

## 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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