

Where U From

TRU

[Intro: Master P talking]

New No Limit up in here (yeah, a haha)
Represent!

This goes out to them boys (in Texas)
With the motherfuckin golds in they mouth (Georgia)
And them girls (Arkansas) with them golds in they mouth
(North Carolina, haha)
Louisiana to Alabama to Mississippi (get buck)
To Kentucky (throw 'em up) to Tennessee, let's roll

[Chorus: Master P]

Where you from nigga? (WESTSIDE NIGGA)
Where you from nigga? (EASTSIDE NIGGA)
Where you from nigga? (NORTHSIDE NIGGA)
Where you from nigga? (SOUTHSIDE NIGGA)
Where you from nigga? (WESTSIDE NIGGA)
Where you from nigga? (EASTSIDE NIGGA)
Where you from nigga? (NORTHSIDE NIGGA)
Where you from nigga? (SOUTHSIDE NIGGA)

[Verse 1: Master P]

I'm straight from the streets and I'ma tell it like it was
Represent this bitch for the Crips and the Bloods
With niggaz on the block, with them automatic toys
And them niggaz in the game, that's still makin noise
I'm straight from the swamps, where them gators they'll get ya
The Calio projects, where the boys they'll hit ya
Don't come around here playin, whoadi it ain't a game
In broad daylight they can still call in your chain
I'ma country boy, but I don't ride on no camels
I'm in the Bentley Coupe, 24's spinnin the saddle
I'm from the city - that's shaped like a boot
Where niggaz are bankin, when I ain't talkin 'bout hoop
Where they gone off that water, and they shootin that legal
Nigga die in my hood, they arms the size of Vin Diesel
And the streets is real, I've seen little kids get killed
And if you take a loss motherfucker, you ain't real

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Halleluyah]

Yeah, where you from motherfucker, throw your hood up high, nigga
Let me see you pump your sets in the sky
If you reppin the southside, then please let me know
Either your rockin with the Lou, Florida, or the NO
Fuck it, let's together like all of us kin folks
And hit the game together like all of us pimp folk, yeah
You get your chin broke, you playin with No Limit niggaz
You think this shit joke, we show you ain't no gimmick niggaz
Macks and nines that'll clap your spine
Need a quick reaction time, when you step outta line nigga
Ridin on 24's, what we specialize in
TV in our lap, fully loaded while we drivin
Gold teeth, good Lord chickens lovin our slang
And we hold heat for war, niggaz doin they thang, mayn
So get it up, if ya hood what ya brought up
Take a bloody Mary straight to the mouth, ya heard?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Silkk the Shocker]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Let me start by sayin off the bat nigga, I don't give a fuck
I'm in a project with all my jewels on, like "HA NIGGA WHAT"
I'ma real nigga, y'all niggaz scared and frail
I'ma gangsta, I ain't never been scared of jail
Only problem with jail nigga, is that I'm losin my time
And now it's boxing, no more me usin the nine
Or usin the tech, I gotta get my jab game up
Stick and move, you know, nigga learn to use my left
And while I'm here, let me make a few things clear
If I'm in the building, it's at least 85 million up in here
And Shocker name hold weight, like the Governor of Louisiana
And y'all got problems, once he get out the slammer
I'm like "Nick," last name the way I keep me a "Cannon"
And I'm rich, like nothin for me to do, but drive by in the Phantom
I'm from the dirty, ya heard? We do nothin but ball here
Ask my block with the rock, I'm the "Truth" like Paul Pierce
You know where I'm from

[Chorus]