Where Ya At

Lil' Wayne

No Ceilings

Hey now, you're an all-star
But the bitches you be with, they are sub-par
But the bitches you be with, they be cock-blockin'
Hope you put the kid to sleep, they be cock-blockin'
You could really get this meat, get this hot sausage
And I'm way too rich to beef, I just buy a body
And I really kick my feet up and that's not karate
Yeah I really kick my feet up, let a thot massage 'em

Where ya ass was at when I was with the Hot Boys?
Prolly watchin' Baller Blockin', eatin' popcorn
Where ya ass was at? You was in the drought, boy
I was prolly at the fight bringin' out Floyd

Say she love me cause I'm laid back, she outgoin'
I possess a drank, pockets fat like Samoan
I just told my goons I got it, I just waved 'em off
I just told Tunechi I got it and he said, "Of course"
Lose my mind the only time I ever take a loss
I work too hard for takin' off... I'm takin' off
Really 'bout to see a billion, all in arm's reach
Sleep on a hammock in the middle of two palm trees
My neighbors can't sleep, all they hearin' is them cars screech
My bitch can't sleep, all she hearin' is them car keys
I'm just sipped out and I'm way too tired to talk, please
I'm just sipped out and I'm way too tired, I'm yawning

Where ya ass was at when I was 15 in a Porsche?
Where ya ass be at when we be poppin' all these corks?
Where ya ass be at? Know you're prolly with them dorks
I'm prolly with some bitches that be poppin' pills and snort

Diamonds in my mouth, no Swarovski
I'm hittin' notes with the pistol, oh I'm off-key
And the money... come at godspeed
I'm movin' slow, Lisa Turtle, Lark Voorhies
From the treasure chest, inside was a heartbeat
And Katrina had us hustlin' out a RV
We had to stash and steal, balled, Steve Harvey
We had to stash and steal, balled, Steve Harvey
And we set a nigga up like eHarmony
And your bitch plain, nigga, and your car cheap
And we leave your brain right there on your broad's cheek
And we leave some stains right there on your offspring
And the purple rain right here in the soft drink
Yeah the purple rain right here in the soft drink
And to fight the pain, nigga, like a horse train
And we don't complain, nigga, and we don't blink

And he dumb as hell and I swear his ass don't think
I think you run with 12 and I think these hoes quiet link
I be so underwhelmed cause I swear his hoe's style's weak
I'm movin' slow as hell but the money comin' godspeed
I'm movin' slow as hell but the money comin' godspeed

I just told a pussy nigga, "Call your henchman, nigga"
I just stole on a nigga mid-sentence, nigga
Fiend searchin' in a haystack for syringes, nigga
Dopeman got 'em flippin' like some ninjas, nigga
Got 'em tweakin', got 'em lurkin', got 'em cringin', nigga
That's them symptoms, nigga, I can prevent 'em, nigga
Split a nigga's head in two, that's split decisions, nigga
Been to Hell and back, came back in mint condition, nigga
Feel like Heaven winnin' racks, return to spend a nigga
Feel like Heaven's only lackin' your attendance, nigga
Feel like stuntin', drop them tops but not them windows, nigga
Toss out your demo, I ain't even like your intro, nigga
I just went Kimbo with this tempo, un momento, nigga
You know my M.O., nigga, spit that A.M.M.O., nigga, blat

I ask my ceilings where ya ass was at
To all my Ceilings fans, I'm back, they pushed the album back

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