

Dominique Dalcan

"Tales From The Hood"

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F/ Chill

Chorus: Domino (repeat 2X)

I know it sounds bad, but it's all good,
These are the tales, tales from the Hood
(Tales from the hooooood)
I know it sounds bad, but it's all good,
These are the tales, tales from the Hood
(Tales from the hooooood)

(Domino)

Well it's a Sunday night
And my hood shows bite
But the playas and hustlas know, we gonna gets that
ass tonight
So we can roll out to the South
Can't forget the strap, hell naw
Cuz ain't no tellin' what's right
When homies straight out for the jackin'
Now how many playas know about this
Toss out the weed from the pockets
Scopin' out the city streets
To find that freak for the week
Oh, uh

Chorus

(Chill)

Now these are the tales and you know it's all good
It's all the same it ain't no change in every
neighborhood, uh
Now back in the days when I was a scrub
My uncles had me servin' cavi, pushin' dimes to dubs
Now the dimes went to quarters, quarters, went to
pounds
And all the fools knew the rules, not to step on our
stompin' grounds
Cuz that's when the pop-pop started to holler
You knew that death was always a hard thing for Mama
to swallow

Jimmy cracks in the back, beatin' the Hell out his wife
He knew he was wrong, and then he was gone, so he
took his own life
Now these a few tales that used to happen
I never said that it was dead because we kept it crackin'
And you know that

Chorus

(Domino)
Now times are so cold
In that damned ghetto
So some of the homies come up, come up, come up
Straight robbin' over liquor stores
Now why should I stay in the wings, when I can sell cavi
in a cup?
Think it's wrong if you would
But it's all good in the hood

Chorus (2x)

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