

Where Was You

Juicy J, Wiz Khalifa & TM88

We was out there on the curb tryna' get it where was you
Higher than a bird hopping out the flying spur like I need a parachute
We was out there on the curb tryna' get it where was you
In the concrete jungle where they ain't afraid to hustle and they ain't scared to shoot
(shoot)Where was you when I ain't have a pot to piss in
Where was you when my homie came up missing
Where was you when I was out here on the clock
I can tell you this you waddn't on the block
But its alright I hustle all night
You be smoking shit you be all hype
Mane that shit was vicious how can I forget it
Pushing all these chickens tryna get a ticket
I might leave a trail cause my swag drippin'
All this shit you talking bout you know I live it
I'm LeBron with the vision you a witness
This Jordan on my chain bigger than a midget
We was out there on the curb tryna' get it where was you
Higher than a bird hopping out the flying spur like I need a parachute
We was out there on the curb tryna' get it where was you
In the concrete jungle where they ain't afraid to hustle and they ain't scared to shoot
(shoot)Where the fuck was you nigga, when I was a young nigga
I done held guns for niggas, that was fun for my niggas
Smoking weed in the trap living comfortable nigga
If the police came then we run from them niggas
Couple niggas start snitching, we ain't fuck with them niggas
Gotta problem we pull up with a truck full niggas
I'm a boss I ain't nothing like these other lil niggas
Got no trust for these niggas, got no love for these niggas
If this was back in the day we'd bust on the niggas
I 'ont argue in the street I don't fucks with no nigga
We find out where we could meet then we jump on a nigga
And they do that shit for cheap, so its nothing lil nigga
We was out there on the curb tryna' get it where was you (gang gang gang gang gang gang
gang)
Higher than a bird hopping out the flying spur like I need a parachute
We was out there on the curb tryna' get it where was you (where was you)
In the concrete jungle where they ain't afraid to hustle and they ain't scared to shoot (shoot)I
might have a actress laying on my mattress
I ain't with that talking bitch I'm bout that action
Call me uncle sam cause you know I'm taxing'
Yo bitch swallow my seed but you ain't in my bracket
Please don't get me twisting just because I'm rapping

I can send a head out on you like a tackle
I could show you how to cook 'em up and wrap 'em
I could tell you bout that Mac and I ain't talking Apple
Cause I can get you knocked off for no charge nigga
You gone take it in the chest like a charge nigga
I swear that street shit get my dawgs charged nigga
You say you can get me right but what you charge nigga We was out there on the curb tryna' get
it where was you (gang gang gang gang gang gang gang)
Higher than a bird hopping out the flying spur like I need a parachute
We was out there on the curb tryna' get it where was you (where was you)
In the concrete jungle where they ain't afraid to hustle and they ain't scared to shoot
(shoot) Lemme chirp these fools
I can barely hear you, no wonder I can't see you
I landed the jet and went and bought a bald eagle
I'm on tour with niggas from my hood that's my people
And they used to push the rock like Memphis Bleek and Beanie Sigel I ain't see you when I ain't
have a whip to get around
You wan't with me at the bottom, I'm not fuckin' with you now
Ran into a young nigga say he look up to me
Juicy drop that new shit you gon' fuck up the streets
Bought to fuck up a check, and then I'm off for a week
Met a bitch at the Versace store and fucked her to sleep
When I'm finished with her I'mma drop her off where I found her
And I wake up every morning to the sound of money counters
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>