

# Where I'm From

## Ja Rule & Lloyd

Umm hey, coming from where I'm from (I'm from) ohhh yea  
Kids get killed in ghettos, shot up  
over the Carmello's

While they mom was at home, tears hitting the pillow  
Reverend in the middle in a serminal funereal  
Shed a tear cause he lost his son the same way a year ago  
It's the same ego spiritual, we thugging in harmony  
They say death brings life, there exchange no robbery  
If I'm wrong pardon me, me I'm just tired of poverty  
Why them niggaz in the hood never hit the lottery  
Unless they go lottery, first round in the draft  
First we dusting off the rounds and we slip in the mag'  
Then we slip on the masks, and go out and mash  
And we call it feeding our family  
Ya'll call it a tragedy, damn  
How I could just kill a man  
Watch his blood flow like a river and rinse his blood off of my hands  
If you hearing me speak please Lord give me a chance  
Please forgive me of my sins, cause we cleansed where I'm from  
Me and my niggaz ride  
Even when the sun don't shine and its cold outside  
I never run in or hide, cause some niggaz hate it  
But I can't get faded cause I done made it  
Instead of struggling or strive  
Find my way out these ghetto streets of mine  
This is coming from where I'm from (I'm from)  
We all walk back in line (yeah) Now everybody know that everybody said nobody can hide  
from beef

Except but us, who surprised when these kids get killed on the streets  
Look how these animals eat that's how they talk bout us  
While they shed they joke and laugh putting a choke round us  
Can I get a moment of SILENCE  
Cause they claiming it's the murders that's causing all the violence  
What bout the ones that protect to serve our honor  
Popping the blue colla', with shots soon to follow  
The ghettos in horror, cause in this boy shot went back  
And now the neighborhood hot and he can't move the crack  
When it's all about the dollars  
And he'll individually get murdered cause money is power  
But then the snitch's get to talking and he's caught within hours  
Cuffed and cryin' on the bus heading straight to the Island  
He was only 13, but tried as an adult in the highest of courts  
Cause ain't no more children in the ghetto where I'm from

We ain't all killers in prison  
Matter fact that's a stereo typical thought of living  
'Cause they don't know about the hood and the love in it  
Summer time top down with the wood finish  
Pushing hard uptown windows slightly tinted  
Back to back Benz and jeeps, blowing weed with my niggaz  
On our way to a house party, gonna fuck with some bitches  
Let's get some liquor for shorty who said she make us some chicken  
And if we get 'em drunk enough we probably could freak em, and do it every other weekend  
If I ain't have to kill niggaz, I never would leave the ghetto  
I'm like an angel that put on a halo, cradle the grave of my niggaz that we lost in the ghetto  
Cause where I'm from in the ghetto we rock white tee's and nike's  
Roll 3 dice and name our dope ice cream  
Set trends and ya'll follow our lead  
But in New Yitti niggaz follow they dreams, where I'm from Now I lay me down to sleep  
And I pray to the Lord, for my soul to keep  
But if I should die before I wake  
Pray to the Lord, for my soul to take (Pray to the Lord, for my soul to take)

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