

## Yung Redd & Lil Ron

### "Same Ol Song"

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(\*talking\*)

Yung Redd, and it's the same ol' song nigga  
No matter where I go, know I'm saying  
It's the same ol' song, every hood on every block  
Yeah, that's the sound of them niggaz in the hood it go  
Yeah, that's the sound of them niggaz in the hood

[Yung Redd]

It's the same ol' song, ery'where I go  
Some niggaz is slanging dope, or hanging by the sto'  
You can either be two thangs, rich or po'  
I can't ever let this life go, that's all I know  
So, clap your hands for a hustler  
At any given time, somebody in the street could touch  
ya  
Can't nobody seeing us, re'ing up  
We just being us, er'y nigga in the hood got it rough  
enough  
The clock is ticking, them glocks is spitting  
On every block you see the cops, so we start sprinting  
Made it 21 years, I'm just glad I'm living  
And e'ry penny I make dog, I can't spend it  
You can love me or hate me, money can't make me or  
break me  
Plus I'm ready to go, when this rotate me  
Gun off safety, in case niggaz wanna play me  
Still I gotta keep it moving, if the ground shake me

[Hook - 2x]

All my niggaz, getting tired of struggling  
I gotta get it, so I keep on hustling  
The cops know, they can't tell us nothing  
Before it's too late, I gotta make something

[Yung Redd]

I'm only in it for the money, the root of all evil  
Life is like a movie, without the sequel  
Never ever let a nigga, in the streets mislead ya  
Better learn to peep game, but I can't teach ya  
It's two sides to a story, and I can't tell  
Live in my city, it ain't that hard to go to jail

I done been a lot of places, traveled around  
And what I found, niggaz all do the same in every town  
You know, some of my niggaz got they life cut short  
Play it smart, cause them gun shots'll tear you apart  
what  
I look back, where I came up  
If some'ing happened, and the neighbors always use to  
blame us  
But most people, think I slipped through the cracks  
I fell in love with music, I was born to rap  
But the block is sold, I had enough rocks to roll  
The hood should know, it's slow when the cops patrol

[Hook - 2x]

[Yung Redd]

I came a long ways, from no name to mo' fame  
Too broke for hope, couldn't sco' a gold chain  
And now-a-days, ery'body on the paper route  
And niggaz wanna leave the hood, but never make it  
out  
We kept 'em coming back, for that white money pack  
Give me some slack, naw you ain't getting nothing  
back  
That's how we act, when a nigga move Cracker Jack  
But times done changed, and all I do is push raps  
Matter fact, I make bangers and get profit  
I skip in the drop, same color as Hypnotic  
Never had to go to college, for a lil' knowledge  
Some of these niggaz, thought I didn't show a lot of  
promise  
I'm living proof, of what the others can do  
And if it worked for me, then it might work for you  
And it's a million motherfuckers, who are just like me  
That don't mean you can tell us, what we can't or might  
be nigga

[Hook - 2x]

Yeah that's the sound, of them niggaz in the hood it go  
That's the sound, of them nigga in the hood - 2x

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