

Fifth Dimension

"Growin Up in the Hood"

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Wake your punk ass up
The MC Eiht's back in the muthafucking house
Kicking the straight gansta shit for teh 9-1
You know what I'm saying, yea

Growing up in the hood, yea boy, 1984
Was the year my peers didn't know what was in store
A little hard head kid came abade
Time to pay my dues, learn the tricks of the trade
And at home, it's the same ass story
Mom's treat me like she don't even know me
But my younger brother's got much clout
I can't take this shit so I bones the hell out
And roll wit the pack of wicked muthafuckas
No shorts are taken, we're down black brothers
A little nigga wit no problems at all
Fucked up and killed my first 8-ball
Quick up the stairs so little sucker stop looking
Stagger to the house so I can collect my whooping
But watch out 'cause a little nigga's up to no good
Growin' up in the hood

(Chorus)

Life ain't nuttin but bitches and money
'Cause in the city you live and let die
Nutting but bitches and money

I got hard times and realize, ?(skate)? sometimes I wonder
But it just seems that the hood could took me under
Police sweat my tip and keep harrassing
Trying to lock me up 'cause I keep on blasting
Community trying to shut me out
But the money keeps flowing and I got much clout
Wit the cluckers, the brother back street punk suckers
Try to break me out fool, you be a short muthafucka
Always strapping, eager to peal a cap
I set up a trap, put your foot to a nap
'Cause I grew up fast on the wrong side of the law
So watch me take 2 to your jaw
Don't enter my hood homeboy

Not a robocop, a robogansta, ready to destroy
I take chances 'cause life to be ain't no good
Growin' up in the hood

Life ain't nuttin but bitches and money
Where I'm at if you're soft, you're lost
Nuttin but bitches and money

1987, I'm back on the scene, out of jail, I'm legit
And I'm fucking up shit
I'm ready to peel a sucker's cap
And I heard that my hood was making snaps
As I precede to make my riches
Just like the neighborhood kingpin, pimp, and all these
bitches
Task force trying to roll deep
But I'm playing these punk fools cheap
Niggas rolled by and try to blast, it didn't work
I seen the bullets flying and fool, I hit the dirt
Bullets fly through the window
Hits my brother, down goes my mother
As I'm rolling, I'm hitting my switches
Looking for the punk ass, sons of bitches
I found them, before I kill 'em, I said you fucked up
good
Got ta handle that, growin' up in the hood

Chorus

yea-a-a-a

A brother's on the run, I've got a hand in my stash box
Wanted 'cause I'm serving them the potent fat rocks
And my face is like a household name
Everybody warns their kids about the dope game
But I'm still makin gmy profit
And the one time just can't stop it
So I keep hiding my face
No time to waste, they got me on the chase
Now the neighborhood's on my line
'Cause some punk ass fool had drop the dime
5-0 at my doo' at 8 o'clock
Rush to the toilet so I could flush the rock
Out the backdoor, freeze, I heard a shout
Am I sho', yo I guess I got no clout
But it's murder one, I'm the victim, damn, that ain't
good
Growin' up in the hood

