

Where's Yours At?

Pharrell Williams

Where's yours at
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Come on, hah, come on, hah
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Come on, hah, come on, hah, come on

Yeah I'ma skater, yeah I'm dirty
Lookin' for my wife, while they smart and perty
Your material-listic, journey
That bullshit, don't concern me
Ah, here you go, talking big shit
You ain't think, I could flip it like this quick
You just talking, and I'm the big shit
Without mentioning my hit list, for instance
Color dunk show, got 'em all yo
Got a different car, under each garage do'
From the Rolls Royce, that rides like hydro
That white 550, nigga, kicking like Tae Bo
I don't give a fuck, what ya haters think
Fam' I did things, my major means
At a pretty young age, I did major things
I made major cream, I eat major greens
First the yellow diamonds nigga, made ya bling
Had the baddest bitches, on the major scene
Fuck what ya heard and what you think you seen
I fuck that bitch who come from Cover Girl, to Maybelline
Quater million jewelry from, Las Van Dome
Diamonds and plat', like glass and chrome
Black credit card, just asking on
Didn't need it, just didn't have it home
White girl in Africa, Black in Rome
Philipina girl, just packing at home
All the girls I get, I hack and moan
Man I give 'em the dick, you know them bitches just gone
Nigga raise ya funds, been crazier son
But nigga ignorant, and Star Trak, take his fun
I'm the keyboard killer, with the raz-or toungue
Don't come back tellin me, what play-ers done
I did it big, and I made it fun
I made a ton, oh yeah the Rolls Royce got sacadelic flowers
Painted on it, and I'm leaning on a nigga wit a lazor gun
The house in Virginia, that's what I'm living in
Building in Carribean, fillin 'em and buildin' 'em
"Paris too?" said the strangest girl
I said bitch, I'm tryna change the world, whoo

MC tu fais pas le poids, dis moi tu vas faire quoi
C'est la K'1 Fry Mafia, ceux qui t'ont montré l'pas
MC qu'on ne contrôle pas, MC qu'on ne compare pas
Qu'on écoute au car-pla, que les keufs ne blairent pas
Pour Sarko on est bon qu'à porter la cagoule et les gants
Star-co dans les mariages on est les plus élégants
Charme du ghetto, sur les photos
Joue les pachs, J'serre des tis-més [?]

Roule en Smart, J'raconte que d'la merde
Elle s'marre, font des smacks
On aime celles qui se respectent, car l'respect commence par soit même
Celles qui s'prennent pas la tête, qui couchent le soir même
On est bizarres, ma vie un bazar
Armdullah, j'suis artiste comme Mozart
Les MCs j'smoke, le rap c'est comme
la prostitution, ça s'mac, Dan's l'show buis'
Font tous la bise, S'appellent " chéri "
On vient tout niquer sur l'terrain, la France-Algérie
Ton boss Rohff dans la place, protège ta garce
Reconnaît le flow, la classe de celle qui fracasse
Sur un gros son "Neptunes" issu de l'espace
Issu du bitume, donne moi mes tunes, j'suis un rapace
Partout où on passe, C'est d'la casse, L'air ne repousse pas
Ceux qui jactent dans les s'ringues ou crosses des lance-bas
A bout portant, on shoot la concurrence
T'entend pas l'ambulance, pam-pam-pam

M.A.C.R.O-cun

MC déchire ça comme moi
Give it up, give it up
Say give it up, give it up

G.I.R.L

Aucune meuf donne ça comme moi
Get it up, get it up
Get it up, get it up