

Where I'm From

Ja Rule & Lloyd

Umm hey, coming from where I'm from (I'm from) ohhh yea
Kids get killed in ghettos, shot up over the
Carmello's

While they mom was at home, tears hitting the pillow
Reverend in the middle in a serminal funereal
Shed a tear cause he lost his son the same way a year ago
It's the same ego spiritual, we thugging in harmony
They say death brings life, there exchange no robbery
If I'm wrong pardon me, me I'm just tired of poverty
Why them niggaz in the hood never hit the lottery
Unless they go lottery, first round in the draft
First we dusting off the rounds and we slip in the mag'
Then we slip on the masks, and go out and mash
And we call it feeding our family
Ya'll call it a tragedy, damn
How I could just kill a man
Watch his blood flow like a river and rinse his blood off of my hands
If you hearing me speak please Lord give me a chance
Please forgive me of my sins, cause we cleansed where I'm from
Me and my niggaz ride
Even when the sun don't shine and its cold outside
I never run in or hide, cause some niggaz hate it
But I can't get faded cause I done made it
Instead of struggling or strive
Find my way out these ghetto streets of mine
This is coming from where I'm from (I'm from)
We all walk back in line (yeah) Now everybody know that everybody said nobody can hide from beef
Except but us, who surprised when these kids get killed on the streets
Look how these animals eat that's how they talk bout us
While they shed they joke and laugh putting a choke round us
Can I get a moment of SILENCE
Cause they claiming it's the murders that's causing all the violence
What bout the ones that protect to serve our honor
Popping the blue colla', with shots soon to follow
The ghettos in horror, cause in this boy shot went back
And now the neighborhood hot and he can't move the crack
When it's all about the dollars
And he'll individually get murdered cause money is power
But then the snitch's get to talking and he's caught within hours
Cuffed and cryin' on the bus heading straight to the Island

He was only 13, but tried as an adult in the highest of courts
Cause ain't no more children in the ghetto where I'm from
We ain't all killers in prison
Matter fact that's a stereo typical thought of living
'Cause they don't know about the hood and the love in it
Summer time top down with the wood finish
Pushing hard uptown windows slightly tinted
Back to back Benz and jeeps, blowing weed with my niggaz
On our way to a house party, gonna fuck with some bitches
Let's get some liquor for shorty who said she make us some chicken
And if we get 'em drunk enough we probably could freak em, and do it every other weekend
If I ain't have to kill niggaz, I never would leave the ghetto
I'm like an angel that put on a halo, cradle the grave of my niggaz that we lost in the ghetto
Cause where I'm from in the ghetto we rock white tee's and nike's
Roll 3 dice and name our dope ice cream
Set trends and ya'll follow our lead
But in New Yitti niggaz follow they dreams, where I'm from Now I lay me down to sleep
And I pray to the Lord, for my soul to keep
But if I should die before I wake
Pray to the Lord, for my soul to take (Pray to the Lord, for my soul to take)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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