

**Fischer-Z****"From Yo Hood 2 My Hood"**

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Geah

Your lesson for y'all out there  
All the thug niggas on the block regulatin'  
This goes out for y'all  
(West Side)  
Gangstas will rule the world in the Y2K  
Check it out

Can y'all see where I'm comin from  
Hoods and blocks and G's with glocks  
Young thug niggas with rocks  
Everyday and night cause ain't - nuthin' changed  
Destiny is meant for niggas to hoo-bang  
Lord have mercy - to the ones that's gone  
Cause only you upstairs know was wrong  
Night time hits, here comes the fire flies  
One more block to catch the drive-by  
Code of the streets you pack heat and skeet  
Any fuckin' hoodrat bitch you can meet  
Poor muthafuckas still wating - on the county  
Young black niggas dodgin' the county mountie  
Who got the fat stacks, the pack stacks  
Slugs to your back if my clientele you jack  
Knick knack - patty wack, packs straps  
Patty-wack your own homie trying to cheat on craps

From yo hood 2 my hood's all the same  
Like yo hood and mine learn the same games  
Thug niggas, strapped girls down on planes  
If you get caught then don't say no names

I gotta flick from a homie doing ten in the pen  
Gotta a little bigger since my lil' nigga went in  
Lotta tales 'bout fools gettin' em up and shanked  
Whose mouth tight shut? Whose shit that stink?  
Gotta lil' message - 'bout the bitch you fucked  
A nigga cross town got the hoodrat stuck  
Me and Loc jacked that nigga last week fo' ends  
I shoot a lil' paper till you up in the pen  
Fools still riding - got the spot on lock  
We gon' chill right here till you back on the block

Nigga still bailin round here khakis and stars  
High as fuck as we throw the hood out the car  
We miss the days when you used to get drunk at night  
Never bailed on a homie when it's time to fight  
One times jacked us the last night, face in the dirt  
Tryin' to get info on who shot the store clerk

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Somebody help me out the ghetto  
Ya know - same story just like before  
I don't wanna be here just like you  
I slangs just 'bout everything to start new  
Do you have the answer?  
Niggas gettin' popped - dying off just like cancer  
You got your enemies, you got your old G's  
In the penitentiaries just want to be free  
If I had another chance would I do it again?  
Rewind the time and head right back to the pen  
Seems like I can't escaped this world of sin  
Judgement for this young thug in the end  
Time's up - this thug caught a slug  
In another town trying to slang drugs  
My moms pray for my soul  
As I lay below  
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

Chorus...

Geah  
You how we do it

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