Becky from the Block

Becky G.

Children growing
Woman producing
Men going to work
And some do stealing
Everyone's gotta make a livingInglewood

Inglewood

InglewoodI won't stop till I get to the top I'm so, I'm so Becky from the block

Always had a little, but I want a lot

No matter where I go I know where I came fromI won't stop till I get to the top

I'm so, I'm so Becky from the block

Always had a little, but I want a lot

No matter where I go I know where I came from

Yo, first grade, Oak street elementary

A few blocks from the Inglewood cemetery

I lived through hard times, according to my memory

Then I learned to rhyme like I'm reading up the dictionary

I still walk to the Kelso Market

Even though I get to walk them red carpets

My family lived in my grandpa's garage

So I started working just to help out my pops

It all started when my grandpa crossed over

Now one day I'm a be a crossover

Right now it's just who is that girl?

But one day I'm a be all around the world

I still get grounded, always stay grounded

Still do chores even when I'm on tour

One thing's for sure, I'm a always be me

That west side Becky, Becky, Becky G

I won't stop till I get to the top

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Always had a little, but I want a lot

No matter where I go I know where I came from I won't stop till I get to the top

I'm so, I'm so Becky from the block

Always had a little, but I want a lot

No matter where I go I know where I came from Yo, what you know about that In-N-Out life?

And what you know about that 4×5 drive?

My life is changing quickly right before my eyes

It hits me every time that I'm on Hollywood and Vine

If you wanna date me, you gotta ask my Daddy

And my 30 uncles, you can meet them in an alley!

And one day I'm a bring home a Grammy

But no matter what I'll be bringing home Randy's
Donuts, so what? Holla when you see me
I'm still the same B, even when I'm on TV
Still rocking J's with my diamonds and pearls
You can take me out the hood, but not the hood out of the girl

Yes I love sushi, love my calamari

But ain't no better chef than my very own mommy

If you can't catch me roaming in my barrio

I'm with my litas praying the Rosario

Inglewood, Inglewood won't stop till I get to the top

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No matter where I go I know where I came from

Inglewood, Cali girl for life

Shout outs, to Jennifer Lopez

Latinos stand up

West Side

Yea, Yea

L.A.!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/