

Jody Watley

"My Hood"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

Huh, huh, huh
Money, drugs, and sex
All in My Hood
In My Hood
In My Hood
In My Hood, yo, yo

[Killah Priest]

What up little nigga, what you smokin on?
Only 14, product of a broken home
Out late, tryin to tell me that you're makin your livin
Tryin to see how much weed you can take in your
system
Indeed, take out the seeds, then he finished his
sentence
Askin me what I believe, have I ever repented?
Type of shit niggas talk about when they get high
Passed out, hazy eye, lettin days go by
Bullshittin one another with the same old lies
Tryin hard not to show all that pain inside
Saw the clouds turnin black like an angel died
Preacher said you a curse if you don't pay your ties
It's like that to the day that our loved ones die
Lookin up at the sky, "Please sun come shine"
But all we see is dark days, ain't no sun rays
Only gun plays, in My Hood

[Chorus: Killah Priest (Amber Alexis)]

In My Hood (What you see is tragedy)
In My Hood (The peace can be)
In My Hood (Look around and tell me you're free)
In My Hood (Come with me to My Hood)
In My Hood (Look around at what you see)
In My Hood (Tragedy, in My Hood)
(Look around and tell me you're free)
(Come with me to My Hood)

[Killah Priest]

We've got Powerules and P-stones
Damo and El Rukas, in Hell feudin, the 60's movement

The death of Newton, the resurrection of Clarence X
students
The revolution, this is rebel music
The other day a young lady threw her baby of the roof
an'
Six niggas died from homicide and drug shootins
My homey's mom just went of the loose end
From drugs abusin, this is thug amusement
Bloods and Crips, huggin the strips
Lovin they clips, sittin on dubs in they whips
Folks, GD's and vice lords, when night falls
Black pimps and white whores, from the immortal
words of Jeff Thor
To death do us all, the sets I recall, til we rest in the
morgue
From the pilgrimage of Larry Huger, to the tribes of
Judah
We live our lives through ya, in My Hood

Chorus

[Killah Priest]

Cuz outside there's a Cold War
And inside niggas waitin on their road call
When friends, dies niggas ride for their road dogs
Don't know why we all cry when the soul fall
Yo, we got uncles comin home from doin a bid
Movin ya crib, with you and ya rib, is how a few of us
live
The rest is always in dept, feel the heartaches of stress
Can't argue cuz God makes the test
I hear oldies from OG's who grow old tea
Some OD in doorways, out in cold for four days
It's like that all day
We gat rollin 60's, for over 50's
Triple-oh's in the windy cities
Latin Kings, Manhattan Queens
Spanish cobras, band of shoulders, families of soldiers
40 busters, 4 corner hustlers
From west side, to Bed-Stuy
Neathas in fiestas in neckties, Wepa
Essays, and Chevy's with hydraulics
This is God Knowledge
Spinned it down for the hood, it's all good
In My Hood

Chorus

[Outro: Killah Priest]

It's all good in My Hood

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