

## Helmet

### "Back N Da Hood"

Visit "[Back N Da Hood](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Another sleepless night in Fresno Jail  
I got a federal hold and I can't even bail  
Eyes wide open like a dope fiend geeked  
I need some cock hella bad, I need to be free  
Steady dreaming about wrecking guts and cock  
Laying on my bunk busting nuts in socks  
Celly on top bunk knock smooth out  
Snoring mothafucka, I should just shout  
And wake his ass up cause I can't sleep  
If a nigga had a way, a nigga would creep  
And make a clean break but that's just a dream fake  
This can't be real, man, it all seems fake  
3 am and it's time to E-A-T  
Cold cream of wheat and a lunch in a B-A-G  
This shit is the pits, man, how worse will it get, man  
I need to be N Da Hood, straight getting a grit, man...

I'm missing the crew, the dope fiends too  
I'm writing this rap, there's nothing else to do  
Cause home is a place that it seem I won't go  
Sleeping in a cell with some fools I don't know  
Dope fiends that just don'y got no...  
Sense and fince to get shipped to Wasco  
I'm stuck like chuck way down south  
When I need to be at home with a joint in my mouth  
Smoking and choking on some hurt cha dick weed  
I just can't wait to straight perk and get key'd  
I need to be N Da Hood straight swinging tight ones  
Burning long rubber on the black and white ones...

Back N Da Hood sound so good  
They won't set bail but I wish they would  
I P-R-A-Y every D-A-Y  
Asking to get back to the B-A-Y  
But every court date they keep detaining me  
On punk ass charges they keep arraining me  
At first I thought I'd have to spank you  
But Detective Nichleman, I'd like to thank you  
You put me on the news and tried to spread that lie  
Then record sales jumped to an all time high  
Why rob a bank when a nigga can spit?

I need to be N Da Hood cause I ain't did shit  
Every damn day my tapes are sold  
I make more money than the bank can hold  
And though I might can't bail out...  
This punk ass jail house  
I'll just kick back and watch my mail sprout...

Plenty of time for a nigga to think  
But all I can think of is dank and drank  
On jail walls my name is carving  
Waiting on commissary, man, I'm starving  
Ten black brothas and fifty julios  
I just can't wait to hit the studios  
And let fools know about the set up  
These punk police won't let up  
They trying to keep me down and keep me in a ditch  
But the only thing they doing is making me rich  
They painted a picture of a ruthless villain  
Told all my fans that I was stealing  
Jealous mothafuckas, I never steal  
I make more money than you never will  
Mac Dre arrested for attempted heist  
The mothafucking feds ain't nothing nice  
They said I was the one doing all this shit  
But banks just keep on getting hit  
Feds trying to send a nigga up the creek  
But Dre ain't worried cause the case is weak  
They say I'm the one calling all the shots  
But fuck them feds and fuck them cops  
And to that punk mothafucka Detective Nic Dic  
Hear me loud and clear, fool: suck my big dick!

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