

Bluemchen

"Da Hood"

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[VERSE 1: Taji]

Another day in the hood, I awake from the sound of a
gunshot
Pop, pop, pop, who needs a damn alarm clock?
I got a homie out there clocking the white rocks
He carries a hype glock, but he came to a slight stop
He found himself behind bars
Collected more scars, got right out and broke more
laws
Some people wonder is it just because he live in the
inner city
He wanna be a hood like Frank Nitti
Cause when he's rolling the streets he don't care
He'll stick you up for your money and make you strip to
your underwear
I know it's kinda pathetic
But where I live at you get used to the sound of the
paramedics
Because it's brothers like him all around here
Ain't nowhere to go so you gotta stay down here
Cause if it ain't another brother shot dead
It's a junkie OD-in laying on his death bed
This is the type of thing that I see everyday
Everything is gloomy and grey but what can I say
I'm still surviving cause I'm taking the bad with the
good
It's just another day in the hood

[CHORUS]

Da hood, da hood, da hood, da hood, da hood
It's just another day in the hood
Da hood, da hood, da hood, da hood, da hood

[VERSE 2: Qur'an]

Another day in the hood, a kid is caught in a crossfire
Gunfire lighten the streets like fireworks
Prostitutes sell their body for drugs and loot
Flagging down cars with businessmen in suits
They always come to the hard parts
Filled with the dealers, swindlers, hustlers and car
sharks

Gun shell that grabbed lives litter the playground
So tell me, where the little kids gonna play now?
Going to school I gotta walk through the metal detector
Cause too many kids, they pack tools
A lot of kids my age, they want the fast money
Because their moms and pops never had money
Out of nowhere they wearin the hype gear
Don't nobody care to tell the kids to hold it right there
Only your friends wonder where you got the money
from
Two years ago you was nothing but a young buck
Now you're rollin with a roughneck troop
Looking for kids to recruit to your roughneck group
They try to tell you that it ain't that hard
You can make mad money selling dope by the school
yard
But either way I take the bad with the good
Cause to me it's just another day in the hood

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Tarik]

Another day in the hood, a man is laying on the ground
But he ain't dead, it's just a homeless man named Fred
Always asking for a quarter and asked me to marry his
daughter
So he can get off the cruddy corner
I know this man is really mentally ill, but still
Hard to kill, so I hand him a dollar bill
Cause through the winter and the summer
A fifth of wine on the side keeps the man from goin
under
I know some chick named Helen, always beggin and
yellin
Begging for money but they gettin nothin
Cause if you give her some cash flow fast
She's going straight across the street to the dopeman
to get a blast
This type of thing I see through my young eyes
So I realize I gotta uprise
And stand my ground like a grown man
I seen more drama in the streets than an old man
And I admit it ain't easy
Lookin out my window's like watchin Baretta on TV
Cop car chases, niggaz smackin girls in their faces
And redneck cops that are racist
But either way I take the bad with the good
Cause to me it's just another day in the hood

[CHORUS]

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