

From A Place

Lowkey

Yeah, Lowkey!
Straight from South-West. (Straight from South-West) Let's Go! (Let's go!)
I'm from a place that, left me psychologically scarred,
A lot of crime, but many guys that wanna-be stars,
Mans take it easy, but a life of poverty's hard,
Shit is common, like a knife 'n' robbery charge,
In my life I did what the blind majority can't,
Around me fiends crave for crack,
And Stomp your head into the pavement untill your face is flat,
Talking codes on the payphone, incase it's tapped,
I might make a track, but still remain gutter, 'till my life fades to black.
Don't come around if you don't know the right way to act,
'Cause there's some things that you have to know first,
'Round here the cameras don't work,
Yout'-dem don't give a f**k for another man,
If you take a loss, bounce back like a rubber band,
Understand pricks try to test you,
This life is stressful, if your quite successful,
Wolves that are quick to slash your temples,
I might get a few rings and customize new kicks,
Just let me do my thing, don't f**k with my music,
I'm an emcee from my head to my toes,
It runs in my blood, in my flesh and my bones
The pen is my best friend, I'm never depressed and alone
I'm an underground cat with a professional flow, destined to blow
Emcees need to backup and let their testicles grow! (What the f**k!?)

Correct these lyrics

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