

## **Fabulous "In My Hood"**

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When you grow up in my hood  
Help don't show up in my hood  
Gang signs go up in my hood  
Just 'cause you in my hood  
Feel like I'm trapped in my hood  
Young kids get clapped in my hood  
That's why I'm strapped in my hood  
Just 'cause you in my hood  
In my hood, in my hood, in my hood

I'm always close to feelin' like a corner  
Stander stoop to sit on hallway post up  
No matter where I go it's always post up  
Feels just like it's in my hood  
Cops drive in it every five minutes  
Look at your faces pat your waists  
Try to find a stash where the gats and base is  
I can't say that they racist

But I know it ain't the same in they town  
And as fucked up as it may sound in my hood  
There's two ways to make it happen off the streets  
Ballin' on the courts or rappin' off the beats  
You hear the shells tappin' off the creek  
When they clappin' off the heat  
Then the yellow tapes trappin' off the street  
But that's the way we were raised prayin' to God  
Hopin' that he keep us out the way of them strays

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They drink till the cups dry, eat till the place clean  
Niggas be in state greens before they turn eighteen  
Round here you never let the beat slide twice

Everybody raise them four wings and beef fried rice  
The mothers are gettin' younger today  
Got one by the hand, one in the stroller and one on the  
way  
We don't have role models  
But we got those hand guns that hold hollows, in my  
hood

Ain't no diplomas or degrees  
But you can get high from the aroma of the trees, in my  
hood  
I know it like navigation and fuck havin' patience  
I'm gonna get mine you better get yours  
'Cause every day is a struggle  
And one time ride through everyday just to bug you  
That's how it is 'cause your rights be wrong  
And everybody got a white T on when you in my hood

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We try to make the most of what we got  
You either been hit or been close to gettin' shot in my  
hood  
Any nigga who pulls be gettin' got  
And dope heads fiend to get a dose of what we got  
The young niggas be like they slow but you give 'em a  
blunt  
Bet they roll the weed like a pro  
If you a chick it's not a problem to get you laid  
But if you stick without a condom it'll get you aids

No sesame street kids, watch B E T  
Look up to niggas that ain't got a G E D  
I know a dude with the deadbeat tag  
Kids don't got diapers but he ridin' in the red G wag  
In the hood you and your hoods is sure to bump heads  
And everybody grew up sleeping on a bunk bed  
They're tellin' me to vote and I would  
If it make a change in my hood, motherfucker

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