

# 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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