

## Where They At?

Too \$hort

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

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 that's a shame.  
What if somebody called your woman that?  
You'd be all up at the century club, boy, with your stri-nap.  
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 what's next?  
You just mad 'cause I got more hos than you got diamonds on your rolex.

I realize after makin' six platinum's in a row  
The shit was easy, so I had to get some mo'.  
I never did like stiff hos.  
I fuck like a rap, ain't 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 momma's booty but never kissed her.  
Been mackin' on these hos since the eighties.  
It don't take much for me to break hos.  
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 fuck if you fake pimps peep my shit,  
'Cause I'm a mack these hos like never befo',  
And every time I grab the mic I gotta better flow.

I went from rappin' about the clothes I was wearin' at a party,  
To all the hos that let me see their naked bodies.  
It's not an overnight transition thing,  
I wasn't born pimpin' hos, 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, that's 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 hos.  
Ask an east Oakland nigga, I bet you he know,  
"Is she mixed with Japanese or Filipino?"  
I always spit the game when I rap.  
All I want to know is where the hos at?