

Jay

"Where I'm From"

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Jay-Z]

uh-huh, je-je je-je-yeah
ye-ye-yeah, ye-ye-yeah
I'm real as this, I'm real as this
uh-huh huh, Inspecta's here, check

Verse One:

I'm from where the hammer's rung, New's cameras
never come
You and your man hung and 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 were to get funds and skate of disset
To achieve this goal quicker, so all my wieght wet
Face with imesureal ours 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
unforgetable
Brew's is in abundance, about a half-price sweat a
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 are separ, 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
I 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 rap 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
You promise you will, 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 your holder 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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