

Come From

Philthy Rich

Life a lesson, you gon' fail it, you gon' learn from it
These streets, yeah that's my life and I can't run from it
He can rap about the streets but he ain't come from it
He can rap about murder but he ain't burn nothin'
I can't talk, say I'm losin' my mind
Cut her off, she was wasting my time
Stay with a rod, they wanna take my shine
They hatin' hard 'cause I'm in my prime

Look, attention like money, everybody want some
Pick up on the backend, no lump sum
Really come from the slums, you wouldn't know about it
Six people, two bedrooms, yeah you know it's crowded
Used to buy plug and rerock to double up
Ten thou a show but next month I'ma double up
Mobile Alabama up to Seminary
Only option was the slammer or the cemetary
Five year felon, can't take the charge back
My bitch hit for fifty thou, no charge back
My son turned twelve, the other one fourteen
Kicked the cup months ago, ain't had no lean

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I been about that pistol play, bitch you know who I am
I respected your gangster 'til you went to the 'Gram
What you know 'bout twenty dollars feeding your whole fam?
Only ketchup and mayonnaise, no meat on my sand'
Cousin got put in the jam, they gave him ninety-nine
My auntie in a nursing home, she don't really know about it
JJ got killed by his friend, that's when I started wildin'
I ain't have no clothes for school, that's when I started robbin'
My youngin ready for war, I hit you dead in your car
Police pattin' me down, hope they ain't searching the car
I know they findin' that rod, I'm making bale in the morning
They got a probation hold but they still gon' take that lil money

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