

# Where's Da G's

Dizzee Rascal

Liar liar, pants on fire, you're not gangsta, you're not street  
You just make yourself sound gangsta when you're rapping on the beat  
You ain't got yourself in no life-threatening situations yet  
You're no dealer, you're not balling, you just get yourself in debt  
You're a fan of hip hop, wanking when you hear them rappers talk  
Love to sit and listen but we know that you don't walk the walk  
What's with all the fake aggression, I can see that it's not true  
I know killers, I know gangsters, and they never heard of you  
You ain't robbed nobody, shanked nobody, you ain't bust no gun  
You ain't seen no ghetto action, who do you think you fooling, son?  
You should pull your trousers up, you know it ain't your type of look  
You're no playa, you're no pimp, I think that you should read a book  
And seckle, find yourself a pretty girl and settle  
You know that if it's on that you ain't drawing for no metal  
I know them rap songs got you thinking you're some kind of g  
Well if that's the case, then que sara and what will be will be

Where's the G's? Where's the stars?  
Where's the whips? Where's the cars?  
Where's that cribs? And where's the yards?  
Cause all I see is hype  
Where's the dough? Where's the cash?  
Where's the hoes? Where's the gash?  
Where's the blicks? And where's the mash?  
Cause all I see is hype  
Too many moots on the TV  
How many real crooks on the TV?  
All I hear is dead hooks on the TV  
Being real these days ain't easy  
Too many moots on the TV  
How many real crooks on the TV?  
All I see is bare poop on the TV  
Being real these days ain't easy

Well it's big Bun be and I'm back again, talking that shit on the track again  
Too many motherfuckers be lying about selling, buying and trafficking  
I'm like really though what's happening, you boys talk about that crack again?  
Cause we don't believe you, need more people, y'all might as well just pack it in  
Show me the paper you're stacking in, show me the blocks you got on hold  
Show me your workers, show me your shooters, lemme see the neighborhood you control  
Lemme see if you a boss, and if motherfuckers is scared of you  
And if somebody trying to take your shit, let me see what you prepared to do  
Are you ready to go to war? Are you ready to shoot to kill?  
Are you really gon' man-up or bitch-up? Just tell the truth for real  
Are you ready to take a life, walk up to 'em and squeeze the trigger  
I don't think so cause you ain't built like that, so just be easy, nigga  
Cause you know you ain't 'bout no drama and you know that you really don't want it  
So stay the fuck out of the way when them trill-ass niggas is on it  
Dizzee Ras and UGK, you know we stay connected  
Trill recognize trill, so just respect it and check it  
And tell me

Where the Benz and where the hoes?  
Candy niggas with candy clothes  
Where the cocaine? Where the o's?  
Where the SoundScan, where the shows?  
You's a pimp, bitch, where the track?  
Where the diamonds and where the Lac  
You say that you that you in hot pursuit  
But I ain't never seen you with a prostitute  
I got everything I say  
Don't believe me, ask Lil' J  
On the West ask Ice-T  
Fuck good but my dick ain't free  
So hood I used to whip the d  
Patron and wood when I'm in the be  
Sweet Jones, Tony Snow, Percy Mack, Pimp see  
Bitch, I got a bunch of names  
Getting head in the H.O.V. lane  
Getting red, I let my nuts hang  
Wear a lot of red but it ain't no gang  
Chased by the feds but it ain't no thang  
I guess they think I still sell cocaine  
Ninety two carrots in my chain  
Jumping out a red-candy thing  
Never snitch, never tell, get caught up, go back to jail  
Before I tell them hoes shit, fuck the law, they can eat my dick  
The main niggas that pop the trunk  
Go to the pen and get with them punks  
Then come home trying to act tough  
When they was up there getting fucked in the butt