

## **Boyz N Da Hood**

### **"Look"**

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Look, look, look, look  
Look, look, look, look

You can catch me in the middle of Atlanta, nigga, look  
In the cracks and the crevices of the ghetto nigga look  
Gone rep you is gonna catch you on a stretcher, nigga,  
look  
Gotta 9 like a 45 special, nigga, look

Still chillin' with my hoe heard a bitch holla, look  
It's a nigga with a chrome double barrel, so I look  
Coming at me wanna kill me I can tell how the way he  
look  
But I already had my thing cocked before I look

See I had the same face of the nigga and I look  
Like a nigga keep your throat to a fine hoe thing that's  
a reefa  
One slip then my 9 went bang got rough  
On anybody who wanna test my game

Can't you see we some killas gorillas gonna bang  
Got some niggas still livin' how I rocks they fade  
Got a whole click of killas ridin' Chevy's on blaze  
And a trap to the moon, one heat one game

Boyz N Da Hood dressed up in, look  
Black tees, black hats with the black tims, look  
We ain't talkin' to you niggas, shit we ain't gotta look  
But I put it on them dubs your hoe gonna look

Hey, Boyz N Da Hood dressed up in, look  
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Well, what up for yah? It's your boy breeze again  
Breezin' in with one of y'all breeze again  
And I know Jesus seein' me sin so  
Why not blow dro, why not sip seez and gin?

Reason bein' since birth man things have seemed

A little different, I'm still pimpin' deep with in  
But now that I'm grown it's on so I'm a go on and spit it  
And if I wanted your hoe I could have her gone in  
minutes

I pull up in the Chevy lookin' real slick and vicious  
With a bottle of Hennessey and a blunt of that sticky  
Hops out with the forces the same color of the fitted  
Instead of callin' me daddy' these hoes callin' me  
diddy

I got a bundle of bitches with a lot of ass and titties  
Nigga young and old, freak nasty with it  
Gold teeth gonna shine, sho nuff  
And you can turn your head but your broad gonna look

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Hoppin' out of candy coated Chevy bitch, look  
Whole team ballin' harder than a roucus trick, look  
Sucka tryin' to get live, got his gut split, look  
Got some type of piece tucked in my briefs slick, look

That's why we rollin' deep with a barreta taker, look  
A dime piece with me, all you better do is look  
Get your head open wide like a pocket book, look  
You know, you shook you ain't gotta hide your face  
bitch, look

Yeah, it's mister click clacker bitch, I jack the jackers  
Cover more than Greyhound every hustlin' backwards  
Stay in the pocket gettin' sticked but I'm breakin' them  
tackles  
Disrespect shift you brain left to right like a tackle

I've been gettin' it for years and real niggas know that  
Back when Dominique, Brooklyn, Jersey rockin' the  
throw back  
Take it from me, I'm a hunt your ass down like a Lojack  
Catch your ass while you sleep, blow your ass like a dro  
sack

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Step up in the club with just a swing in my chain  
It's deez boyz snow man is the name  
Posted up poppin' Cris like you do them beers  
Got bread stacks, I ain't seen in a couple of years

When I ball I see a gansta they don't look they stare  
Symbols in my ears 6 figures a pair  
And I'm straight from the hood that's where I come  
from  
Still spend a hundred grand a year on white air ones

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