

# Where U Been?

2 Chainz

I keep my hoes in check, you buy Nike for yours  
Say they want that loud, I'mma bring that noise  
Check my watch on a flight □ yeah, I call that airtime  
Murk 'em in the middle of the street, that gon' be his headline  
Yeah, you gon' respect mine, got a body on my Tec-9  
Say you nobody 'till somebody gon' body you: flatline  
Pocket full of dead guys  
And you know I'm anti-anti-social, anti-labor, anti-cool nigga, ain't I?  
You looking at a star that's phased out  
Trying to take my style then take off  
I go to work with no days off, everything I own paid off  
Shawty pussy hair shaved off and she did it just for me  
Nigga, would skip you like a spacebar, but I much rather delete niggas

I've been getting money, where the fuck you been?  
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Bought a new crib just to fuck you in  
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I've been getting to the money, where the fuck you been?

Gucci hat, Gucci belt  
If you wrote a autobiography you had to sue yourself  
You lying ass, codeine in my wine glass  
I know you had a wild past  
I ain't fucked you in a while with your wild ass  
I get high and I fly past, I don't know nothing 'bout iChat  
I work in this iPhone they need an app called iTrap  
I trap, shining like a night night lamp  
I just hit my girlfriend and asked her where her wife at  
White cup, white hat, laying on a white couch  
Got that presidential and a residential white house  
Nigga saying □who?□ like a white ass  
You can see me shining white the light out

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Turn five to a ten to a twenty to fifty to hundred  
My niggas get money, I want it  
I ride through the city my niggas got choppers  
My bitch she's so pretty that's my pocahontas  
Everything on me I shine like a trophy  
Run up a check while they watch out for police  
Versace my pinky, a brick on my Rollie  
The Cali Ferrari I'm feeling like Kobe  
...to the death of my, nigga  
Killers on the right and left of me, nigga  
My destiny nigga to get all this money  
I can't share that whole recipe with you, nigga  
My nigga told me □get 'em□ did it I got 'em

Stand on that couch, drink out of the bottle  
...the bitch she gon' swallow  
Get to the money I'm keeping Chicago  
Yeah, bought a new crib just to fuck you in  
Bought the Benz just to fuck your friends in  
Giuseppe's 900 with the gold...  
Everything 'bout me wrong like a dope charge

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