

Cam'Ron Feat. Dutch & Spade "Where I'm From"

Visit "[Where I'm From](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 he kicking you out

Hell naw I'm ain't no hater that's just what I'm about

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

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 mama 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 digits 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

Visit [Cam'Ron Feat. Dutch & Spade](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.