

Where I'm From

Jay-Z

Uh-huh, je-je je-je-yeah
ye-ye-yeah, ye-ye-yeah
How real is this, how real is this
Uh-huh huh, Inspect this here, check

I'm from where the hammer's rung, New's cameras never come
You and your man's hung in every verse in your rhyme
where the grams is slung, niggas vanish every summer
Where the blue vans would come, we throw the work in the can and run
Where the plans was to get funds and skate off the set
To achieve this goal quicker, sold all my weight wet
Faced with immeasurable odds still I get straight bets
So I felt some more something and you nothing check
I from the other side with other guys don't walk to much
And girls in the projects wouldn't fuck us if we talked too much
So they ran up Tompkins and sought them dudes to trust
I don't know what the fuck they thought, those niggas is foul just like us
I'm from where the beef is inevitable, Summertime's unforgettable
Boosters in abundance, buy a half-price sweater new
Your world was everything, So everything you said you'd do
You did it, Couldn't talk about it if you ain't lived it
I from where niggas pull your car, and argue all day about
Who's the best MC's, Biggie, Jay-Z, and Nas
Where the drugs czars evolve, and thugs always are
At each other's throats for the love of foreign cars
Where cats catch cases, hoping the judge R and R's
But most times find themselves locked up behind bars
I'm from where they ball and breed rhyme stars
I'm from Marcy son, just thought I'd remind y'all

Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, Ain't nothing nice
Mentally been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own

I'm from the place where the church is the flakiest
And niggas is praying to god so long that they Atheist
Where you can't put your vest away and say you'll wear it tomorrow
Cause the day after we'll be saying, damn I was just with him yesterday
I'm a block away from hell, not enough shots away from straight shells
An ounce away from a triple beam still using a hand-held weight scale
Your laughing, you know the place well
Where the Liquor Store's and the base well
And Government, fuck Government, niggas politic themselves
Where we call the cops the A-Team
cause they hop out of vans and spray things
And life expectancy so low we making out wills at eight-teen
Where how you get rid of guys who step out of line, your rep solidifies
So tell me when I rap you think I give a fuck who criticize?
If the shit is lies, god strike me
And I got a question, are you forgiving guys who live just like me?
We'll never know
One day I pray to you and said if I ever blow, Let 'em know
Mistakes ain't exactly what takes place in the ghetto
Promise fulfilled, but still I feel my job ain't done
Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, ain't nothing nice

I'm from where they cross-over and clap boards
Lost Jehovah in place of rap lords, listen

I'm up the block, round the corner, and down the street
From where the Pimps, Prostitutes, and the Drug Lords meet
We make a million off of beats, cause our stories is deep
And fuck tomorrow, as long as the night before was sweet
Niggas get lost for weeks in the streets, twisted off weed
And no matter the weather, niggas know how to draw heat
Whether your four-feet or Minute size, it always starts out with
Three dice and shoot the five
Niggas thought they douce was live, now hit 'em with trips
And I reached down for their money, pa forget about this
This time around it's platinum, like the shit on my wrist
And this glock on my waist, y'all can't do shit about this
Niggas will show you love, That's how they fool thugs
Before you know it your lying in a pool of blood