

Where Ya From?

Plan B

(Where you from?)

I'm from a place were the streets are filled with snakes
That smile in your face as they plot to do wrong.

(Where you from?)

I'm from a town where the mans will take you down
If they see you making pounds and flashing it around like you the don
(Cause where I'm from?)

They don't give a fuck if you got talent,
Only got love for your bank balance like, "Give me the wrong!"
(That's where I'm from)

Don't ever get it twisted.

Yeah I'm really, really from the ends now what the fuck you want?

I'm walking down the street, past the coppers on the beat
Past the shooters blotting weed

Clear for everyone to see, but no-one gives a D,
'Cause this is everyday life.

Fuck the police

It's a ghetto state of mind,

'Cept where I'm living I can't see no ghetto,
This ain't America, it's England, where we live ain't nothing special.

You can take anywhere and call it a ghetto,
Same way you make cyanide, same way you make amaretto.

Hip-hop's in the street, now were all busting
50 Cent's on MTV, now it's cool to carry metal

Objects,

Now the object is to kill.

How can you value life when you're so close to death? Stainless steel,
How's it make you feel,

Blud, holding that buckey?

Knowledge is power, guns just make you feel lucky.

It's fuckry the way these yout' man like to go on,
Busting shots in the crowd when there's a show on, they're just putting a show on.

Real gangsters stay underground like non-fiction,
They don't fire blanks at Yanks like when Nas played at Brixton.

Thrill seeking dickheads just doing it for kicks and
Hear a next man speak their name from his lips and

Give a guy props for licking shots from a gun
Like if they fired one at him the fucking prick wouldn't run.

It's like they're praising these youths for acting so dumb and it's no excuse,
Most of us are fatherless sons.

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Yo, where you from?
Are you really from the ends?
Well that depends on what the fuck you mean by ends,
If you south of the Thames, then nah, I ain't from them ends.
I'm from these ends, they call it the East end, my friend,
And round here you gotta watch your back 'cause everyone's bent,
Bare man who think they're rough just 'cause they're shooting the peng,
Hating on Plan B 'cause they don't know me as Ben.
Youths as young as ten walking round thinking they're men.
They're under the influence, and I ain't even talking 'bout drugs,
I'm talking bout why the fuck they're walking like thugs.
They're in love with the idea of being a gangster,
Romantic idealisms producing hot jism like a wanker.
What ever happened to good old fashioned street fighting like Blanka?
Queensbury Rules, mate, that's how I vent anger,
Vent my anger,
Knock out your teeth if you bring me beef,
Leave you looking like a chief.

Where you from blood, where you from?
What's your name?
(Where you from?)
Plan B? Yeah I've heard of you, still.
Yeah yeah, you're fucked up, you're fucked up.
(Cause where I'm from?)
Yeah, yeah, that's cool though.
(That's where I'm from)
Give me your phone, anyway.
Give me your phone,

I don't give a shit,
Give me your phone, blood.
Don't make me jibb you up.
You see this blade and I'll cut your throat

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