

Boyz N Da Hood "Felonies"

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Hey, what's up with partner, where he live, where he stay at?

Where the ice, where the bread, where the cake at?
I'm telling you man you don't want it with dem boyz
Everyone of them got felonies man!

I'ma slap me a nigga, before it's over with
I'ma rush me a nigga, before it's over with
Duct tape me a nigga, before it's over with
I'ma bust me a nigga, before it's over with

I'm sick and I'm tired of niggas always asking bout mine
If I'm cockin' that iron, I'm telling you I'm sending them signs
I move fast forward, I ain't got no button to rewind
I react of instinct, I ain't stressin' no time

I came a long way from peddlin' rocks
Block recognized the gansta and he up my stock
Showed me the recipe and other grams I copped
Home ain't a home without a arm and hammer box

Shit, Jeezy just be being on that cell
Got them pre-teen numbers I like, like R. Kelly
Lotta niggas they be claimin' the spot
But we the only ones that still represent it like mascots

So ask not why my attitude is shitty
Step aside why a real nigga move the city, huh
From my block to your block niggas know me
They know that ole reppin' ass niggas a O.G.

We use to rock flip-flops, tube socks with gold teeth
And a flip flop crease with gold shoes on all they feet
Please believe we ain't playing no games
But I will take a charge, you try to drive my lane

Plus I gotta donkey dick to drive the broads in sane
I'm a street cat, shit you know I'm hard to tame

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I'm a gansta muthafucka if you ever seen one
Black fitty cap nigga and some Air Force One's
Hey and I'm strapped so don't set trip
.45 hitcha make your whole chest split

Sleepy Brown nigga I can't wait
Fifty grand round my neck like bait
Hey and keep thinking its gravy
Everybody from my hood know Jeezy is crazy

And I ain't playin' witcha motherfuckers
Shoot both of y'all make y'all niggas blood brothers
And I'm so sincere, I ain't playing witcha niggas this
year
Hey, we gone rob dem Boyz N Da Hood

Bitch please, I'll kill a muthafucks 'bout Jody Breeze
Yeah nigga, that's the truth, 'bout Big Dee Big Duke I'll
shoot

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I'm tellin' you man I be rollin' on dem corners
No Range, no necklace man
Range Rover no rims left they neck in da pain
And put the silencer on the tip professional man

Pressure point blank like a sexual change
And splitcha head down the middle like a sectional
man
Hard blow to hard coat exposin' the 4
Even though I tote gun I don't rob no more

Now here I go on the patio with a flat head screwdriver
Prying on the side door in a gat proof suit liner
Calm but I'm wide open they act I'm do something
Quite it's going down on em with a Mac 11, 2 rifle

Pistol, pumps, switch and knives
Pistol grips, smoked clips, nighsticks and plyers
No myth, I'm him fucka get hypnotized
Now get killed in da mist we suggest you ride

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Well, I'm the youngest in the click boy
Try me like a bitch and I'll betcha I'll be the first to
punch you in ya shit
Y'all niggas just talking, y'all niggas ain't ready
Y'all niggas don't want none of dis

While y'all out spending 100's on your necks
Spending 100's on your wrist, spending 100's on your
rims
I'm on da block spending 100's on bricks
Sending 100's to the J gotta 100 more fits

Fake niggas get killed round here
It's real in the field betta get it how you live
And if not cock back bust atcha cock suckers
Muthafucka in fact I will

'Cause the niggas that I roll with and blow dro with
Fuck hoes with they outta control
Realer in bumpin' Chevy's with Mac 11's holdin' it
steady
Ready to put seven off in your belly boy

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