

S.L.A.B. f/ Yung Redd, J2

"In Tha Hood"

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[Hook]

In the hood, nigga ain't a damn thang changed
Still ducking from the cops, staying out of they range
In the hood, niggaz on the grind for change
Same shit different day, nigga stay in ya lane
In the hood, nigga ain't a damn thang changed
Still thugging on the block, pushing rocks for days
In the hood, niggaz trying hard to maintain
And if you disrespect the game, niggaz heat up your brain

[Trae]

In the hood, nigga it be real in the field
Fly shit up out the mouth, will be enough to get killed
You either stunting or ya broke, when ya enter the dub
Too many thugs on the block, will lead to multiple slugs
I push a whip with a clip, on the side of my seat
I gotta get it how it come, on the block without sleep
I rep the H to the fullest, till I lay in a grave
In the lab full time, working harder than slaves
K shots'll leave stains, on a nigga for days
I pop the trunk hit the set, swang in multiple ways
With a pack and a sack, the same color as glaze
In a click full of killers, on another page

[Yung Redd]

You prolly wondering why we grind, I don't know why
Get rid of mine, ery'time them laws roll by
I need mine, work the block like a 9 to 5
I spend my day sunnyside, on 3-65
Wait a minute pimping, ain't spending 'less I get it back
But we ain't pumping for nothing, hustling to get a stack
I talk it I live it, it's vivid yeah I witnessed that
I ain't forgot where I came, watch how them niggaz act
Bout round here, you don't feel like I feel
Til you live how we live, then it is what it is yeah
This time, I'm on a whole 'nother feel
Back 7-4-5, with the same color wheels in the hood

[Hook]

[Boss]

I'm in the hood in the house, in the kitchen
Trying to whip up sticks, roach niggaz all up in my mix
Known D-dealer, front back and three wheeler
Trying to keep my khakis creased, copping ki's of killa
Banged out, from my belt to my strings
Bandana on hang, like it ain't no thang
I post up in the hot spot, pull them rocks out
A-1 got my dopefiends, half way knocked out
Lil' Boss I'm on that West A, doing it the best way
Hit one switch, I'm in the drop let it just lay
I put it down, for my H.G.C.'s
B-L double O-D's, making G's shaking fleas

[J2]

In the hood niggaz jack, for a fresh set of three's
Or dope dealing on the block, trying to get 'em some
cheese
Nigga it's raw, broke and ain't got no cash
Well fuck that, I'm finna grab me a beam and a mask
And jack some'ing, motherfucker give me your bread
Before my finger get to itching, and I'm busting your
head
Cause in the hood niggaz bust, 'fore they give up they
shit
So don't come around here playing, you get dealt with
bitch
And in the hood, niggaz hate when you come through
skating
It don't matter what you riding, nigga swangas or
daytons
Cause on the West, better watch it cause your partnas'll
get ya
These niggaz be roaches, just hanging round waiting
to get ya

[Hook]

[Lil' B]

In my hood, we have to snap necks for fun
It ain't no coming at us barking, and we insufficient
funds
I'm a go-getter, so I'ma bleed the block
Whether fifty packs or dime sacks, I'm working the
block
Hiram-Clarke to Alameda, I be working my territory
Quick to shoot three, like my name was Robert Horry
Here's a story, some nigga tried to come at me wrong
Got caught slipping, and bad news beat him back
home

It ain't no selling, to these unknown faces
And unknown places, cause laws trying to give out
cases
Stay in houpes that be tinted up, trying to get it
Cause off in my hood, hating laws be up in it

[Hook]

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