

# 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 along 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 duns trying to get the fuck up out of the sprungs

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