

# Where U From

TRU

[Intro: Master P talking]

New No Limit up in here (yeah, a haha)  
Represent!  
This goes out to them boys (in Texas)  
With the motherfuckin golds in they mouth (Georgia)  
And them girls (Arkansas) with them golds in they mouth  
(North Carolina, haha)  
Louisiana to Alabama to Mississippi (get buck)  
To Kentucky (throw 'em up) to Tennessee, let's roll

[Chorus: Master P]

Where you from nigga? (WESTSIDE NIGGA)  
Where you from nigga? (EASTSIDE NIGGA)  
Where you from nigga? (NORTHSIDE NIGGA)  
Where you from nigga? (SOUTHSIDE NIGGA)  
Where you from nigga? (WESTSIDE NIGGA)  
Where you from nigga? (EASTSIDE NIGGA)  
Where you from nigga? (NORTHSIDE NIGGA)  
Where you from nigga? (SOUTHSIDE NIGGA)

[Verse 1: Master P]

I'm straight from the streets and I'ma tell it like it was  
Represent this bitch for the Crips and the Bloods  
With niggaz on the block, with them automatic toys  
And them niggaz in the game, that's still makin noise  
I'm straight from the swamps, where them gators they'll get ya  
The Calio projects, where the boys they'll hit ya  
Don't come around here playin, whoadi it ain't a game  
In broad daylight they can still call in your chain  
I'ma country boy, but I don't ride on no camels  
I'm in the Bentley Coupe, 24's spinnin the saddle  
I'm from the city - that's shaped like a boot  
Where niggaz are bankin, when I ain't talkin 'bout hoop  
Where they gone off that water, and they shootin that legal  
Nigga die in my hood, they arms the size of Vin Diesel  
And the streets is real, I've seen little kids get killed  
And if you take a loss motherfucker, you ain't real

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Halleluyah]

Yeah, where you from motherfucker, throw your hood up high, nigga  
Let me see you pump your sets in the sky  
If you reppin the southside, then please let me know  
Either your rockin with the Lou, Florida, or the NO  
Fuck it, let's together like all of us kin folks  
And hit the game together like all of us pimp folk, yeah  
You get your chin broke, you playin with No Limit niggaz  
You think this shit joke, we show you ain't no gimmick niggaz  
Macks and nines that'll clap your spine  
Need a quick reaction time, when you step outta line nigga  
Ridin on 24's, what we specialize in  
TV in our lap, fully loaded while we drivin  
Gold teeth, good Lord chickens lovin our slang  
And we hold heat for war, niggaz doin they thang, mayn  
So get it up, if ya hood what ya brought up  
Take a bloody Mary straight to the mouth, ya heard?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Silkk the Shocker]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Let me start by sayin off the bat nigga, I don't give a fuck

I'm in a project with all my jewels on, like "HA NIGGA WHAT"

I'ma real nigga, y'all niggaz scared and frail

I'ma gangsta, I ain't never been scared of jail

Only problem with jail nigga, is that I'm losin my time

And now it's boxing, no more me usin the nine

Or usin the tech, I gotta get my jab game up

Stick and move, you know, nigga learn to use my left

And while I'm here, let me make a few things clear

If I'm in the building, it's at least 85 million up in here

And Shocker name hold weight, like the Governor of Louisiana

And y'all got problems, once he get out the slammer

I'm like "Nick," last name the way I keep me a "Cannon"

And I'm rich, like nothin for me to do, but drive by in the Phantom

I'm from the dirty, ya heard? We do nothin but ball here

Ask my block with the rock, I'm the "Truth" like Paul Pierce

You know where I'm from

[Chorus]