Mobb Deep, Where Ya From

(feat. 8-Ball)

Yeah
Infamous in ya area
Eightball in ya area
About to cause mass hysteria

Yo, ashes to ashes big gats to little
I put it to you clear while you cats talkin riddles
Snake and buck at me
If you did I'd say you got lucky
Trained to tread through land to get muddy

Ayo, blood rap
Survival of the fifth style cat
I puts it down blow a round at your baseball cap
Pee, Niggas saying damn why I be like that
Listen close you can learn from it
It's real black

Gangsta shit makes the world rotate
If eight was all make a nigga wanna gain some weight
Fat belly black motherfuckin D-O-G
And I'm a thug for them young niggas thuggin for me

Ayo
Fuck where you at kid
Its where you from
Cause where we from niggas pack nothing but the big guns
To all my Queens Duns, Niggas who pump drugs
To all the housing projects who rep for they hood

Live and direct from the south to your stereo
Prepare for bustin and dumpin okay player here we go
Strapped with infa-red raps when I hit the traps
Crack the wack into pieces when I hit the track
Like stone to glass I shatter they raggedy ass
South style waiving my motherfuckin soldier rag
A hard illustration of my brutal lifestyle
Memphis Ten made a lot of niggas buck wild
The root to all evil daily I chase it
Blow it on weed and drink then hustle to replace it
It's hard from the start where I lay my head
We get rowdy and bust shots till we raise the dead

Yo fuck where you at kid
Its where you from
Cause where we from niggas pack nothing but the big guns
To all my gold grill niggas and my trail niggas
South to east we keep it hard for them real niggas

Feel my though, You don't want to get filled up with holes
Moms filling out surgery cards blowing her nose
Wiping her tears cause something on your top got shot
Should have brought alone wit you what you loaned on the block
Fuck, leaving without it dunn I'd rather get knocked
Charged with a ten body for a nigga get shot
For a weak ass bitch, fuck that little whore
Even though she get my dick harder than the parol board
Stick and move, slide in, slide out big guns
Mack milly prepare to mob you steel phillies
Connected with Eightball dunn so what's the drilly
Out to take it all if you wit me then feel me

Don't get yourself shot
Bleedin to death hops
I pop canners off leave a nigga head whopped
A maverick my H-K will work magic
You'll find yourself in the O-R for talkin that shit
Street justice I tip the scale over cousin
I hold more weight you just a no name nigga frontin
Get your hardware lets treat it like a contest
And we can dance till one of us drop from being hit
Murda Muzik my street life influenced it
Its so real bredren I wouldn't test it I rep it
A renegade crack your top like devil spring
Vigilante niggas know the song I sing

It go
Fuck where you at kid
Its where you from
Cause where we from niggas pack nothing but the big guns
No mistakes for the fake no escape
Chop them boys up and puttin it in their face

Fuck where you at kid
Its where you from
Cause where we from niggas pack nothing but the big guns
To all my ice pick niggas one
To all my dunns trying to get the fuck up out of the sprungs

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