

Tru

"Where U From"

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*Featuring Master P, Halleluyah, & Silkk the Shocker

[Intro - Master P - talking]

New No Limit up in here (yeah, a haha)

Represent!

This goes out to them boys (in Texas)

With the motherfuckin golds in they mouth (Georgia)

And them girls (Arkansas) with them golds in they mouth

(North Carolina, haha)

Louisiana to Alabama to Mississippi (get buck)

to Kentucky (throw 'em up) to Tennessee, let's roll

[Chorus - Master P]

Where you from nigga? (WESTSIDE NIGGA)

Where you from nigga? (EASTSIDE NIGGA)

Where you from nigga? (NORTHSIDE NIGGA)

Where you from nigga? (SOUTHSIDE NIGGA)

Where you from nigga? (WESTSIDE NIGGA)

Where you from nigga? (EASTSIDE NIGGA)

Where you from nigga? (NORTHSIDE NIGGA)

Where you from nigga? (SOUTHSIDE NIGGA)

[Verse 1 - Master P]

I'm straight from the streets and I'ma tell it like it was

Represent this bitch for the Crips and the Bloods

With niggaz on the block, with them automatic toys

And them niggaz in the game, that's still makin noise

I'm straight from the swamps, where them gators
they'll get ya

The Calio projects, where the boys they'll hit ya

Don't come around here playin, whoadi it ain't a game

In broad daylight they can still call in your chain

I'ma country boy, but I don't ride on no camels

I'm in the Bentley Coupe, 24's spinnin the saddle

I'm from the city - that's shaped like a boot

Where niggaz are bankin, when I ain't talkin 'bout hoop

Where they gone off that water, and they shootin that
legal

Nigga die in my hood, they arms the size of Vin Diesel

And the streets is real, I've seen little kids get killed

And if you take a loss motherfucker, you ain't real

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Halleluyah]

Yeah, where you from motherfucker, throw your hood
up high, nigga

Let me see you pump your sets in the sky

If you reppin the southside, then please let me know

Either your rockin with the Lou, Florida, or the NO

Fuck it, let's together like all of us kin folks

And hit the game together like all of us pimp folk, yeah

You get your chin broke, you playin with No Limit

niggaz

You think this shit joke, we show you ain't no gimmick

niggaz

Macks and nines that'll clap your spine

Need a quick reaction time, when you step outta line

nigga

Ridin on 24's, what we specialize in

TV in our lap, fully loaded while we drivin

Gold teeth, good Lord chickens lovin our slang

And we hold heat for war, niggaz doin they thang,

mayn

So get it up, if ya hood what ya brought up

Take a bloody Mary straight to the mouth, ya heard?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Silkk the Shocker]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Let me start by sayin off the bat nigga, I don't give a
fuck

I'm in a project with all my jewels on, like "HA NIGGA
WHAT"

I'ma real nigga, y'all niggaz scared and frail

I'ma gangsta, I ain't never been scared of jail

Only problem with jail nigga, is that I'm losin my time

And now it's boxing, no more me usin the nine

Or usin the tech, I gotta get my jab game up

Stick and move, you know, nigga learn to use my left

And while I'm here, let me make a few things clear

If I'm in the building, it's at least 85 million up in here

And Shocker name hold weight, like the Governor of
Louisiana

And y'all got problems, once he get out the slammer

I'm like "Nick," last name the way I keep me a "Cannon"

And I'm rich, like nothin for me to do, but drive by in the
Phantom

I'm from the dirty, ya heard? We do nothin but ball here

Ask my block with the rock, I'm the "Truth" like Paul

Pierce
You know where I'm from

[Chorus]

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