

From The Bottom

Master P

Hey, hey (hey)
Hey, hey (hey)
Hey (hey)

Came from the bottom, I had nothin' I could need in me
Don't think a lot of these pretenders, seen what I done seen
Remember autumn cold nights, now I'm on my feet
Woman, this ain't no old, brought the hustle out of me
It brought the hustle out of me
It brought the hustle out of me
Remember autumn cold nights, now I'm on my feet
Woman, this ain't no old, brought the hustle out of me

I remember them long nights, it was me and 3-3
Mama could never sleep at night 'cause we was in the streets
We was sellin' Rotch's, we had thirties and we had them B's
At the table, more time to count the pills, I'm rollin' weed
I ain't never come in when the lights went out
I was up in New York when they broke in the house
I was steady hittin' licks when we fell in the drop
Had just pulled off when the boys ran down
You can fuck who you is, I'll never stand down
Ain't no key to the trap, I ain't had no phone
On the come up, I ain't had no hand off
Went in, went hard and I got it on my own
And I swear that they don't know what I been through
I refuse to lose all this shit that I been through
I ain't never go to school
Fuckin' that bitch and I'm breakin' the rules
My father never throwin' out no clues
Let him run up and he makin' the news

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These hands is mad that we gettin'
I see the hate that we on
I pull that devil off a truck
I'ma get some top in your home
From the projects to mansions
Niggas drippin' in ice
Hit the club with my niggas, we poppin' bottles tonight
Niggacame from the trappin' to strugglin' pain
From breakin' down bricks to takin' over the game
Nigga shoes say Mayotte, if she bad I'ma bite it
Nigga jump out of Rolls into a fuckin' Bugatti
I'm allergic to broke niggas, don't fuck with no fake ho
My youngins got Dracos, we catch you, it's case closed
Free my nigga Murdaa, we gon' thug to the end
I'm the plug in the shooter, all we do is just win

Came from the bottom, I had nothin' I could need in me
Don't think a lot of these pretenders see what I done seen
Remember all them cold nights, now I'm on my feet
Reminiscing the old, brought the hustle out of me (yeah)
It brought the hustle out of me (hustle)
It brought the hustle out of me
Remember all them cold nights, now I'm on my feet (I remember)
Reminiscing the old, brought the hustle out of me

I'ma start how I finish, no sleep game
Trappin' with the local legend, we got street fangs
Turn nothin' into reality, nigga, where's my casualty?
It's goin' against the grain (goin' against the grain)
Runnin' plays, Young Kee Miller
Made a couple M's as a street dealer
I stay true, free Cee Miller
And there's no limit to our Cee Clip
It was no love, I was overlooked
Now they show love 'cause I'm overbooked
I drop one song, I know they shook
But that's fake love 'cause I know the look

How, how, how was love out the equation? (How was love out the equation?)
So I got it out the mud (so I got it out the mud)
Many niggas so impatient (stayin' patient)
Keep grindin' 'til you run it out (keep grindin' 'til you run it out)

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