

## Jimmy Cliff

### "Nigga From the Hood"

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[Chorus]

Too many niggas, trying to take me off of my game  
Just a nigga from the hood, that's looks some good  
Now they all want to to jock my fame  
When I coming down in my ?born?  
And I'm rolling one deep that should tell you about me  
I don't give a damn about none of you hoes  
I blast on sight cause I ain't tripping no more

[Z-Ro]

You can't knock my hustle, ain't no games gone be  
played  
Even haters a hundred miles away, deuce out they  
shades  
Coming down one deep, I ain't gone stop and try to  
speak  
I keep on rolling mean mugging as I pull on a sweet  
I gave a cool package of sellers, because I knocked  
down yellas  
Keep a 4 for myself and a 4-4 for the jealous  
Cause them boys be scoping, intoxicated and hoping  
That they run up on Z-Ro I leave they flesh wide open  
Let them take me for what, cause I be damned if I slip  
Beretta beam in the club same thang on my hip  
Another case like that, if you don't think I bring that  
Run on up and I'ma bust and flip your brain like crack

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Nothing but dollars we clock, show after show we gone  
rock  
Pimpin hoes in the five double o and baby mamas gone  
jock  
What the fuck is the deal, somebody pass me the kill  
Rubatussin and marijuana, one time and I peal  
Don't let a snitch see my dope, cause the snitches gone  
squeel  
If they play with my freedom, you know a coffin gone  
feel  
Niggas be working with louds, I'm gone work on they

jaws  
Putting snitches in ditches cause I know they be talking  
bout  
Every move that I make, that's why I be solo when I  
bake  
Cooking up in the kitchen come up with a ounce with no  
flakes  
Cause when I say get back, before my finger start  
itching  
Better believe when I relieve my stress you might come  
up missing  
I don't be kissing no ass, take a hit and dump the ash  
I'ma chop on 20's with sparkling oak on my dash  
I'm too low to describe, out the Screwed Up tribe  
Read about it in the Source, Murda Dog and the Vibe

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Remember back in 94 they use to laugh at me baby  
Now it's year two triple o broads be after me baby  
Can you recall when I was sparkling now I hide behind  
10  
Cause being in a drop with a escallade I know you want  
to know where I went  
I got a bitch named Lucy, for me she sell her coochie  
Finest in the vagina for lunch when I feel like sushi  
See it to the day we fall, we ball out of control  
Everyday at my low key location hoes fall out of they  
clothes  
Range Rovers and Hummers, 45 glock gunner  
Plus I'm a pen pimping veteran, smelling plex among  
new comers  
How you love a platinum plack it means I'm already  
gold  
It ain't no joke I'm in the scope, five hundred thousand  
already sold  
I'm throwed off in the mind, mic and producer and  
booms no ?reap? in the wine  
Smoke to relax my mind, radio songs go lemon lime  
Fuck a neuse a niggas might go thet there to the po po  
why pop it  
Giving out my phone number on the daily cause it won't  
hurt my pocket

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro: outro]

Man, what's the god damn deal, Southside, Northside,  
Eastside, Westside  
It's your boy Z-Ro, knocking down the door in year two

triple o  
S.U.C. for life, screw you, it's for you baby  
Heavy Weighters, my nigga Toon, R-O, Big M-O-E  
Z to the Ro, Geurilla Maab affiliated, know what I'm  
saying  
Putting it down, new millenium it's ours, get that baby

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