

# Where Dem Dollas At

Gangsta Boo

featuring DJ Paul and Juicy 'J'

"I'm chillin heavy understand me baby this Gangsta Boo"  
> from 'Tear Da Club Up' (repeat 2X)

Chorus x2

Where da dollas at

Nigga where da dollas at

"I'm chillin heavy understand me baby this Gangsta Boo"

Where da dollas at

Nigga where da dollas at

(Gangsta Boo)

Now let me kick a little somethin'

About this lady named Boo

Haven't you heard of the things Miss Boo is capable to do

Get your mind twisted like some dress

Under Jamaicans head

Vicky lingere

Candles (??) on the bed

Blazing hella weed

Concentrating on what's next, be next

Bet you by the dolar

Make you holler, where them Benji's at

Comin' out your pocket

Don't be stoppin'

What can happen baby

How many niggas get the chance to be in the mist up lady (never)

Not be goin'

Cause my game is just to big for that

Gangsta Boo be watchin'

All the Prophet niggas got my back

What you see in me

Nigga roll is what I meant to be

Sippin' on Henn and Grinn

And then your face

Tryin' to get your cheese

Why you be's

Sayin' I'm drownin' you out

But still pagin' me

Never answer the phone

Cause you name be on my caller ID

I guess you can say I'm kinda crazy in my own ways

Fuck bein' broke on days

Ladies gots to get paid

Chorus x4

Get me amazed at how these bitches

Havin' babies by niggas

With no pot to piss in

Or no mone to give her

What the fuck

Why you hoes want to live that way

I be sceemin' for some cheddar

Every god damn day

Not to be the fuckin' one

Lookin' sad and broke  
No nigga to fuck with  
No weed to smoke  
Hard times got me whinin'  
Conversation and kickin' it  
Hooked up with a little Chris  
Now I'm back on my pimpin'  
Thinkin' up a fuckin' plan  
How to get you man  
Damn I hope you understand  
Money came with the scam  
We be chillin' in the cities  
Of New York and L.A.  
It is all good  
Get my conflict on  
Smokin' on hay  
I had to stay  
But anyway I feel you hatin' on me  
You look into my eyes  
And stop but still you hatin' on me (nevermind)  
Fuck it, I ain't takin' it personal  
I'm about my business  
Well I have to kick it sooner or later  
So I ain't trippin'

Chorus x4

(DJ Paul)  
I keeps my shit in control  
Straight dumpin' diamonds and gold  
Playas all up in my soul  
While pots arranged in a row  
Up in the be -I-?-?  
These hoes been waitin' to see me  
I hope that bitch got my cheese  
Can't leave with less than the keyes  
I'm scopin' out some more talent  
Needs some new hoes for my palace  
The more hoes that I just grab  
They hated on my like melon  
Soon as I hit the front door  
They scope the go around my collar  
I'm have to come upon loot  
I can't even spare a dollar  
I got to roll gang style, bitch

(Juicy "J")  
I got a rolex on my wrist trick  
Can't you hoes get some of this  
Some niggas want to take my place  
Some hoes be beggin' ride my dick  
I be stopped  
The Juice gon' shine  
The droopies pokin' in my rhyme  
I'm living good and feelin' fine  
I'm high off weed, then liquour and wine  
Just roll it up, I fold it up  
These bottle pop, pour it in my cup  
The niggas who work from 9 to 5  
Are on the corner, post it up  
We still can ball, the Juice and Paul  
The deals we make, the shots we call  
Auntropronuers on world wide tour

The only thing we save is cheese not brawl

Chorus x2

Aw yeah Hypnotized Minds up in here  
You know the business  
Gangsta Boo solo tape, ya'll know the scope  
Featuring the Tear Da Club Up Thugs, wsup, all hot  
It's on, where the dollers at  
Where I'm at, on the map