DMX "Where The Hood At"

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Now I gotta deal with this shit Aiyyo, ya niggaz must be outcha fuckin' mind Thinkin' dog can't pull another motherfuckin' rabbit out the hat

Nigga, I ain't gotta check out my motherfuckin' sleeves You bitch ass niggaz

Fuck is y'all niggaz

Y'all niggaz just thinkin' I'm sittin' around doin' nothin'? Oh my God, y'all niggaz can't be serious

Where the hood, where the hood, where the hood at? Have that nigga in the cut, where the wood at? All them niggaz actin' up, where the wolves at? You better bust that if you gon' pull that

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Yo, yo, yo

Man, cats don't know what it's gonna be Fuckin' with a nigga like me, D-to-the-M-to-the-X Last I heard, y'all niggaz was havin' sex with the same sex

I show no love to homo thugs Empty out, reloaded and throw more slugs How you gonna explain fuckin' a man? Even if we squashed the beef, I ain't touchin' ya hand

I don't fuck with chumps for those to been to jail
That's the cat with the Kool-Aid on his lips and pumps
I don't fuck with niggaz that think they broads
Only know how to be one way, that's the dog
I know how to get down, know how to bite
Bark very little but I know how to fight

I know how to chase a cat up in the tree Man, I give y'all niggaz the business for fuckin' wit me Is you crazy? Where the hood, where the hood, where the hood at? Have that nigga in the cut, where the wood at? All them niggaz actin' up, where the wolves at? You better bust that if you gon' pull that

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Yo, yo, yo

Once a song, I come though, guns is drawn Blam blam, lungs is gone, sons will mourn From dusk till dawn, nighttime belongs to the dog When the street passed midnight, look for 'em in the morque

Don't play with these cats 'cause I ain't got nothin' to say to these cats

For the mothers that really do love 'em, please pray for these cats

'Cause I know niggaz is hardheaded but I ain't got the patience

Don't want me havin' no patience turn into more patience

More trips to I.C.U 'cause I see you
Tryna get away with shit a real nigga wouldn't do
Where my dogs at? Right here
See them niggaz? Right where?
Get 'em boy! Right there
That's how we do, aight then
This is for my dogs, this is for my dogs
Yo, where we at baby? Creepin' through the fog

From then till now, don't ask me how Know that we gon' roll like them niggaz And hit every block on the job

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Five CD's with mad rhymes

Don't hit me with that positive shit, I know you lyin' You really wanna stop niggaz from dyin'? Stop niggaz from tryin'

'Cause I ain't really got that time to waste And I thought I told you to get these fuckin' bums out my face

Lookin' atchu in your grill, I might be nice to cut Once I split ya ass in two, you'll be twice as butt

Yeah, you right, I know ya style, pussy, 'cause I'm fuckin' it

Since we all right here, you hold my dick while he suckin' it

Motherfucker, don't you know you'll never come near me

Shove ya head up ya ass, have you seein' shit clearly Never heard that D be runnin', 'cause D be gunnin' I beat my dick and bust off in ya eye so you can see me comin'

Empty clips and shells are what I leave behind And if they get me with the joint They hit me with a three-to-nine

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What

Where the fuckin' hood at?

No ones' fuckin' with me nigga, for real
I am the hood, I am the streets
You bitch ass nigga
Take it how you want, motherfucker
I'm in the hood all day

I think I'm like the only nigga, dog
That can go to the projects
He's doing all by his fuckin' self and be good
Yeah nigga, ask niggaz on my projects Y.O.
When the last time they seen dog, motherfucker
Dee, waah, ugh, Kato

Where the hood at?

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