

Ali & Gipp f/ Nelly, Pimp C

"Hood"

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[Chorus]

You can catch me in the hood smokin' good, posted on
the lot

Got a pocket full of money cuz im fresh off the block
The hood smokin' good, posted on the lot
Got a pocket full of money cuz im fresh off the block

[Verse 1: Gipp]

Yea we sippin, dippin, tippin, elbow swangin out the
window
Swimming pool up in the roof, I got the suede up in the
ceiling
'88 dope man, not purple rain-rocks, having thangs,
diamond chains
Doin it till my money came
Southside, Westside, Eastside, Northside, on them
wires, on the blades
Ery'body smokin' haze
Cadillac, Chevy, Escalade, and them Hummer trucks
We burnin rubber, runnin lights, we don't give a fuck
We on that laffy taffy, yall niggas be smokin, babby
We custom fitted from our sneakers to our clothes
daddy
We keep them hoes lookin, starin, gawkin', talkin 'bout
us
We got them peoples and feds, yea they talk about us
About the way we talk, about the way we dress
How 'bout them diamond grills? How 'bout they lookin'
fresh?
I'm always smokin' good, I'm posted on the lot
A pocket full of money, I'm fresh up off the block

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Pimp C]

So many brand-new niggas, we don't know who to trust
A bunch of pussy-ass rappers tryin' to sound like us
Sweet Jones is a pimp I got bitches on track
Send a hoe out on a mission, tell 'em break 'em, bring
it back
Got a house in Hawaii, 'bout to, 'bout to buy a Rolls

Nigga think we just 'bout rapping bitch but dope is
getting sold
I'm a young, hot street flame, deep up in the d-game
Smokin' dro, slammin' Cadillac doors, red paint
switchin' lane-to-lane
I aint came to lose bitch, I done paid my dues bitch
Got fifteen years off in this muthafuckin' rap shit
Seen alotta niggas come, seen alotta niggas go
I seen some niggas blow, I seen some turn to hoes
Candy cars, candy doors, I got yellow hoes that play
wit' they nose
If ya like, she blow in ya butt
Eat ya dick and then lick ya nuts
If I wasn't rappin baby, I'd still be drivin' this shit
Makin hoes hide this dick, UGK we live in this bitch
Swisha sweets is a must
Mixin' purple wit the tux
We call it banana split
Choose a pimp hoe, I'm the dick
I got Bobby 'bout a pound, nigga Whitney 'bout a key
DJ Screw about a gallon, bitch the game belong to me

[Verse 3: Ali]

In '72, a player born in his boots
Every line is the Gospel, cuz every word is the truth
Some may call me the realest, this from the heart you
can feel it
Project baby cuz my family from the Car-Swerve Village
And moved the Northside city wit this downtown witty
That influenced, project grew 'n' then now '88 gritty
Twelve years old smokin' squares, and by thirteen
smokin' water
By fourteen I was a busy boy in somebody daughter
Rockin' them black Stacy Adams and that fresh gold
hat
Im sellin' weed a year later, whoa, here come the crack
I'm sellin' 50's and bopper's the cluckers say I got good
And wit the crack came the gangs, and that divided the
hood
And then the war jumped off, some niggas didn't make
it a summer
The other niggas locked up, doin rides, receivin'
numbers
I changed my life wit the quickest, fuh' real and layed
down the D
I aint sellin no mo' but you can still catch me in the
hood

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Nelly]

I'm from the middle of the map where the river run
deep
Up I-55 where them niggas run D
Got a pocket full of stones along wit Bun B, Pimp C, ???
Luv didn't have it, I could get it from Three
Papi didn't have it, I could get it from E
Niggas need dank, you can call on me
Hell I come through, it don't matter if you on that
Southside, Westside, Eastside, Northside
Used to open up my trunk like there it is, let ya pick
which one ya need to get loose
I beat that block like bad kids, yea you might wanna call
that block abuse
Dirty then? Made Derrty now, some of yall might know,
but don't blurt it out
You know how shit travel, word of mouth, have them
kick-in boys all in my house
Knockin' down my glass door, tryin' to rip up my marble
floor
But aint nothin that for that ass though you know
See that's throwback like Dukey Rope
Candy painted, hundred spokes, baking soda, watch it
grow
Gangsta, gangsta? Neva that, but I keep that thang like
'Where he at?'
Aint no rubber band big enough to hold these stacks
I wrap my money in Reynolds Wrap
Slangin' ery'thing I get my hands on
From the white to the green, to the 1-I phones
And I even sold dick to a chick named Simone

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