

## Huey

# "Nobody Love The Hood"

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[Huey: Talking]

This goes out to all my kids out there in the hood..ya know going threw the struggle and what not. Theres always something bad that could happen in the hood...ya know. (yea)

[Chorus:]

Momma where you at. Daddy where you at, the hoods out of control, time to fight back. Kids just doing time, aint nothing but crime, because they dont believe the sun can still shine. Waiting to long, now its a problem, You see what it is how it go wrong, ooh thats understood, cause nobody loves the hood.

[Verse 1:]

Man this hook is too true to believe in. Where da hell is ya momma and daddy when you need em. Born in the hood, so the hoods in ya heart, though nothings been good in the hood from the start. Either you was with ya momma, or never had a daddy. Or never had neitha, and was raised wit ya granny. Its a cold a\*\* world, fa the younga generation. In err hood, somebody would time to be facing for a fuc\*ed up reason, a bad as\* time, den gave up,they dont think the sun still shine. Brush it against the wall, forced to do crime. Some say they'll die, before they do time. Cause jail aint the place to be, might be fa you, but aint fa me (yea). You enjoying yo life, why, cause yo fists grip wood, the kids doing bad, cause nobody loves da hood.

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

Man the kids always getting lectured. But what do you expect when they have no direction. Father in jail, mother strung out. No curfew, late nights, hung out.

Getting money on the zone, now its a problem, cause they selling white rocks, carrying a revolver. Errbody gotta eat, somehow, someway. Wishin they'll make it out, somehow someday. They can put the drugs down, and pick up the books, Theres only a few good cops, cause most of them crooks. Supposed to protect and serve, but now they got the nerve. They want criminals up off of the curb. Its a cold as\* world, especially for male, they filling up more than half of all jails. The government got the world understood, I dedicate this to the ones who love the hood.

[Chorus:]

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[Bridge:]

Stand strong all my lil soilders, reject all negative words people done told ya. Grind how you gotta, and make em out of believers, give the middle fingers, and tell em i dont need ya. Over come the bad, and pray to the lord. Someone to turn good, cause the grace of the lord. Now you could smile, and say its all good, I'm never gonna leave, cause somebody love the hood.

[Chorus:]

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[Chorus:]

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