

Fifty Cent "In My Hood"

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[Verse 1]

Niggas screw they face up at me
On some real shit son, they don't want beef
I cock that, aim that shit out the window
Spray, there ain't a shell left in my heat
Ya'll niggas better lay down, yeah I mean stay down
Get hit with a K round, ya ass ain't gon' make it
You niggas gon' get layed out in blood and ya brains
out
Have you on the concrete, shiverin' and shakin'
I'm from Southside mothafucka, where the gats
explode
If you feel like you on fire, boy drop and roll
Niggas'll heat ya ass up cause they heart turns cold
Now you can be a victim or you can lock and load
The party jump, with shorty bouncin' that ass
I won't fuck, gimme a second, I'ma holla, I'ma see
what's up
I got my razor in my hand, got my pistol in my trunk
Carve ya ass up nice, you play me like a punk

[Chorus]

In my hood
Niggas got love for me, but I don't go no where without
my strap
In my hood
A lil dro', a lil hennessy, a nigga just don't know how to
act
In my hood
Niggas is grimey, I stay on point, I move with my gat
In my hood
Niggas might buck at me, so I keep somethin' around
to buck back
In my hood

[Verse 2]

I don't trust a mothafuckin' soul when the D's come
they fool
On my first case they told, where I'm from it ain't safe
To have more than a 8th, niggas'll come to your place
Put a gun in your face, tell ya open the safe
As your heart starts to race cause a robbery could turn

into a homo-case
Co-operate or Doc will have to op-porate, niggas will
pop at you
Run the light, then pop at Jake, trust me son, niggas will
go hard for that cake
These thirsty niggas will lurk, then you'll have to catch
'em and murk 'em
I'm observin' in my hood, these niggas be dumbin'
Shots go off at the dice game, all you see is 'em
runnin'
They make it harder and harder to pump on the block
I'm a hustler, how the fuck I'm supposed to eat when
it's hot

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

That house party off the hook, until the shots go off
Well that's what you get for stuntin' on my block show
off
Uhh you shit out of luck if niggas catch you slippin'
Crack money slow so you know niggas is trippin'
Shorty down there, on the Queens track takin' a
whippin'
Shit, bitch get out a pocket, she needs some discipline
Peep the fiends, shootin' diesel in his arm in the alley
Look at the chrome spinners spinnin' on that black
DeNalli
The grimey niggas where I'm from, they wanna see you
chipped up
You shine, they gon' ?? and shoot your whip up
It ain't good to do good in my hood [Gunshot]
You know not to do good now

[Chorus]

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