

Cathy & Coins

"Boyz N Tha Hood"

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Intro:

Yeah, gangsta Dresta steps in this muthafucka and this
one goes out tah all
the
O.G.'s out there and I can't forget about the baby
gangstaz, what's up
niggaz, my
nigga they came back with some of that old school
original west coast shit
nigga that
got all of y'all in this dig in the first place yeah so run
that shit E, yeah
.....

Verse One:

Cruisin' down tha street in my '64
Jackin' tha freaks clocking tha dough
Went to tha park tah get the scoop
Knuckleheads out there come shootin' some hoop
A car pulls up who can it be
A fresh El Camino rollin' Kilo G
He rolled down his window and he started to say
It's all about makin' that GTA

Chorus:

'Cuz tha boyz in tha hood are always hard
Ya come talkin' that trash we'll pull ya cord
Knowin' nuthin' in life but tah be legit
Don't quote me boy 'cuz I ain't said shit

(Straight up, straight up, straight up gangsta wrong
nigga tah fuck wit
Straight up, straight up, straight up gangsta wrong
nigga tah fuck wit)

Verse Two:

Dotomy's in tha place tah give me the pace
He said my man JD is on free-base
Tha boy JD was a friend of mine
'Til I caught him in my car trying tah steal a alpine
I chase him up tha street tah call a truce

Tha silly cluckhead pulls out a deuce deuce
Little did he know I had a loaded 12 gauge
One sucka dead L.A. Times front page

-Chorus-

(Punk, punk muthafuckaz like it ain't no thang,
Punk, punk muthafuckaz like it ain't no thang)

Verse Three:

Bored as fuck and I wanna get ill
So I went to a place where my homeboyz chill
Niggaz out there makin' that dolla'
I pulled up in my '64 Impala
They greet me wit a 40 and I start drinkin'
And from tha 8-ball my breath start stinkin'
Enough tah get my girl tah rock that body
Before I left I hit tha Bacardi
I went to her house tah get her out of the pad
Dumb hoe said something that made me mad
She said something that I couldn't believe
So I grabbed tha stupid bitch by her nappy-ass weave
She started talkin' shit what did ya know
Reached back like a pimp slapped tha hoe
Her father jumped up and he started tah shout
So I bombed on pops knocked his old ass out

-Chorus-

(And if a brotha talks shit I give him a,
And if a brotha talks shit I give him a,
And if a brotha talks shit I give him a)

Verse Four:

Now I'm rollin' hard now under control
Them wrapped tha '64 around a telephone pole
I looked at my car and I said, "Oh brother!"
Thrown in the gutter and go buy another
Walkin' home and I see tha G-ride
Now Kat is drivin' Kilo on tha side
As they busted a U they got pulled over
A undercover cop in a dark green Nova
Now Kat got beat for resisting arrest
He socked tha pig in tha head for rippin' his Guess
Now he is caught for doing tha crime
For defense on tha boy he'll do some time

-Chorus-

(I'll punk you like that, don't give a fuck,
I'll punk you like that, don't give a fuck,

I'll punk you like that, don't give a fuck,
I'll punk you like that, don't give a fuck)

Verse Five:

I went tah get them out but there was no bail
My niggaz caused a riot in tha county jail
Two days later in municiple court
Kilo G on trial straight caught a fought
Instruct him out tha court said the judge
On a six year sentence my man didn't budge
Bailiff came over tah turn him in
Kilo G looked up and gave a grin
He yelled out fire then came Susie
Tha bitch came in wit a submachine uzi
Police shot tha girl but didn't hurt her
Both up state for attempted murder

-Chorus-

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