

Where Were They

Tion Wayne

Out on a lick, were the days
When I had the old house and the whip (TheElements)
No pan let it sit, gotta face it you was just out with a chick
Face it, grrrt
Mm-mm (AoD), yo, ba-ba, yo

She sick of this life, I choose that gun
'Cause it could've been live on news (mmm-mm)
Spend five-foot bands for them yutes
In the 9, I'm movin' like Vladimir Puts
Bro said he ain't riding with troops
Just one man, fuck that, grip it, and shoot
I could've called gang but I refuse
'Cause ten man gliding so we're just loose (boom)
Even though I'm up, ain't shit changed
Man will line you up, no skin fade
Root for this guy, Tijumie
But you know the back was insane (mad)
It's funny how things changed (woo)
Gyal said I wouldn't be shit, now she wanna come in my whip
Saw the Rollie, now, she's on my dick
Spend ten this week but I want more (money)
West End's too bait, on the shop floor (oii)
It's all fucked, every time I go Louis (oii)
Put the whole shop like bonjour (bonjour)
Told babes, "No time for your contour" (boom)
Probably had food out the front door (oii)
But now I had money in offshore, got the taxman all unsure

Man came up with waps, no shankin'
Quick handtings, hold man for ransom
My last star was a mad ting, sad ting
Beef my set, no chat, just bang him (boom)
Talk, no action, tryna fly straight, I'm glad that's happenin'
Man army, no talk, I'm crashin', car, Grand Auto fashion

Where were they when I was out on a lick?
Where were they when I was had the old ass in the whip?
Where were they? No pan, let it sit
Gotta face it, you was just out with a chick (boom)
All my life had to hustle and slip
All my teachers told me I wouldn't be shit
Where were they when I couldn't get kicks? (Ba, mm-mm)
Now the streets with me, man, I make a man dip

I was makin' man dip, seen the thirty round, fast
When my brother get stick, he would grip it and blast
Man, dip it and stick it in until it bark
Now we whip it, and squeeze it, and flip it in park
Every time they put me in bars, punch man for the enhance
Mama told me, "Listen in class," but in the streets, I'm Michelin-starred
Man, fiddlin', hittin' him, makin' man dance
I was fidgitin', stickin' him, 'til I shots
Wasn't ever gonna stop, then I went and got charged
One million, million, tryna live large
Where were they? But days can't blame me
There were days when the set wan' break me

All this talk but your chat don't faze me
All you do is act like Patrick Swayze

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