

# Becky from the Block

## Becky G.

Children growing  
Woman producing  
Men going to work  
And some do stealing  
Everyone's gotta make a livingInglewood  
Inglewood  
InglewoodI won't stop till I get to the top  
I'm so, I'm so Becky from the block  
Always had a little, but I want a lot  
No matter where I go I know where I came fromI won't stop till I get to the top  
I'm so, I'm so Becky from the block  
Always had a little, but I want a lot  
No matter where I go I know where I came from  
Yo, first grade, Oak street elementary  
A few blocks from the Inglewood cemetery  
I lived through hard times, according to my memory  
Then I learned to rhyme like I'm reading up the dictionary  
I still walk to the Kelso Market  
Even though I get to walk them red carpets  
My family lived in my grandpa's garage  
So I started working just to help out my pops  
It all started when my grandpa crossed over  
Now one day I'm a be a crossover  
Right now it's just who is that girl?  
But one day I'm a be all around the world  
I still get grounded, always stay grounded  
Still do chores even when I'm on tour  
One thing's for sure, I'm a always be me  
That west side Becky, Becky, Becky G  
I won't stop till I get to the top  
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No matter where I go I know where I came fromI won't stop till I get to the top  
I'm so, I'm so Becky from the block  
Always had a little, but I want a lot  
No matter where I go I know where I came fromYo, what you know about that In-N-Out life?  
And what you know about that 4×5 drive?  
My life is changing quickly right before my eyes  
It hits me every time that I'm on Hollywood and Vine  
If you wanna date me, you gotta ask my Daddy  
And my 30 uncles, you can meet them in an alley!  
And one day I'm a bring home a Grammy

But no matter what I'll be bringing home Randy's  
Donuts, so what? Holla when you see me  
I'm still the same B, even when I'm on TV  
Still rocking J's with my diamonds and pearls  
You can take me out the hood, but not the hood out of the girl  
Yes I love sushi, love my calamari  
But ain't no better chef than my very own mommy  
If you can't catch me roaming in my barrio  
I'm with my litas praying the Rosario  
Inglewood, Inglewood, Inglewood I won't stop till I get to the top  
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I'm so, I'm so Becky from the block  
Always had a little, but I want a lot  
No matter where I go I know where I came from  
Inglewood, Cali girl for life  
Shout outs, to Jennifer Lopez  
Latinos stand up  
West Side  
Yea, Yea  
L.A.!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>