Where I'm From

Cam'ron

Oh shit once again nigga
I'm from where niggas get killed for running they mouth
I'm from where niggas get they weight up in front of they house
Cop coke strap it to the waist of they spouse
I don't think I'll ever know what all this hatin' about
Got a deal I don't know what perpetrating about
Got big guns dog one pop and you out
Love women that suck and keep the nut in they mouth
While I lean back gee king how she loving my house
Let me tell you three things that the Dutch is about
'Cuzzi bubbles grands slow dick in yo mouth
And when you hear that moan he kicking you out
Hell naw I'm ain't no hater that's just what I'm about
Ayo they wanna flip me bounce me half and quarter ounce me
Try to speak my name out loud and mispronounce me
Hit me four five rubber grip me them hoes love me in a five
But the dealer trying to six me, dimes wanna twist me
Nah you can't kiss me go 'head with the mo' at the bar
You better cris me baby blue 528 doing sixty
Cuttin' swiftly duckin' fifty
Hit my hoe crib for a nice dick suck and a quickly
Killa cam, Dutch and the spade flow sickly
The streets shifty so I keep my tool
If yo ass wanna live you better keep your cool
Motherfucker
Yo, yo, yo where I'm from they let the cartridge blast
Everybody smart in math loan sharks with cash
Running from the narks and task streets arts and craft
Come on I start to laugh 'cause I almost caught the case with
Rich Parker ass now a niggas paid out suede couch
I'm into hooded things bitch butt be way out
These cats be he cliff when I come around they play mouse
Mickey and Minnie Jerry from Tom heavy in arms
In front of bam bam Hanna Barbara lover collar big
Cotton candy blue gators polishment
Y'all in astonishment looking for acknowledgment
We pour it on 'em meet a snitch throw wall off on 'em
Any repercussions make sure my seeds bubble
If you ain't hear me on clue I said I see double

Guns double tecks hoes double sex
Accountant handle my money but I double check
Bubble lex ain't too much more I care about
Liquor store and the Bronx old warehouse clear it out
L's with my liquor sounds sew a helluva whisper
Gasing up a hoe tell her you miss her
Dealing with the old timers was a helluva listener
Business sale a few differ nigga pelican slippers
Mommy is senseless get my moola I'm conscientious
Tell Medi she buy me benzes pour favor
Harlem mamma poor we fell off but back on nigga time to ball
Hung 45th and Lennox 3 piece suit bean pies the final call
Gun up in the spinal cord I got no time for y'all
We 8 digits you play frigate killa don't cook he blaze biscuits
Around us straight midgets jewels we keep frozen
Y'all keep dozing the wolf in sheeps clothes and
Streets buzzing V dozen bitches calling me husband
Saying we fuck when we wasn't
Lying on her coochie I'm dyin' for a hoochie
With an iron for a boobie casino style diamonds in the doopey
But killa keep running to the timing of a groupie
But need work plate of a kind if ya dope ain't 8 or a 9
Don't waste up my time you racing for shine
Only way you be around motherfucking paper boy
If you quit your job and go be a paper boy
Cars swoop buck fifty gun shoot buck fifty
Bear facts buck fifty air max buck fifty
Only New York nigga to fuck with me
On her period blood sticky same night flood missy
Play Toronto like Doug Christy
Fuck Christy Louie the 13 slugs with me gimme head
Yo Quero kin chi blunt to my head
But my day is Friday toast for my bread
Niggas try to stick together like they Smokey and Craig
In real life nia think I'm "Long" and throw me the head
Heard what I said

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