for?
You say you only out to get some head, and then to stab,
But I see you up at Monty's feedin her lobster and crab
They say that Captain is a playa's worst enemy, so whats next?
You just mad 'cause I got more hoes than you got diamonds on your rolex
Too \$hort:

I realize after makin 6 platinums in a row
The shit was easy, so I had to get some mo'
I never did like stiff hoes,
I f**k like a rap, aint no quick flows
I'm a California nigga, born and bred,
Got a wild imagination when I'm on the bed
I love my woman, I love her girlfriend and her sister,
Felt on her mommas booty but never kissed her
Been mackin on these hoes since the 8-0's,
It don't take much for me to break hoes
You must be dreamin, if my bitch chose you,

We in another lifetime, my game is foolproof
It won't happen, as long as she's my bitch,
I give a f**k if you fake pimps peep my shit
'cause I'mma mack these hoes like never befo',
And everytime I grab the mic I gotta better flow

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Verse 2: (Too \$hort)

I went from rappin about the clothes I was wearin at a party,
To all the hoes that let me see their naked bodies
It's not an overnight transition thing,
I wasn't born pimpin hoes wearin pinky rings
Never walked around sayin "Who am I?"
'cause when I seen old movies like "Superfly"
It was my destiny, to live a pimp legacy,
And reach levels other niggas never see
In '81 I rapped friendly, but now its on,
One day I said somethin on the microphone
About sixteen hoes, suckin ten toes,
People loved it, thats how the story goes
It's true, in 1982,
Me and Freddy B sold the tapes to you
X-rated, talkin bout bitches and thugs,
All the dope-dealers gettin rich sellin drugs
Too \$hort bumpin in the background,

You thought I retired, bitch I'm back now
Like a house party, or a side show,
I got the spanish, black and white hoes
Ask an East Oakland nigga, I bet you he know,
"Is she mixed with japanese or fillapino?"
I always spit the game when I rap,
All I wanna know is where the hoes at?

Hook