

# Juicy J and Wiz Khalifa, Where Was You

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

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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)  
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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

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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 thats 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 won'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