

50 Cent "I'm So Hood"

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Lil' Tyrone tired of gettin' his ass whipped, so he
holdin' that gat down
His momma think it's my fault 'cause he listened to
'Back Down'
Bobby was a fuckin' bum, he pumpin' backs now
He need some fresh chicks, white T's and fitted hats
now

Uncle Rock, a wino, he won't put the 'gnac down
Eric had the jump shop but he's smokin' crack now
The Lunatics, the Lost Boyz, Cheeks shit is whack now
Country blew trial, them crackers got him on his back
now

And Sean, runnin' round with his fuckin' gat now
Up in niggaz cribs, sayin' where that money at pal?
Now, Sandra from BK, I seen her out in Houston
That bitch traveled the world, she runnin' 'round
boostin'

Now, Toya got these bad-ass kids, they a nuisance
Her baby daddies never come around, they useless
Every now and then, I come through on some new shit
Pearly white, 6 or some chrome deuce, deuces

I'm so hood, I can't help it
I'm so hood, I can't help it
Love me for bein' me 'cause I can't change it
Can't rearrange it, I am what I am
So, love me for bein' me

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When I was six, man, momma told me God don't like
ugly
I fell, scraped my face and thought God must don't
love me
Saw Owen every mornin' before school, he sell dope

Niggaz keep whuppin' Nut ass 'cause he sell soap

Charlie be beggin' all the time, he stay broke
Flip be down on 1-0-9, rollin' up smoke
Shameek, he a thief, catch a stunt in a stolen car
He that nigga that you call when you crashin' into a bar

See, they love me 'cause I rap now but they don't like
me
I been locked up three times and they ain't write
Stevie a punk but fuck what he say, he can get mean
quick
Pop shots at you, Esau must suck a mean dick

The block's hot, D's jump out on us almost all the time
They watch us from the buildin' but niggaz still be on
the grind
Wayne used to call the cops and tell them G had a 9
'Til G put that gun in Donrad seat and said it wasn't
mine

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