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Whitesnake ''Where I'm Really From''

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Hey yo shit's kind of fucked up in my city let me hit ya Rappers holdin little frames and couldn't capture the big picture

Thinking to get richer you gotta hate on the next man One day they riding with ya and the next day they diss ya

And I'm all about constructive criticism

But don't tell me my shit is fat to my face and behind my back say it isn't

You jealous mother fuckers want to hate so much But when your tape comes out you complain how it doesn't get played enough

That's lame as fuck and I'm just speaking in general So if you get offended that's a good sign its time to clear your mental

And get on some proper shit, this microphone I'm rocking it

Finished underground, now masters second step to a doctorate

So in the future when its doctor Haskill

I'll have to have my credentials plaqued for all you hating assholes

Who won't believe me so think of Common Sense And yo Take it Easy son take take it easy

And yo Gordo forget about the \$20 you owe me Left 7-1-6 cause you want to be Lo-Key

And there's no beef I'm just acting like Colagero And you just aint getting the respect I would've gave you a little while ago

So I'mma fold suck it I don't even want a deal Plus the deck is missing cards and its way to hard to fill And that's just how I feel forget the dollar bill Because before you get that money son first you gotta be real

[Chorus]

I'm from the north, the south, the east and the west I know you heard "Where I'm From but now I'mma give you the rest

See when I made that song I was keeping it all pretty But there's a lot more to life growing up in my city I'm from the north, south, east and the west I sang that song so much I almost lost my breath I'll never turn my back even though it seems shitty Cause I gotta represent one love to the queen city

And you ladies I think you drink a bit too much Keep downing those shots of Crown that make you turn into sluts

You think you learning from us but we don't got sperm in our butts (SE)

Nor are our kneecaps stay brush burning with cuts You work your way through the group until the group throws you out

Then it's off to the next crowd where they pass you around

And at the same time you claim to be collective and selective

You not respected when your first objective is to be accepted

And you expect me to come and wine and dine you with class

When I just saw 6 guys that were grinding your ass Don't get me wrong we need you for those late booty calls

Half my friends wouldn't be at double digits without ya'll

The more provocative you dress the more I'm locked on your breast

The more my cock wants to get out and have some boot knocking sex

But I keep my composure but I can't speak for all of man

That's why you got yourself into trouble when you agreed that you'd go home with him

And we know you're from Buffalo So I'm just trying to warn ya

Quit lying about modeling job in California And as for me I need a girl right in her dome so change your lifestyle cause in the end you might be alone

[Chorus]

Things done changed since I wrote the last edition We birthed Rick James last time his ass was missing We got Drew Bledsoe to raise our pass position And fuck Peerless Price I knew he'd never last with bitching I wish I would've know that Lackawanna housed 6

terrorists

Cause they could've called upon my crew to take care of this but Its over and done I'm flowing for fun I never made a dollar without in exchange owing one still I'm the original deal but a bit enhanced Never bankrupt like Adelphia not out hockey team is switching hands From one Millionaire to another Its Uncle Eddie Haskill now thanks to both of my brothers And there's no reason to risk search and seizure crossing the border We got our own Casino now that's up north close to the water It's Babysteps for Hip Hop The Cut for a Taper Downtown to get rocked and Blue Cross for my paper Running out of breath chorus:

I'm from the North, The South The East The West Forget it yo I'm probably wasting my breath

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