

**Lenny Kravitz & David Bowie****"Where Ya From"**

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Chorus [Tec-9]:

Where you from? Represent where you from nigga!  
Where you from? Where you from? Where your from?  
Take it to the street twerk somethin' twerk somethin'  
Now take it to the street twerk sometin' twerk somethin'  
Where you from? Represent where you from nigga!  
Where you from? Where you from? Where your from?  
Take it to the street twerk somethin' twerk somethin'  
Now take it to the street twerk sometin' twerk somethin'

First Verse [Tec-9]:

Now that the heat done scorched ya, I sparked at'cha  
Laughed at'cha, you know you done fucked up with the  
master  
And you still suckin' on my dick,  
Because you bite my shit, and recite my shit  
Switch my rhymes all around and you sing my shit  
Partners-N-Crime, y'all bitches with that war claimin'  
Y'all be claimin' the seventeenth, but never hangin'  
Have you ever put in work for your hood?  
You niggas talk about that boy, rap about that boy  
But you coward muthafuckas never seen that boy  
Y'all the fakest muthafuckas alive!  
Tell me where y'all from? Nigga tell me where the fuck  
y'all from?  
If you don't wanna survive then keep it up,  
And let me give you the 3rd Ward treatment,  
Coward bitches always with that creepin'  
If I would have caught'cha,  
I would have brought'cha in the Calliope and burnt'cha  
like a bitch  
Cuz I don't got no love for these niggas or these  
cliques  
I'm sick of the hoe shit, the Black Connection ready to  
take a hit  
I got a posse full of niggas and they bout it,  
I represent, to the fullest,  
Supplyin' my niggas with only hollow tip bullets  
Like Yella said, you should have thought twice when

you said my name  
By now you know you said the fuckin' wrong name  
mane  
Don't let me catch'cha, I wet'cha put that on my Mama  
You niggas lame, nothin' shakin' y'all ain't bout no  
drama  
So let me hear ya holler, if ya feel me,  
And after this you bitches prolly wanna come and kill  
me  
But I'm unfadeable, on top of that you got no balls,  
Cuz when the drama jumps off, your shit falls  
And I don't need no introduction,  
Cuz I'm crackin' your bitch face with phat lyrics, and  
phat production

Chorus

Second Verse [Tec-9]:

Now I'ma do it like a real G do it,  
I'm walkin', and my four ten is doin' the talkin'  
I do my dirt on the cool, fa sho,  
Handle business by myself and dump your body in the  
Melph,  
Then I call up my nigga from the Black Connection,  
And tell them what I want them to do with the rest of  
your CLIQUE  
Even the ones that ain't down with the bullshit,  
The good guys suffer for the bad guys rip  
Don't ever cross a G, like me,  
The muthafuckin' capital T, to the E, to the C,  
You never heard the name P-N-C floatin' on the streets,  
Until them bitches started dissin' U.N.L.V.  
I can't respect'cha cuz you not original,  
And you still tryin' to sound like Reginold  
Yeah, my style is buck wild, my flow is like the Nile,  
And the B.G. is hyper, earnin' stripes like a tiger,  
Chop yo ass like Viper, and wash you like a windshield  
wiper  
So call Mama, tell her that you won't be makin' dinner,  
And leave the Police out, or else I'll go and get her  
Lil' Ya will put the Tec in they mouth,  
Bring it out, so we can show them bitches what it's all  
about,  
(What it's all about)

Chorus

Third Verse [B.G.]

Big Boy you better skip town nigga, don't hang around

nigga  
Cuz if I catch'cha, I'ma bring ya down nigga,  
I'ma clown nigga, with the seventeen rounds nigga,  
BLUCKA, BLUCKA to yo head, how that sound nigga?  
Knowin' you ain't bout that drama talkin' above yo head  
Fat mouth nigga and they'll find yo monkey ass dead  
A Baby Gangsta, straight bout it and I'm ready to prove  
it,  
If you bout it, there it is partner we can do it,  
Pussy says "Drama Time", where the fuck you at?  
You on wax talkin' about let's go gat for gat,  
But it don't count like that, put aside rappin',  
Let's start strappin', bring on the cappin'  
I got a clique with glocks, choppers, and Mac-11's  
Nigga tryin' to build nuts off a case that's dumped for  
seven  
But I'ma show ya some real street shit,  
Underestimate a B.G., bound to get'cha head split  
I already keep a roll of duct tape and rope Black,  
So watch'cha back, because you'll find yourself  
smacked  
I already said I'd get that pussy with the braids but he  
duckin',  
Curious, he must have heard I'm serious  
They givin' me a mean look because they bigger  
I don't know what make'em figure, that I won't pull the  
trigger  
But that's where they wrong at,  
Cuz I'll wax they fuckin' patch  
Fuck that boot camp clique, I'll send ya to Hell nigga,  
If you want the B.G., you'll find me on V.L. nigga,  
When you get it on your mind, we can flex skills,  
Y'all say you got a hundred G's, but my niggas got a  
mill.  
So wassup? Put your money where that dick go  
Chuck! You ole trick ass hoe  
Stop playin' with me, I done did enough speakin',  
Hollows I'ma be releasin', blood just a leakin'  
Get your nuts out'cha stomach my nigga,  
Get your heart out'cha ass nigga  
Never had my dick sucked by a man before,  
Mystikal you gone be the first you lil' trick ass hoe

Chorus

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