

## **Finn Neil**

### **"The Hood is Mine"**

Visit "[The Hood is Mine](http://MotoLyrics.com)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Techniec)  
I been dyin to ride  
Been dyin to shine  
Dyin to rob  
Been dyin to rep this side  
Dyin to serve  
Dyin for cheese  
To raise up out the hood  
I been dyin to lead  
Just keep all yellin my name  
I been dyin to trip  
Dyin for a grip  
Dyin for that brand new whip, dyin for it all  
Nigga been, dyin to ball  
Throw it all  
Tech been, brakin his neck  
I step in, wavin the tek  
For that check, I'ma lane inject  
The game is mine  
You niggas just ain't knowin it yet  
Several attempts I been, tryin to try  
Lil niggas, causin havoc in the hood  
Like they dyin to dye  
Dyin to get fly, dyin to get high  
Dyin to win  
Dyin to go to the bin, get suaved, get out, then added  
again  
That's why we ride, and that's a fact  
Can't spell the west without the E S  
Say your grace to that

Chorus: Mack 10

The hood is mine  
Homey get back  
The hood is mine  
Chips I stack  
The hood is mine  
Homey get back  
The hood is mine, the hood is mine

(MC Eiht)

Do ya know I don't regulate your spot for cheese  
Ya know these real old chiefs got glocks to squeeze  
You know the outcome, flips off the horn  
Caught times, flip da script, get ya back on  
Know the real deal, undercover spots to chill  
Know the enemy creep, best pack the steel  
I ain't knowin what a trick for doe  
If I knew, what I know now, would've caught the 4-4  
Know your game plan slow, fuck the rest for sure  
Know the west number 1 tell your bitch to float  
Ya know these rag wearin pants sagin niggas with  
drugs  
Know ya upper class, bitches love a thug  
Know ya days is done, know ya no homey to blaze one  
Know when the pistols raise, know how fast you run  
Know your talk is cheap, know I'm in too deep  
Know if you test the west then your put to sleep

Chorus + variation (add following lines to end 2X)

Killa killa, homey yeah you know wuz up  
Sucka sucka, regulate, get your bucks

(MC Eiht)

Ya know how we cruise up and blow leaf  
Hoodbangers runnin your spot so no beef  
Ya know I loves the town where the homeboys hustle to  
make cheese  
And the girls get down  
Know the gang bang sound when we droppin the spot  
Know outta towners is easy to spot hoes runnin to pop  
You know them niggas cause they down for the cards  
We steppin to the room with girls off walls

(Techniec)

Ya know this melitin mack  
Heat cocked still in your back  
Till we get to the back, walk casual  
I want west in to stay plus calateral that'll do  
We regulate states, tech and eiht, aye the weight  
Waitin for techniec to drop, aye check the date  
Tell these enemies of mine the time, better check, your  
late  
Interfere with mine, make him a believer  
Throw a bullet and make him a receiver and a LBC'er

Chorus w/ earlier variation

