

## Ange

### "Where I'm From"

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Ha, say, coast to coast  
They got to feel this, where I'm from

[Chorus]

Where I'm from, niggas hugging the block (hugging  
the block)  
24's flooding the block, there's blood on the block  
(blood on the block)  
It's all good in the hood, loving the block (loving the  
block)  
Monday to Monday need money, hugging it out  
(hugging it out)  
We wreck niggas, take em to the back of the block  
(back of the block)  
Where the teachers at on my side, packing em out  
(packing em out)  
Every other day, 5-0 back in the block (back in the  
block)  
Some get caught up, some still attacking the block  
(attacking the block)

[Big Pokey]

You know me, I'm attacking the block  
Sack in my sock, I'm in back of Jack In The Box  
I'm the same nigga, that the laws rapping about  
I ain't tripping, I know my phone tapped at the spot  
When we ride, I'm the nigga packing the dot  
At the wonder at the club, bout to vacuum the lot  
Calling the Scott, to the west to O.S.T.  
Y.S.P., all it's me, M.O.B.  
Across the street from the park, pumping under the  
tree  
My niggas is bout it, if you want it, we got it  
Blood in, blood out, ain't nobody adopted  
That elbow on the 6-4, I probably done rocked it  
Roll deep, hitting switches, while the boppers is  
watching  
All on the curb, leaning, we all on serve  
Got a pocket full of money, we all on the bird  
I love my block, that's my word, for real

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

It's guaranteed set up shop on Ridgevan, nigga you  
gon bleed  
The whole block is a crock pot boiling with undercovers  
Better stash your cheese  
When a out of bounds nigga come around, he'll end up  
on his knees  
We don't tolerate short stopping around here, we got  
kids to feed  
And the jackers of the seven deedious, got tricks up  
they sleeve  
But we don't believe in magic, just plastic that make em  
cease to breathe  
From 11:30 to 11:30, we whip up P-I-E's  
In the kitchen on a mission, I'm Chef Boy-R-D O-B-E  
When the law come around it's ghost town, the traffic  
be on freeze  
But everybody reman they position, soon as them hoes  
leave  
Off a million faces be cases, freedom is what they  
cease  
But we make bond and go right back, to the block and  
serve fiends  
P-C-P has us off any type of amphetamine  
Shit that'd do you like Viagra, shit that'll really make  
you lean  
R-I-D-G-E-M-O-N-T my block, my set, my team  
Nigga you outta bounds, and the penalty  
Is a glock, a tech or beam

[Chorus - 2x]

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