

# Where Ya From (feat. 8-Ball)

## Mobb Deep & 8Ball

Yeah, infamous in ya area  
Eightball in ya area  
About to 'cause mass hysteriaYo, 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 muddyAyo, 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 blackGangsta 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, it's where you from  
'Cause where we from niggas pack nothin' but the big guns  
To all my Queens Duns, Niggas who pump drugs  
To all the housing projects who rep for they hoodLive and direct from the south to your stereo  
Prepare for bustin' and dumpin' okay player here we go  
Strapped with infrared raps when I hit the traps  
Crack the wack into pieces when I hit the trackLike stone to glass I shatter they raggedy ass  
South style waivin' my motherfuckin' soldier rag  
A hard illustration of my brutal lifestyle  
Memphis Ten made a lot of niggas buck wildThe 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, it's 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 niggasFeel my though, you don't want to get filled  
up with holes  
Moms filling out surgery cards blowing her nose  
Wipin' her tears 'cause somethin' on your top got shot  
Should have brought alone wit you what you loaned on the blockFuck, leavin' 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 parole boardStick 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 meDon'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  
It's 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, it's where you from  
'Cause where we from niggas pack nothin' 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, it's where you from  
'Cause where we from niggas pack nothin' but the big guns  
To all my ice pick niggas one  
To all my duns tryin' to get the fuck up out of the sprungs  
Fuck where you at kid, it's where  
you from  
'Cause where we from niggas pack nothin' but the big guns  
To all my Queens Duns, Niggas who pump drugs  
To all the housing projects who rep for they hood  
Fuck where you at kid, it's where you from  
'Cause where we from niggas pack nothin' 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  
South to east we keep it hard for them real niggas  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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