

Where I'm From

Styles P

I'm from a place where they die for a dollar bill
Some niggas get rich, most niggas just go to jail
Niggas in the hood hear this shit and they know it's real
Either get life or some dough for the blow you sell
Which make me a hard fellow, paint the Benz the color of Carmel
o's
Sky blue and dark yellow chilling in Palm Meadows
Tryna get some M's in my hand
Can't see the picture, need to look again and get your camera a
lens
It's the game, who the fuck let the amateurs win?
I hit the wind, time to sin, pick my man up at ten
He said "P, get the GT if you damage the Benz
It ain't the money, it's respect that make you man of the men"
He said dollars is important to niggas
I told him holler, let them earn then we extorting them niggas
Straight bodies, no slipping, no court for them niggas
Suck my dick is the only words I offer them niggas

It's a new day and age, when I die throw [?] in my grave
And tell my niggas in the cage I wasn't able to save
Sometimes the streets get the best out of men, they got a cell
for you
Crackers tryna stretch out the pen, I go to hell for you
See like the eyes on the pyramids
We offer niggas death 'cause we see they got fear of it
Shoot niggas in the head 'cause it's just an experiment
He said he was a thug, they see his blood so they smearing it