

# Cam'ron, Where I'm From

(feat. Dutch & Spade)

[Dutch:]

I'm from where niggas get killed for running they mouth  
I'm from where niggas get they weight up in front of they house  
Cop coke strap it to the waist of they spouse  
I don't think I'll ever know what all this hatin about  
Got a deal I don't know what perpetrating about  
Got big guns dog, one pop and you out  
Love women that suck and keep the nut in they mouth  
While I lean back geeking how she loving my house  
Let me tell you three things that the Dutch is about  
'Cuzzi bubbles, grands, slow dick in yo mouth  
And when u hear that (moan) he kicking you out  
Hell naw I'm ain't no hater that's just what I'm about

[Spade:]

Ayo  
They wanna flip me  
Bounce me  
Half and quarter ounce me  
Try to speak my name out loud and mispronounce me  
Hit me four five rubber grip me  
Them hoes love me in a five but the dealer trying to six me  
Dimes wanna twist me  
Nah you can't kiss me  
Go 'head with the mo' at the bar  
You better Cris me  
Baby blue 528 doing sixty  
Cuttin' swiftly  
Duckin' fifty  
Hit my hoe crib for a nice dick suck and a quicky  
Killa Cam, Dutch and the Spade flow sickly  
The streets shifty  
So I keep my tool  
If yo ass wanna live you better keep your cool  
Motherfucker

[Cam'Ron:]

Yo, Yo,  
Yo where I'm from they let the cartridge blast  
Everybody smart in math  
Loan sharks with cash  
Running from the narks and task  
Streets arts and craft ?  
Come on I start to laugh  
Cause I almost caught the case with Rich Parker ass  
Now a nigga paid out  
suede couch  
I'm into hooded things  
Bitch butt be way out  
These cats be Hecliff  
When I come around they play mouse  
Mickey and Minnie  
Jerry from Tom  
Heavy in arms  
In front of bam bam  
Hanna Barbara lover  
Collar big  
Cotton candy blue gators polishment  
Y'all in astonishment looking for acknowledgment  
We pour it on 'em  
Meet a snitch throw wall off on em  
Any repercussions make sure my seeds bubble

If you ain't hear me on clue I said I see double  
Guns double tecks  
Hoes double sex  
Accountant handle my money but I double check  
Bubble lex  
Ain't too much more I care about  
Liquor store and the Bronx old warehouse  
Clear it out  
L's with my liquor  
Sounds sew a helluva whisper  
Gas-ing up a hoe tell her you miss her  
Dealing with the old timers was a helluva listener  
Business sale a few differ  
Nigga pelican slippers  
Mommy is senseless  
Get my moola I'm conscientious  
Tell Medi she buy me benzes  
Pour favor  
Harlem mamma poor  
We fell off but back on nigga time to ball  
Hung 45th and Lennox  
3 piece suit bean pies the final call  
Gun up in the spinal cord  
I got no time for y'all  
We 8 digets you play frigate  
Killa don't cook he blaze biscuits  
Around us straight midgets  
Jewels we keep frozen  
Y'all keep dozing  
The wolf in sheeps clothes and  
Streets buzzing V dozen  
Bitches calling me husband  
Saying we fuck when we wasn't  
Lying on her coochie  
I'm dyin for a hoochie  
With an iron for a boobie  
Casino style diamonds in the doopey  
But Killa keep running to the timing of a groupie  
But need work  
Plate of a kind  
If ya dope ain't 8 or a 9  
Don't waste up my time  
You racing for shine  
Only way you be around motherfucking paper boy  
If you quit your job and go be a paper boy  
Cars swoop buck fifty  
Gun shoot buck fifty  
Bear facts ? buck fifty  
Air Max buck fifty  
Only New York nigga to fuck with me  
On her period blood sticky  
Same night flood missy  
Play Toronto like Doug Christy  
Fuck Christy  
Louie the 13  
Slugs with me  
Gimme head  
Yo Quero kin chi blunt to my head  
But my day is Friday  
Toast for my bread  
Niggas try to stick together like they Smokey and Craig  
In real life Nia think I'm "Long" and throw me the head