

How Did We Get Here (feat. R Kelly)

Fat Joe

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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