

Lil' Flip & Young Noble

"Where You From"

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(Verse 1 - Flip)

I'm from the place where they passed on my homie
Vince Young
I'm from the place where even teenagers got guns
I'm from the place where J.Prince paved the way
I'm from the place where my nigga Screw sold gray
tapes
I'm from the place where we drink codiene like milk
I'm from the place where they keep the bumper kit on
tilt
I'm from the place the young niggas rob for funds
I'm from the state where the D - boys'll hide your son
my bullet proof block shots like Olajuwon
I keep a cane with me like I'm Ronald Isley's son
I'm from the place where we get the kilo's for cheap
I'm from the place where you have to pay off the police
I'm from the place where the crime rate continue to rise
you ain't ballin you had to look at the menu for fries
so next time you see Flip at a show just scream
and six million records later, hold up Sandy check the
paper

(Chorus)

Tell - tell 'em where you from - Tell - tell 'em where you
from
Tell - tell 'em where you from - Tell - tell 'em where you
from
Tell - tell 'em where you from - Tell - tell 'em where you
from
Tell - tell 'em where you from - Tell - tell 'em where you
from

(Verse 2 - Young Noble)

Yeah this life of an Outlaw ain't easy
I was raised in Jersey, born in La'Leezy
that's Loscandlous - homie I'm both handed
best of both coast's, raised by the vultures
my mama was a hustler, then became a customer
I'm a young distrubuter - it's like we never had enough
get it, have it and keep it all in that order
fill a Swisher with a quarter, most of my niggas is

caught up
the good die young - a, the streets is hungry
nothin but gangbangin on the streets of Jersey
we came up in stolen cars, Redman and Nore
play the block twenty - four hours it's all for the money
beef patty, coco bread, quarter juices, and chips
on the stoop gettin rich till we scoop by the pigs
Yeah it's Young Nob'and Flip - we on the stoop gettin
rich till we swoop from the pigs

(Chorus)

Tell - tell 'em where you from - Tell - tell 'em where you
from

Tell - tell 'em where you from - Tell - tell 'em where you
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Tell - tell 'em where you from - Tell - tell 'em where you
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Tell - tell 'em where you from - Tell - tell 'em where you
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(Verse 3 - Gudda)

I'm from the murder capital, where they murder for
capital
guerilla's with banana clips, gotta keep a mac or two
Young Rambo, shit load of ammo
hit everything in sight, niggas will can you
I use to post on the block for the dividends
now I get paid on the mic spittin synonyms
this kadafi shit, nigga I'm a bomb on 'em
Outlaw, Fatal with the flow - put the crown on 'em
starin at the world thru my rearview
glass house whip sittin nice, that's the clear Coupe
this the city where the skinny niggas die at
this the city where the skinny niggas ride at
I use to grind crack just to get the right scratch
and now I ride tracks, punishin the high hats
I'm lookin up cause the city is mine
you'll never find another city gritty as mine(New
Orleans)

(Chorus Till End)

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