

How Did We Get Here (feat. R. Kelly)

Fat Joe

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh, I dont know how we made it.

Crack.

Verse 1

[Fat Joe]

Yo

It was all a dream, couldnt save Big and Pac
Right in broad day watch the fiends bodies drop
And at night you gotta turn your TV volume up
Cuz the cop sirens blast up and down my block
Shit aint been the same is what you hear on my block
Bunch of old school gangstas telling tales on my block
Came home tatted tears in a plan to get paid
Put it in a box said a prayer and it came
What can make you smile and be the thing to bring you pain
Is what my daddy told my momma going through her labor pains
Is what my momma told me as the cops took me away
Eazy-E said "fuck'em", ya i feel the same way
Another dead body, its another homicide
But n*ggas tryna kill us that why we call this, dark side
The streets is, ruthless even sold to my own blood
No love just a youngin tryna blow up.

Chorus

[R. Kelly]

So tell me how did we, how did we, how did we get here
From the middle of no where, from up out these streets we made it ya
So tell me how did we, how did we, how did we get here
from the middle of no where ya, somebody tell me, how?

Verse 2

[Fat Joe]

Me and my *ggaz takin pictures how i freeze time
Lil n*ggaz doin shit we cant rewind, know what im sayin?
Shit is real fuck what yall thought,

Too many n*ggaz gettin killed on the ball court
They was chasing hoop dreams and we was busting sawed offs
And if your shoes gleamed, i would take them all off
Extend my organization the crib swarming with agents
Moms cryin, we based it like lions in cages
Mob giants turn it some clients with cases
Some n*ggaz made statements, some n*ggaz made payments damn
What part of the game is that, I mean to hustle all my life
But i do love rap, they got my knees straighted
put the battery to my back,
this is around the same time Calderon got clapped
He told me put my life in music, "Joey go for your dreams"
you can do it look at Finesse it aint as hard as it seems

Chorus

[R Kelly]

Verse 3

[Fat Joe]

Aint this nice im bigger than life
In a jacuzzi smoking a Cohiba but this aint a movie
Before i wasn't attractive now i pack the house with groupies
Rubbing shoulders with actors just imagine how would you be
Rocking the latest fashion this is Juicy, all over again
2010 its like Biggies living through me
Chance has changed my route and now the papers greater
Tryna see me on that block i'll see you haters later
So high, defy gravity n*igga fuck ya style imma galaxy
So out of space they cant grab at me, feds aint having me
Im all legit, my bankroll much thicker blame it all on the hits
I started off with bricks, now i own offices
Who would of thought i got all this from talking slick
We went from day-breakers to tax payers, it was once all a dream
Now the labels pay us.

Chorus

[R. Kelly]

I was supposed to be dead, I was in them streets real bad
Dreams of houses in the hills, I was hustling just to make it real
But now I came up and I'm number one, Yall know the story mo money mo problems, In these streets live or
die, and I lived but i dont know why?

Chorus Until Fade Out.

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