

DJ Khaled

"Welcome To The Hood Remix"

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[Intro - DJ Khaled]

I'm for real about this shit

This the remix

Let's go

Remix

Remix

Remix

[Chorus - T-Pain]

Welcome to my hood, everybody know everybody

And if I got it everybody got it, ugh

Welcome to my hood

Look at all these old school Chevys 24's so you know
we roll heavy

Welcome to my hood

Where they get fly like a G6

And everybody know this is the remix

Welcome to my hood

Them boys will put you down on your knees

(Woop, woop) That's the sound of the police in my hood

[Verse 1 - Ludacris]

Everybody on the corner with the work

Slinging and banging in front of that liquor store

Blowing money because I live life fast

But this bottle full of yak, I'ma sip it slow

Singles double when triple beams take over

Now holler because these Impalas got extreme
makeovers

Couches covered in plastic, babies all in the street now

Wear the wrong color and catch a Rodney King beat
down

Kids hit with switches, mamas is quoting scriptures

While Luda's getting head, more gums than baby
pictures

Cock my 40 Glock, and my partner just bought a replica

Now Asians saying they don't keep no cash in they
register

We run from red and blue lights to get the green

But whoever got that white is winning like Charlie Sheen

[Verse 2 - T-Pain]

Teddy Pain, Teddy Pain, bad man, bad man
Make shots, boom, boom, boom, boom, bang
Man we the best never the less
You know we get it hot
Fire flame, fire, fire flame
Put me on the track and I'm a really let a motherfucker
feel it
When I do it, how I do it, what I do
If a nigga really want to test (Come and test)
You can bet that I'm a eat them all day (fuck food)
850 what I represent, Tallahome, Florida president
Me and DJ Khaled got these haters looking hesitant
So keep all that wackness out my ear
(Phew, phew, phew)
That's the sound of your career in my hood

[Verse 3 - Busta Rhymes]

I hope you niggas got your ringside seats
Because it's whoop ass season
Coming to a hood near you
Everybody know what happen when you see me coming
(Blacka!)
I be hurdling and got you regurgitating
And murdering everything gun shots
Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah
Ya'll know what it is
I'm coming to get it and others are blocking
I'm running the hood and nothing can top it
You can Google it and you can search it
On how a nigga come and unlock it, impossible to stop
it
More fire, thunder, pain
I go and heed the villain, he's adrenaline popping
Need a medical situation
Because the way I'm fucking everything until I'm
peeping it
Why you trying to do what you already know that I'm
the king with it
And, you don't want to come behind me with it bro
Ugh, I killed this shit, I ain't got to rhyme no more

[Verse 4 - Twista]

Welcome to my hood
Where poor members of faculty backing me
If you ever try attacking me, that could be when I eat
them
Especially when I beat them
When they see a bunch of killers and hustlers on the
side of me
I'm an anomaly to them, put them on crutches
We'll sock your lip first for you touch us

He one that's kicking our brothers
Much as I smoke the duchess and model chicks that cut
us
And motherfuckers that love us
Their enemies want to touch us
I'ma spit a flow as if it was a sin
Then the gangsters are resting forever
See a solid four, then I'm a put it on the fin
Then you know to never test, it'll be a 'Category F5'
Handle military with automatic weapon so let's ride
Love to the honeys, and everybody that running the
north
And they whole city from the Westside

[Verse 5 - Mavado]

Welcome to the gully
Whe we nuh tek bad up big spliff
Inna mi hand and Hennessey inna mi cup
Yuh see the gal dem wi ve up is like sum angel
Abducted dem fat and grad up
Yuh a here mi when yuh pass the gate
Written at the entrance violate
A straight death sentence to live
Yuh must be great to be a snake
Know repentance we coming at yuh with vengeance

[Verse 6 - DJ Khaled]

Never slipping, I'm balling, Puff keep on calling
I don't see none of you pussies
Fuck that shit you be talking
Rep Miami the ghettos (Dade County)
Every hood and the projects
And when I drop off my singles
I'm dropping one of my targets
Lord forgive me for my sins, I gave you hits
I gave you "All I Do Is Win", I live this shit
And We the Best, it's no pretend
I touch a million, throwing hundreds in this bitch

[Verse 7 - Birdman]

Real nigga number one, hustle fly with my son
Come from uptown, G5, Tommy gun
Red flag everyday, hundred mill' ready to spray
Swagged out nigga, Bugatti with the paper plates
Blowing on some good nigga, feeling good nigga
Stunner Island, me and Khaled on the wood nigga
You understand? Shining like I know we should
Birdman, YMCMB, you know we good nigga

[Verse 8 - Ace Hood]

Ace Hood in this bitch hoe, kicking down in your front

door
Knock, knock, you hear the Glock cock
And that thing pop on the .44
Posted on that same block
I'm in the drop top with that bank roll
Young nigga, I'm out here
Can't name a place I can't go
Riding around with my fifty grand
And they wonder what do that safe hold
Middle finger them FEDS
And that's what I pledge a part of my G-code
And fuck them prosecutors, hustler consuer
It's We the Best forever
Make sure you spread the rumor bitch

[Verse 9 - Fat Joe]

Good coke, hard rock, stashed in the body shop
Only way to break them bricks down is karate chops
Niggas getting left right in front of the Marble Precinct
Leave them like them Jordans, red dot, leaking
I'm fifteen when I first starting copping pies
You forty six just turning blood, stop at five
It's like the only way to make it is supplying things
Hoop dreams, dunking over cars, let the choir sing

[Verse 10 - The Game]

Yo, it's that black raw, black dog, pulling up on that
black home
Compton that's my backyard
That's where I used to get them sacks off
But now I got platinum plaques in the back of the back
And I'm back with Dre again
Aftermath, We the Best, me and Khaled, Dre and Em
Detox, 'Red', that's back to the back
Step in the club with my hat to the back
Nigga I'm so hood even though I'm living good
Niggas still in VIP strapped with a gat
Drop a couple stacks then it back to the trap
Couple hoes in the back, red wheels on the 'Lac
Red rum, if you try it, niggas Westside, throw it up now

[Verse 11 - Jadakiss]

They knocking packs off, they letting gats off
Medicate, benefit cards, scratch offs
Saving every dime, trying to choke a quarter
And they ain't selling crack, they selling coke and water
Smoking or you're snorting, they copping all the
Jordans
Nothings more important, steal them if you can't afford
them
I'm getting to the money, I need another comma

Some of them love the drama
More than they love they mama

[Verse 12 - Bun B]

Welcome to the land of the trill
Where everybody walking with they hand on the steel
And a model is a supply and demand any will
You went out of line with the wrong man then get killed
When you damned if you will, damned if you won't
A lot of dudes saying that they can but they don't
A lot of boys saying that they G's and they ain't
Mess around, get layed down in the paint
Better do what you say, and say what you do
For I come around your hood, broad day with the crew
They got them fists, AR's, AK's and them twos
And they will gladiate all day, what it do?
R.I.P. to the trillest that did it, to my G's on lockdown
Stick with it, think I'm a stop repping PAT, forget it

[Verse 13 - Waka Flocka Flame]

Welcome to Clayton County, my house got surrounded
The enemies trying to drown me, but my hood still
around me
Rookie of the year, no freshman cover
Shawty sixteen years old, with four baby mothers
First rapper ever to jump off the stage on BET
And since Pac go to Hollywood to keep it street
First rule to put T-Watches on the TV
Everyday it's a party on Grove Street

[Outro - DJ Khaled]

We the Best forever
June 28th
It's going to be a hot summer

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