Sitting on stairs, in street affairs Jordan Airs, he got at least seven pairs His voice rare, talk with a mumble Chicago bear hat, quarterback the huddle Called a audible of trouble came His name Chris, black as his hustle name Reaction to his chains, it's like a basketball game Watch him winning, hope your team do the same A menace, he owed dog kane Wish a nigga would go against his grain Used to stain but moved up in the game Takin' niggas spots, takin' niggas fame The fortune of a caine, long live his reign He do it for his son, he do it with a gun Whatever he do, yo, he do it till it's done A team full of hitters, so they hit and run The prestone even want none Walk with the G's cause the G's never run Something to be from the slum and be the one This is where he at, this is where he from

Where I'm from

Living life with no fear Putting that truth in my baby girl's ear Told her that dudes gon' want some ass And whatever you do, do it with class She wanna E, but to me, you gotta earn it You can't circumvent life, you gotta earn it It's the circle of life, that's why we're turning Yo, I hit a choir and the sermon, our messiah is returning With the towel around my neck, I style around respect Know the smell of good shit, the sound of a tec They fire, drill, stop dropping roll I popped out the cole hip-hop, that was gold The way of the road is our ode to the legacy Come on dog, you know my pedigree Find it forever be, the sun never set on me Many reign, but the game never weather me If I'm in the building it mean I got equity Where articles are black like Ebony Since I was a shorty I was thinking longevity No fear, I say that with levity

Where I'm from