

## Dj Khaled

# "Welcome To My Hood (feat. Lil Wayne, Plies, Rick Ross and"

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[T-Pain]

Welcome to my hood  
(Where the hood at)  
(Where the hood at)  
Welcome to my hood  
Everybody know everybody  
And if I got it everybody got it

Welcome to my hood  
Look at all these old school Chevy's  
24's so you know we roll heavy

Welcome to my hood  
They outside playing hopscotch  
And every know this is the hot spot

Welcome to my hood  
Them boys will put you down on your knees  
(Woop, whoop) That's the sound of the police  
In my hood

[Rick Ross]

Audemar on my wrist  
Diamond, look like they glowing  
50 stacks, all singles, I make it look like its snowing  
Black unmarked cars, gotta peep how they playin'  
Treat 'em like jack boys, catch 'em slippin' then slay  
'em  
Lord forgive me for my sins,  
that's my confessions if they put me in this benz  
I got possession of a federal offence  
I'm talking pressure in my criminal intent  
So wear ya vest's and I'm still gon' stunt  
Like it aint no tomorrow, f-ck ya house note n-gga  
Blow that bitch on a bottle  
The Ferrari just a front, got the Lambo in the back  
Tell you "we the best forever" DJ Khaled handle that

[T-Pain - Chorus]

[Plies]

I know some n-ggas from my hood that would rob  
Norieaga  
I'm talkin' Norieaga, n-gga, the real Norieaga  
If you aint from the hood, bitch, than stop  
impersonating us  
And tell congress when you see 'em bitch I'm stealin'  
cable  
And leave the D-Boys alone 'cause they motivate us  
And why is the half of my whole hood on papers  
Some are on house arrest, some are on child support  
Some of 'em did they bit, the other half waiting to go to  
court  
Mr Landlord we gon bust your ass with an eviction note  
Better have the police with you dog, if you came to  
repo  
I'm talking strip clubs, I'm talking liquor stores  
We throw our money round here, but y'all can,

[T-Pain - Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]  
Bitch I'm on probation, so my nerves bad  
And they say time fly's, well mine's first class  
I landed in the sky, I fell from the streets  
I talk a lot of sh-t and practice what I preach  
Back from hell, cell 23, tell the warden kiss my ass  
Pockets on Monique  
Bitch I'm from the murder capital  
Hoe, I'm far from practical  
Shit happens and since I'm the shit, I'm who it happens  
to  
Young Money, Cash Money, blood bitch, I'm red hot  
I don't see nobody, see nobody like a head shot  
All that bullshit is for the birds, throw some bread out  
Got it sewn up, check the thread count

[T-Pain - Chorus]

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