

50 Cent "Catch Me In The Hood"

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Yea, 50cent, Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo, G-Unit

(Lloyd Banks)

This rap shit plays a major part in my life
So if u jeopordize it i got the right
To send a muthafucker at ya tonight

G-Unit

And i aint stoppin till my click poppin
swimmin in barrels of money
Micheal walking around with a head em
cause it's Charley mc dummy it's funny
niggaz go ravving see you suffering, hungry
I'm Co-D as well skating with enough of niggaz money

Why you ass of
you know you ain't that tough
I'm pulling your mask off
As soon as you act up
You know what i came for
A peace of the game or
Artillary thats as long as a chainsaw

I buy them weight
But tis still feels like i'm dreamin
40. calinger my pillow cinda feel like my c-men
I fysical pressence of a female the form of a demon
that's why i fuck em and leave em get my nut while im
breathin
And i thought they catch me slippin now im ducking
and drippin, thats a thousand dollar outfit wuth the
fuck is you brickin
You trippin the record can get my ass in position
Death wish for no religon wether catholic or christian
Listen, and when trough momma bitchen in and out the
kitchen wuth probable cause is probable in and out the
prison
We got soldiers
but you still gotta respect ours
We got more 4-5s and nines then a deck of cards

(Tony Yayo)

You can take me out the hood
But can take the hood out me
Cause im getto
Niggaz hate when you do good
But when you broke
Your friends and your enemy's
They love you
Chi-Chi get the Yayo
Picture me being crack out of ten trips on the train
Chi-Chi get the Yayo
Picture me being crack

Oh, you go

You can sniff me, cut me ill turn you to a junkie
I'm the nr. 1 cellar in the whole fucking country
Wallstreet niggaz, they caught me on a low
White boyz dont call me coke they call me blow
Its time to go on a bus the train a plane im smuggle
Im nothin but trouble Ill make ya money double
cook me in bacon soda, ill turn ya hoop-rock into a new
range-rover
Ill pay all ya bills and fill je frigerator
Feed ya familly turn ya man to a hater
You can put me in a dog-pannel or ya stash box
Put me in ya nikes tims and reeboks
If you caught three and a halve you hustlin backwards
Cop a hundred grand you moving forwards
Im trying to move more birds, and PA all day on the
corner of third

(50 cent)

You can take me out the hood
But can't take the hood out me
Cause im gettho
Picture me pollishing pistols
Im comming to get you the shells hit you you scream
Think im playing i mean it
Man i dont bought all this pistols, just get it popping
Start and wavin my own voice shell cases gets the drop
The devils round the corner i got to much pride to hide
Im outside gun in my pocket theres stuntin to poppin
Im dying to poppin them young and im wrestling to the
death system as the world turns the rececippy learn
count on my blessins clean up my weapons im ready
for war
The strong survive the weak shall perrish i told you
before
Hoes be compementin me like 50, NICE CHAIN
Balaggio 20 grand of chips on the dice game

Its burned out cant stop it
You gotta watch MTV ,BET, NIGGA YOU SEE ME
I wonder if im mad cause im doing good
Cause niggaz are feelin me more than you in yo hood
And it hurts cause you love them but they dont love you
back cause they know you just rappin and you dont
bust ya gat you pussy

Yea, explain it to the niggaz in yo hood nigga
They know you fuckin the front nigga
Talk all that gangsta shit on the record
I see you nigga
niggas know me nigga
Ask around in my hood nigga
Read de daily news nigga
you see them talkin about me nigga
im in the middle of all cinds of shit
Pussy...get it poppin

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