

Baris Manco

"Where I'm From"

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Dutch:

I'm from where niggas get killed for running they
mouth
I'm from where niggas get they weight up in front of
they house
Cop coke strap it to the waist of they spouse
I don't think I'll ever know what all this hatin about
Got a deal I don't know what perpetrating about
Got big guns dog, one pop and you out
Love women that suck and keep the nut in they mouth
While I lean back geeking how she loving my house
Let me tell you three things that the Dutch is about
'Cuzzi bubbles, grands, slow dick in yo mouth
And when u hear that (moan) he kicking you out
Hell naw I'm ain't no hater that's just what I'm about

Spade:

Ayo
They wanna flip me
Bounce me
Half and quarter ounce me
Try to speak my name out loud and mispronounce me
Hit me four five rubber grip me
Them hoes love me in a five but the dealer trying to six
me
Dimes wanna twist me
Nah you can't kiss me
Go 'head with the mo' at the bar
You better Cris me
Baby blue 528 doing sixty
Cuttin' swiftly
Duckin' fifty
Hit my hoe crib for a nice dick suck and a quicky
Killa Cam, Dutch and the Spade flow sickly
The streets shifty
So I keep my tool
If yo ass wanna live you better keep your cool
Motherfucker

Cam'Ron:

Yo, Yo,

Yo where I'm from they let the cartridge blast
Everybody smart in math
Loan sharks with cash
Running from the narks and task
Streets arts and craft ?
Come on I start to laugh
Cause I almost caught the case with Rich Parker ass
Now a nigga paid out
suede couch
I'm into hooded things
Bitch butt be way out
These cats be Hecliff
When I come around they play mouse
Mickey and Minnie
Jerry from Tom
Heavy in arms
In front of bam bam
Hanna Barbara lover
Collar big
Cotton candy blue gators polishment
Y'all in astonishment looking for acknowledgment
We pour it on 'em
Meet a snitch throw wall off on em
Any repercussions make sure my seeds bubble
If you ain't hear me on clue I said I see double
Guns double tecks
Hoes double sex
Accountant handle my money but I double check
Bubble lex
Ain't too much more I care about
Liquor store and the Bronx old warehouse
Clear it out
L's with my liquor
Sounds sew a helluva whisper
Gas-ing up a hoe tell her you miss her
Dealing with the old timers was a helluva listener
Business sale a few differ
Nigga pelican slippers
Mommy is senseless
Get my moola I'm conscientious
Tell Medi she buy me benzes
Pour favor
Harlem mamma poor
We fell off but back on nigga time to ball
Hung 45th and Lennox
3 piece suit bean pies the final call
Gun up in the spinal cord
I got no time for y'all
We 8 digets you play frigate
Killa don't cook he blaze biscuits
Around us straight midgets

Jewels we keep frozen
Y'all keep dozing
The wolf in sheeps clothes and
Streets buzzing V dozen
Bitches calling me husband
Saying we fuck when we wasn't
Lying on her coochie
I'm dyin for a hoochie
With an iron for a boobie
Casino style diamonds in the doopey
But Killa keep running to the timing of a groupie
But need work
Plate of a kind
If ya dope ain't 8 or a 9
Don't waste up my time
You racing for shine
Only way you be around motherfucking paper boy
If you quit your job and go be a paper boy
Cars swoop buck fifty
Gun shoot buck fifty
Bear facts ? buck fifty
Air Max buck fifty
Only New York nigga to fuck with me
On her period blood sticky
Same night flood missy
Play Toronto like Doug Christy
Fuck Christy
Louie the 13
Slugs with me
Gimme head
Yo Quero kin chi blunt to my head
But my day is Friday
Toast for my bread
Niggas try to stick together like they Smokey and Craig
In real life Nia think I'm "Long" and throw me the head

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