

Im From

Nipsey Hussle

I'm from Slauson, when shit get drastic down here
Fuck a room, go to sleep in a casket
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My nigga why you come 'round here?
Knowing you ain't from 'round here?
That's how you get robbed and shot
Lil niggas they got guns 'round here
'Cause niggas die young 'round here
So you better get off the block
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Let's take the block through my hood

Crenshaw corner stores, dope spots on the low
Young homies hit the pen, old G's on parole (Let's go)
Dice games in the back, air holes in the MAC
Leather on my seats, burners stashed in my Cadillac
Yellow tape, white chalk, 10th Ave, High Park
Young black males catchin' hell from them white cops
G-Rod on one, two homies, three guns
Hoppin' out, killin' shit, four-five semi-spit
Four-five niggas hit, my retaliation, go
Somebody got two dollars, just a part of gang bangin', yo
And Bush keep talkin' 'bout the war in the Middle East
But he don't give a fuck about this war in these city streets
So fuck peace, I'ma ride on my enemies
And friends is somethin' we can never pretend to be
I'm showin' you somethin' that you was never meant to see
You might choose your life, there's killers in the vicinity

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Ridin' [?] 63rd, flip work off the curb
Got crashed, cops that hop gates wanna hear the bird
Young flips give me head, tryna keep me in the bed

Once I get my nut, I'm out the door, I'm all about my bread
Westside killers ride, never seen a nigga die
Now he trigger-traumatized, humble from the homicide
Gang bang nigga shit, same day different shit
More drama than a soap opera where I'm livin' bitch
And everybody talkin' bout stop snitchin'
I was countin' from your street lights, so they don't need a witness
They come to court wit' a tape on your ass
With your face on blast, close cased on your ass
I let off ten shots, I got plenty to go (Alright)
Do a nigga like O-Dog, hit that bitch in the store, for real
'Cause when Caine was on the set filmin' Menace
We was servin' on the steps, no respect for the tenants

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I'm rep of 5-8, I'm Crenshaw ace-ace
I'm blue stel 38's, I send 'em to the pearly gates
I'm young thug, get it straight
White teeth, Bathing Ape
I smoke big kush wit' S-Black and Big Wake
[?] thousand dollar jeans, mind on another page
Come and get money nigga, grind rocks from the cage
Violence in one time, hustle on another stage
Pop shops, crash cops, niggas livin' in a rage
Under street lights, in my district, get waved at 'em
[?] I'm dope-locked, 8th Ave
I post up, set shop, go hard, and get cash
Lean on the gate wit' a K and a face mask
So if you think you touchin' us, not hardly
When the rifle blast it sound like the pipes on a Harley
If you think I'm new around here, I beg your pardon
I'm Slauson Avenue, I'm little Marcus Garvey

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