

G-Unit "I Luv Da Hood"

Visit "[I Luv Da Hood](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1 (Young Buck)

Bullet wounds and tattoos is how I show my pain,
Im gone so much my lil girl don't know my name,
My palms covered in residue from cocaine,
Been on the block since 6 in da moooornin,
The neighbors complain bout the traffic at my house
(fuck yall),
When they need to borrow something they put they
hands out,
Lil kids start runnin when they see my car comin,
Just looking at me wil make a nigga start hustling,
I aint gone start nothing I just know how to count,
Or how to eyeball an eightball,
U wearin em out,
Lips black from the blunts,
Or that side wit diesel,
And a desert eagle IM SO ILLEGAL,
I can hear what they feed you what they put in the
needle,
Amsterdam got me thinking marijuana is legal,
U can call me country but don't call me broke,
We got all this money 50 where u wanna go,
C'mon nigga

(Chorus)x2

Shit Aint really all good but I luv da hood,
All I need is my weed man I luv da hood,
We aint livin like we should but I luv da hood
But they stil turn the key man i luv da hood

Verse 2 (Game)

They say gangbanger whoo kid let it ride,
Fuckin wit G-Unit I'll let the desert fly,
Ridin thourgh chasville wit buck on my dubs,
And for those who don't know that stands for West
Side,
I blast on my enemies,
Fuck you if you aint kiddin me,
Knock ya top off like kennedy,
Then sip on hennesy,
Ridin through tennessee,
If you need coke young buck got the rememedy,

I got it fo nine five if you wanna fly,
Put em in a range rover if u wanna drive,
If you only need one,
U aint even gotta come,
I just pack it up and strap it to a bitches thigh,
You eva seen an impala drive,
Seen hollows fly,
Seen yellow tape everytime there's a homicide,
When there's drama i pull a glock from out my waist,
Niggas try and make my mama cry,
Its G-Unit nigga u betta recognize,
I put you in a grave for that shit that joe budden tried,
I remember how it feeled when my brother died,
Then tupac biggie smalls and them otha guys,
So when me and my homies ride,
I got a chrome 45 in my lap,
On my waist with the double nines,
Niggas tried to kill me but it wasn't time,
I took five shots from my own borther,
And i went into a coma,
Woke up in the hospital,
Cops said they found druges and i said they wasn't
mine,
Bad Boy but i wasn't shine,
Matta fact i wasn't shit,
Thought that cause i one-timed,
Now it's G-Unit nigga read between the lines bitch

Chorus x2

Visit [G-Unit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.