

# Jay-Z, Where I'm From

[Jay-Z]

uh-huh, je-je je-je-yeah  
ye-ye-yeah, ye-ye-yeah  
How real is this, how real is this  
Uh-huh huh, inspect this here, check

[Verse One:]

I'm from where the hammer's rung, New's cameras never come  
You and your man houndin' every verse in your rhyme  
where the grams is slung, niggas vanish every summer  
Where the blue vans would come, we throw the work in the can and run  
Where the plans was to get funds and skate off the set  
To achieve this goal quicker, sold all my weight wet  
Faced with immeasurable odds still I get straight bets  
So I felt some more something and you nothing check  
I from the other side with other guys don't walk to much  
And girls in the projects wouldn't fuck us if we talked too much  
So they ran up town and sought them dudes to trust  
I don't know what the fuck they thought, those niggas is foul just like us  
I'm from where the beef is inevitable, Summertime's unforgettable  
Boosters in abundance, buy a half-price sweater new  
Your world was everything, So everything you said you'd do  
You did it, Couldn't talk about it if you ain't lived it  
I from where niggas pull your car, and argue all day about  
Who's the best MC's, Biggie, Jay-Z, and Nas  
Where the drugs czars evolve, and thugs always are  
At each other's throats for the love of foreign cars  
Where cats catch cases, hoping the judge R and R's  
But most times find themselves locked up behind bars  
I'm from where they ball and breed rhyme stars  
I'm from Marcy son, just thought I'd remind y'all

[Chorus: 5x]

Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, Ain't nothing nice  
Mentally been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own

[Verse Two:]

I'm from the place where the chruch is the flakiest  
And niggas is praying to god so long that they Atheist  
Where you can't put your vest away and say you'll wear it tomorrow  
Cause the day after we'll be saying, damn I was just with him yesterday  
I'm a block away from hell, not enough shots away from straight shells  
An ounce away from a triple beam still using a hand-held weight scale  
Your laughing, you know the place well  
Where the Liqour Store's and the base well  
And Government, fuck Government, niggas polotic themselves  
Where we call the cops the A-Team  
cause they hop out of vans and spray things  
And life expectancy so low we making out wills at eight-teen  
Where how you get rid of guys who step out of line, your rep solidifies  
So tell me when I rap you think I give a fuck who criticize?  
If the shit is lies, god strike me  
And I got a question, are you forgiving guys who live just like me?  
We'll never know  
One day I pray to you and said if I ever blow, Let 'em know  
Mistakes ain't exactly what takes place in the ghetto  
Promise fulfilled, but still I feel my job ain't done  
Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, ain't nothing nice

[Chorus 4x]

[Verse Three:]

I'm from where they cross-over and clap boards

Lost Jehovah in place of rap lords, listen  
I'm up the block, round the corner, and down the street  
From where the Pimps, Prostitutes, and the Drug Lords meet  
We make a million off of beats, cause our stories is deep  
And fuck tomorrow, as long as the night before was sweet  
Niggas get lost for weeks in the streets, twisted off weed  
And no matter the weather, niggas know how to draw heat  
Whether your four-feet or Minute size, it always starts out with  
Three dice and shoot the five  
Niggas thought they douce was live, now hit 'em with trips  
And I reached down for their money, pa forget about this  
This time around it's platinum, like the shit on my wrist  
And this glock on my waist, y'all can't do shit about this  
Niggas will show you love, That's how they fool thugs  
Before you know it your lying in a pool of blood

[Chorus 4x]