

Killah Priest f/ Big Lou, Doitall, Hussein Fatal, Mr. Probz, "Where I Come From"

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(Hook) Mr. Probz 2x Where I come from (Where I come from) Only the streets know (Only the streets know) We live and die, stand by the cause You gotta make it on ya own [Willy Northpole] Willy get the bakin', I'm Troy Aikman, it's Ballerstatus Whether legal or ductapin', I gotta have it Willy stranglin' beats, your career is hangin' See it's danglin' feet, I'm disturpin' the peace Got the urge of money in my sleeves Hood dreamin', I'm schemin', gotta eat Willy bout to crack blow, not smokin', it's dat flow Big Lou, Probz and State Quo Get low, get down or sit down Any beat that I'm on, I zone, I Chris Brown Any city I'm in, I throne, you kids ground Some niggas ball, some lil niggas Bow Wow Some niggas spar, some other niggas pal-pal I do it the wild ways; you do it for Childs Play Chunky ass niggas, so-unlucky ass niggas Your hoes wanna fuck me ass niggas [Killah Priest] I'm from the slums where niggas squeeze guns Police often come, homicide, mama's traumatized Guns aimed at the skies Kool G armor wit the llama on the thigh Bang shots near train stops Cocaine's chop for profit Then came the Prophet in white garment But we can't see him really because of the projects Its nonsense, police charge us wit revolvers Fiends noddin' on the apartment's right across the street The police departments They rush us, we squeeze at the sergeants Brooklyn bullpens, no cushions, blood gushing Thug's lookin', drug pushin' Niggas who spilled crack while givin' you dap Niggas pointed to the floor revealin' their gats Dog, cat and a rat, the morgue casket, funeral's packed The usual, black suits, veil, fall from their hats You can be the one in the delivery room Or the one in the visitin' room, under the mystique moon [Stat Quo] I am the reciter, sent from God to inspire The writer of writers, stack ki's till the fire My desire to acquire a position much higher Still speak the truth tho I'm surrounded by liars Keep it movin', lames shootin' at my tires But my heads in the clouds, I'm flyer Dead fish is my attire, King himself I'm sire Hoes admire, eh, they enquire Supplier and buyer, hip-hop's Richard Pryor I'm no joke, folks sleepin' on Stat, they got the itis Write so much you think I have

arthritis My voice is a quiet riots Since the truth is
transparent can't do nuttin' to hide it Rep for my foes
when I open my eyelids And when revolution come I be
standin' beside 'em [Doitall] I'm from a G state, where
the G's are great You can find me in the Brickz wit the
shoes and lace Cuz I be trip on you niggas but I don't
need the case One .9, one deuce, watch you fools get
ate Mr. Brickz, Mr. Doitall, I'm all over the place I'm in
the back of the Jeep ride wit a cup of grape I know a
couple gon' hate till I unleashed the eights I'm from
where a deadman walk, pick ya funeral place I know
the headman talk, but he a lil too late Bitch, Mr. Brickz
in here, make you fall to ya face I'ma God and stay
great, like its cognac straight And I still don't trust a
bank; I keep the save in a safe If you against where I'm
from, that ain't the safest place We got them avenues
and blocks, have you jumpin' the gates Have you testin'
ya faith, have you yellin' "WAIT!" Jersey I rep it, but you
can tell it on my face [Big Lou] I'm from the home of
the 'DC Sniper' 8 Miles without Mekhi Phifer Surrounded
by criminals and lifers That'll take the life away like
diphers I'm from Camden, the streets of the Bone
Collector That'll dug up ya ancestors Kids stick plastic
locks thru school metal-detectors For protection cuz the
teacher is a child molester The best investor was the
Mayor of the City But the goons in his committee was
buffoons They got 'em lookin' all pretty, but fuck 'em I
know cats that wanna slump 'em and trunk 'em and
dump 'em Cuz the Mayor snitched on niggas that use
to trust 'em And in my ghetto killers take shots but it
ain't on metal Correctional armour metal, the shots
from the beretta Read another article, they cut a man
into particles For tryna play the game like a carnival Till
we got out the pocket without callin' an audible Now his
body is the size of a portable Television, this shit is
horrible [Hussein Fatal] Hey! You gotta make it on ya
own out here So if I'm RIP before I slip, I got the chrome
out here Ain't no second guessin' a sucka for a killin' in
no time And I guarantee you the walk is not a riddle of
rhyme I'm from the home of David Tyree, we catchin'
that rock But then the sins on time, I ain't stressin' that
block I'm gon', prrrr.... faster then Mickey and Lisa
Barber pitchin' ya starvin' tryna stick to these streets
I'm Harley, eva seen out there Unless you catch me off
my Outlawz shit but then I'm green out there And even
tho I got my team out there I'm still on my own Grand
Hustle ground like J.G. out there Yeah.. when it's peace
I'ma wear my gun And that's word to Killa Kadafi know
where I'm from When they see me they know where I
come from Nigga cuz where I'm from? Homie the
streets know I wear my gun [Sha Stimuli] We so

backwards, that we measure the realness of a city by
how many get killed in I was a born in a building where I
saw the most wonderful children Growin' up wit drugs
and drama instilled in and I'm still here Braggin' callin'
Brooklyn crazy is my home Where you can get shot for
an iPhone Reachin' 25 is a milestone We love to say we
come from a wild zone The flatline sound like a
dialtone It's sad but it's true Ol' Dirty Bastard
comepared it to a Zoo We already knew if you escaped
crack and heroin the folks wanna mug you You didn't
sell to feed ya self, then the hood ain't gon' love you
You made it out and went to college all you do is gon'
say "Fuck you" You get some chips and push ya whip or
two they prolly gon' slug you You can't win, I don't step
wit no sex But I'm pressed to protect where I rest in my
head low [Tha Advocate] Geah, ayo welcome to the
East Coast where you keep ya heat close If you wonder
bout there bread they might squeeze toast G's quote a
street oath to live by and keep close Streets leaked wit
needles and kilos Of cheap dope, we need hope, but
see yo There's somethin' about being broke that makes
you appreciate the little things that be so Minimized our
bitter lives, makes us epitomize Bigger rides and cribs
wit five floors full of shit we buy Look at my life, look
thru my glasses Look at my past - it's littered wit bad
shit But shit whose isn't? Stress infects the city If you
bare your arms you'll see Essex is grizzly Me, Stat, Lou,
Sha, Priest and Willy Doitall, Mr. PRobz made an anthem
like a milli Chant if you feel me, cuz Jersey is in the
building This is where the fuck I'm from, now bring in
the singing (Hook) Mr. Probz 4x

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