

Where I'm From (feat. Tory Lanez)

Mark Battles

(Intro)

It's Fly America(Verse: Mark Battles)

See, where I'm from, ain't no tellin' what you might see
Know a nigga that had seen more Knicks than Spike Lee
20 sack for the wiffey

She get in the back cuz she diggin' the tracks and the tight beat
Ridiculous raps, you niggas is whack, lyrically next to a hype beast

Diggin' the facts and it's all free

The game is a mess, so they called me

I'm cleanin' it up, we sweepin' it stub

Yo beast is a must till I'm boss D

Dawg me, and I'm Beethoven

How he slip? You leave the cage open

Dizzy, stoned, a nigga stay smokin'

Kept it real so my name blowin'

Wayne Horns, that's my nigga, dawg

Y'all wanna see him, have to get involved

If I said it, I did it all

While I'm spittin' raw, they're sittin' off

Kick it off then get rid of y'all

Did with loss, take it like a boss

Danny said you gotta pay the cost

She take it off cuz the way I talk

I'm top of the line and I'm breakin' 'em all

Creatin' the loft then get payed for my thoughts

Trace it in chalk cuz I bodied them all

Stuck in the past, dawg, you gotta evolve

Now that we strong, they hating so hard

Bully and ____(?), stay in the yard

Makin' it large, hands in the air like they're taking a charge

A bunch of 'yes men', and I'm not with 'em

Not too much convincing, gimme five minutes

Had an atheist tell me my flow is God given

How could you doubt fire? Rest in peace to Rob Williams

It's Battles!(Verse 2: Tory Lanez)

700, passin' joints like a Michael Jordan

Ironic, I be with yo wife and scorin'

Iconic nigga in that Black and Bentley

And shout out to yo bitch, I fucked her accidentally

Black on black, we pull up like somebody died
Guess it's 'cause my girl Giuseppe game on homicide
Photos of us, foreign colorin' like an Easter egg
I can't even talk to Siri, I think she the feds
Don't resort to violence, I just resort to islands
I got some bitches with me, bad as _____(?)
Master and a bachelor, fuck her for your college
I go to sleep and wake a winner, sunk and scorch the islands
Fuck what they put me in this position
Had to hit some niggas with the .40 cal
And let them know I left in disposition
With the trigger finger in addition
Got the hitters with me like a job thang
Pistols rippin' leave a nigga stiff
And let the medics zip him like he gone, Mary
Ah! The fuck are they waiting on?!
Fuck are they waitin' one
These money all 100s, my honey be stuntin'
And that's what they fuck they be hatin' on
This paper been made and you niggas be lookin'
Like that's ain't the muhfuckin' way to go
I ain't wanna be round these broke niggas
That's what the fuck that I made it for

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