

Sac-A-Indo (Where I'm From)

X-Raided

Where I'm from hell ah niggas is bitches
In Southside Sacramento mouth dry cause ah sacs ah the indo
Where jealous niggas get stitches they mouths wide,
When we crack 'em wid pistols and celibate bitches
develop addiction and didn't keep they mouth,
quiet when we fuck 'em and kick 'em, out the telly,
Tell us we trippin' but she just another victim
develop a suckers for crippin' ya heard Gordon Block,
I'ma keep bailin' and flippin' birds till my heart stop
Depart from carlots, and brand new car tops
Observe yo bitch face, observe the big face
Spark glocks to clip hate and nigga like some split ends
Puff herb drunk drive wreck, we switch Benz
Neglect yo bitch kids I, fuck her with them in the room
And damn how pregnant she is I,
fuck her with them in the room, doggystyle
Let's part it slip it in and fuck with the pain
If your, kid is boring starting this is cause I've been
pumpin' his brain,
Dogging 'em out cause in the South we smash
and don't discriminate we sprayin' clips
My house as big as cess pools without sayin' shit
Eliminatin' the hatin' wid torturous behaviour
And only, trustin' my cousins till the Lord come and save us

When ya down wid me (nigga!)
If ya clown wid me (nigga!)
Nothin' browns only green!
Blow pounds with me (nigga!)
You can ride wid me (nigga!)
Do or die wid me (nigga!)
Whatever town homie gleam!
When you shine with me (nigga!)

Where I'm from a gang ah triggers get squeezed
And a gang ah niggas'll bleed
if you motherfuckas get to claimin' you Gs
I'm flamin' you weenies like pussy wid a dangerous disease
Like I'm a clamidia, from the city ah the, bangenest Gs
And it burns like, concrete at a hundred degrees
So fuck with me if you wan' be in monstrous beef
Hamburger Hill my, scrambler serve and cheat
And where I'm from pain is all ah nigga deserve and feel
I bend savvy, niggas think five hundred got me paid
Fantastic!, forty claibre burn ya like colli grade man drastic,
Shit'll get crackin' when I get gat and mask and clips
And leave niggas dead in the street like mad caskets
And I'ma keep creepin' for niggas grills (strike sicc say)
And I'ma keep teachin' niggas to kill like Sensi
I drink Hen straight and look for a jaw law to bend
Misanthropy, raided and Dogg is like all men
Y'all bein' bent under pressure like bad pipes
So I leave ya lookin' like Tony Lopez after a bad fight
Light it up, leave him holy wid no head shot him up
Mop him up, and to be sure we know he dead chop him up

Where I'm from all my homies is shinin'

You provoke the wrong loc ended up
'tacked broke lonely and grindin'
Half you niggas ah get smacked wid gats infront ah ya folks
and choked 'til I leave handprints on both sides ah ya throat,
Dime is blindin' y'all niggas like sunrays,
Gun rays, bustin, make your vision green like concussion
Gun spray, wettin' niggas up like a sprinkler
Have your heart flashin' on and off like a blinker
Smashin' it up, opposite direction on the runway
Rushin, in and outta traffin' causin' collisions that crash
and the cops'll get blast wid no discretion,
Shootin' slugs in and outta asses like erections
And take off like jets on the runway
Shootin' thugs wid weapon out and givin' up confections
to the graphics you gon' play, gun play
Teachin' them niggas lessons like classes
And we keep them niggas stressin' guessin'
wonderin' when we catch 'em