

50 Cent "In My Hood"

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Niggas screw they face up at me
On some real shit son they don't want beef
I cock that, aim that shit out the window
I spray - there ain't a shell left in my heat
Ya niggas better lay down, youngin stay down
Get hit wit AK rounds - ya ass ain't gonna make it
You niggas'll get laid out, wit blood and ya brains out
Have ya on the concrete shiverin' and shakin' ...
I'm from Southside motherfucker
Where gats explode
If you feel like ya on fire, boy
Drop and roll
Niggas'll eatcha ass up 'cause they heart turn cold
Now you could be a victim or you can lock and load
Party jumpin, shorty bouncin that ass
I wanna fuck - Gimme a second, Ima holla
I'ma see what's up
I got my razor and my handgun
My pistol in trunk
Carve ya ass up nicely if ya play me like a punk...

[Hook]

In my hooooood
Niggas got love for me
But I don't go nowhere without my strap
In my hooooood
A little dro, a lil hennessey
A nigga juz don't kno how to act
In my hooooood
Niggas is grimey
I stay on point
I hold to my gat
In my hooooood
Niggas might buck at me
So I keep somethin around to buck back
In my hooooood

I don't trust a motherfuckin soul
When the D's come they fold
On my first case they told
Where I'm from it ain't safe to have more than a eighth
Niggas'll come to ya place, put a gun in ya face

Tell ya open the safe, as ya heart start to race
'cause a robbery can turn into a homi-case
Cooperate or doc'll have to operate
B'cause I pop you run a light than pop at jake
Trust me son, niggas'll go hard for they cake
These thirsty niggas are lurkin
You have to catch em and merk em
I'm observant in my hood
These niggas be dummin
Shots go off at the dice game
All you see is them runnin
That make it harder and harder to pump on the block
I'm a hustler, how the fuck am supposed to eat when
it's hot

[Hook]

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The house party off the hook
Until them shots go off
Well that's what u get for stuntin on my block, show off
Uh, you shit outta luck if niggas catch you slippin
Crack money slow, so you know niggas is trippin
Shorty down there on that Queens track
Takin a whippin
Shit, b!tch get outta pocket -
She needs some discipline
Peep the feins shootin diesel in his arm in the alley
Look at the chrome spinners spinnin on that black
Denali
The grimey niggas where I'm from don't wanna see
you chipped up
You shine they gone jux you about to shoot ya whip up
It ain't good to do good in my hood
Blaaow ... You know not to do good now

[Hook]

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