

Where My Ese'e At

Frost*

Hey you, come over here
And listen to my brand new world premier
I'm about to fuck it up with my brand new cut
I Hit-A-Lick with the click that loves to rip shit up
Now a party ain't a party unless you got some weed
Red passion alize that we call bleed
Go and do it like some West Coast gangster G's
Real G's do whatever the fuck they please
So if I wanna pop some heat then I'ma pop it
And if I wanna cop some weed then I'ma cop it
The lingere's on the floor, she just dropped it
And there ain't shit that you haters can do to stop it
She's getting loca, got me all Tony Toca
Spinning out of control off that hennessy and coca
Hey loco she gives good poca
Got me hitting homeruns like Sammy Sosa

Where's my eses at, where's my eses at
Where's my eses at, where's my eses at
Where's my eses, my vato locos, my straight riders
Squatting in them motherfucking '64 Impalas

One two rap combinations like my man Fernando Vargas
I promise, I'm still the hardest Latin rap artist
Ten years since La Raza
And I still stay strapped every time I leave the casa
It ain't that I wanna do shit
It's just that out here in the streets man there's still a bunch of bullshit
Getting away in my new shit
Sooner or later dog, one's bound to hit
But until then I'ma do it like a big dog
Come to the part and straight get boss hoged
Grab the mic and I commence to rip
Then I jump in the low low and commence to dip
As I leave the scene so crisp and clean
Bouncing down the block with the gangster lean
If it's that G-Funk that you want all up in the trunk
I'ma give you what the fuck you want little homey

Now who'd of thought that I'd come back with that gangster mack
Thirteen inch rims on a coke white Lac
I'm about to set it off like this and like that
And that's a West Coast thing if you know what I mean
Yeah, so throw your set in the air
And wave it around like you just don't care
And if you down to party with some real OG's
Somebody say hell yeah
Hell yeah, and you don't stop
Babygirl let me see your panties drop
Oh you way too cute in that birthday suit
Let me be your candyman and come knock your boot
I'ma hit you front and back and side to side
Like they do in East LA when it's time to ride
It ain't nothing but a cholo party going on
And it's gonna rock till the break of dawn