

Where Ya From (feat. 8-Ball)

Mobb Deep

Yeah, infamous in ya area
Eightball in ya area
About to 'cause mass hysteriaYo, ashes to ashes big gats to little
I put it to you clear while you cats talkin' riddles
Snake and buck at me, if you did I'd say you got lucky
Trained to tread through land to get muddyAyo, blood rap, survival of the fifth style cat
I puts it down blow a round at your baseball cap
Pee, Niggas saying damn why I be like that
Listen close you can learn from it, it's real blackGangsta shit makes the world rotate
If eight was all make a nigga wanna gain some weight
Fat belly black motherfuckin' D O G
And I'm a thug for them young niggas thuggin' for me
Ayo, fuck where you at kid, it's where you from
'Cause where we from niggas pack nothin' but the big guns
To all my Queens Duns, Niggas who pump drugs
To all the housing projects who rep for they hoodLive and direct from the south to your stereo
Prepare for bustin' and dumpin' okay player here we go
Strapped with infrared raps when I hit the traps
Crack the wack into pieces when I hit the trackLike stone to glass I shatter they raggedy ass
South style waivin' my motherfuckin' soldier rag
A hard illustration of my brutal lifestyle
Memphis Ten made a lot of niggas buck wildThe root to all evil daily I chase it
Blow it on weed and drink then hustle to replace it
It's hard from the start where I lay my head
We get rowdy and bust shots till we raise the dead
Yo, fuck where you at kid, it's where you from
'Cause where we from niggas pack nothing but the big guns
To all my gold grill niggas and my trail niggas
South to east we keep it hard for them real niggasFeel my though, you don't want to get filled up with holes
Moms filling out surgery cards blowing her nose
Wipin' her tears 'cause somethin' on your top got shot
Should have brought along wit you what you loaned on the blockFuck, leavin' without it dunn I'd rather get
knocked
Charged with a ten body for a nigga get shot
For a weak ass bitch, fuck that little whore
Even though she get my dick harder than the parole boardStick and move, slide in, slide out big guns
Mack Milly prepare to mob you steel phillies
Connected with Eightball Dunn so what's the drilly
Out to take it all if you wit me then feel meDon't get yourself shot, bleedin' to death hops

I pop canners off leave a nigga head whopped
A maverick my H K will work magic
You'll find yourself in the O R for talkin' that shit
Street justice I tip the scale over cousin
I hold more weight you just a no name nigga frontin'
Get your hardware lets treat it like a contest
And we can dance till one of us drop from being hit
Murda Muzik my street life influenced it
It's so real bredren I wouldn't test it I rep it
A renegade crack your top like devil spring
Vigilante niggas know the song I sing
It go, fuck where you at kid, it's where you from
'Cause where we from niggas pack nothin' but the big guns
No mistakes for the fake no escape
Chop them boys up and puttin' it in their face
Fuck where you at kid, it's where you from
'Cause where we from niggas pack nothin' but the big guns
To all my ice pick niggas one
To all my dunns tryin' to get the fuck up out of the sprungs
Fuck where you at kid, it's where you from
'Cause where we from niggas pack nothin' but the big guns
To all my Queens Duns, Niggas who pump drugs
To all the housing projects who rep for they hood
Fuck where you at kid, it's where you from
'Cause where we from niggas pack nothin' but the big guns
To all my gold grill niggas and my trail niggas
South to east we keep it hard for them real niggas
South to east we keep it hard for them real niggas
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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