

Vixen

"Where I'm From"

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[Jay-Z]

uh-huh, je-je je-je-yeah
ye-ye-yeah, ye-ye-yeah
How real is this, how real is this
Uh-huh huh, Inspect this here, check

Verse One:

I'm from where the hammer's rung, New's cameras
never come
You and your man houndin' every verse in your rhyme
where the grams is slung, niggas vanish every summer
Where the blue vans would come, we throw the work in
the can and run
Where the plans was to get funds and skate off the set
To achieve this goal quicker, sold all my weight wet
Faced with immeasurable odds still I get straight bets
So I felt some more something and you nothing check
I from the other side with other guys don't walk to much
And girls in the projects wouldn't fuck us if we talked
too much
So they ran up town and sought them dudes to trust
I don't know what the fuck they thought, those niggas is
foul just like us
I'm from where the beef is inevitable, Summertime's
unforgettable
Boosters in abundance, buy a half-price sweater new
Your world was everything, So everything you said
you'd do
You did it, Couldn't talk about it if you ain't lived it
I from where niggas pull your car, and argue all day
about
Who's the best MC's, Biggie, Jay-Z, and Nas
Where the drugs czars evolve, and thugs always are
At each other's throats for the love of foreign cars
Where cats catch cases, hoping the judge R and R's
But most times find themselves locked up behind bars
I'm from where they ball and breed rhyme stars
I'm from Marcy son, just thought I'd remind y'all

Chorus: {5x}

Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, Ain't
nothing nice
Mentally been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own

Verse Two:

I'm from the place where the church is the flakiest
And niggas is praying to god so long that they Atheist
Where you can't put your vest away and say you'll wear
it tomorrow

Cause the day after we'll be saying, damn I was just
with him yesterday

I'm a block away from hell, not enough shots away
from straight shells

An ounce away from a triple beam still using a hand-
held weight scale

Your laughing, you know the place well

Where the Liquor Store's and the base well

And Government, fuck Government, niggas polotic
themselves

Where we call the cops the A-Team

cause they hop out of vans and spray things

And life expectancy so low we making out wills at eight-
teen

Where how you get rid of guys who step out of line,
your rep solidifies

So tell me when I rap you think I give a fuck who
criticize?

If the shit is lies, god strike me

And I got a question, are you forgiving guys who live
just like me?

We'll never know

One day I pray to you and said if I ever blow, Let 'em
know

Mistakes ain't exactly what takes place in the ghetto

Promise fulfilled, but still I feel my job ain't done

Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, ain't
nothing nice

Chorus {4x}

Verse Three:

I'm from where they cross-over and clap boards

Lost Jehovah in place of rap lords, listen

I'm up the block, round the corner, and down the street
From where the Pimps, Prostitutes, and the Drug Lords
meet

We make a million off of beats, cause our stories is
deep

And fuck tomorrow, as long as the night before was
sweet

Niggas get lost for weeks in the streets, twisted off

weed
And no matter the weather, niggas know how to draw
heat
Whether your four-feet or Minute size, it always starts
out with
Three dice and shoot the five
Niggas thought they douce was live, now hit 'em with
trips
And I reached down for their money, pa forget about
this
This time around it's platinum, like the shit on my wrist
And this glock on my waist, y'all can't do shit about this
Niggas will show you love, That's how they fool thugs
Before you know it your lying in a pool of blood

Chorus {4x}

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