

# Joe Budden

## "Still My Hood"

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### "Still My Hood"

*[Intro - Joe Budden - talking]*

See like

People can't relate to it, don't understand it

Cause they ain't never been there, they ain't from there

I understand it

*[DJ On Point - talking over last line of Intro (echo)]*

As we wrap this shit up

We call this one (Still My Hood)

*[Verse 1 - Joe Budden]*

Even though they hate 'em (oh), even though when a  
nigga try to make a come up

(It's a), it's another nigga waitin just to run up

Though they sellin rocks for shorts

And every night around twelve you hear them shots go  
off (talk to 'em)

And know niggaz is rats, some boys is wired

And the food in the supermarket's all expired (whoa)

Every block's a liquor store, an abandoned building

Drunk parents at the liquor store abandonin children

(let's go)

Though the sky seems gray, we'll get through the  
weather

And even though they fill our grade schools with metal  
detectors

Some cops is crooked and police indecent

And you can catch a body up the street from the  
precinct

Though we got a lot of shit wrong, a lot of shit goin on

Gotta love it, this the place I was born, so I sit here

dedicatin this song

This is still my hood

*[Chorus - Joe Budden - w/ ad libs]*

Now everywhere I roam, though they keep the chrome,  
it's no place like home

This is still my hood

And it's far from fine, I may like other places but they  
far from mine

Gotta love my hood  
And I only know one place that be like that, if I ever  
leave, trust  
I'll be right back  
It's my hood  
It may not be good, it may not be like it should  
But let me get one thing understood, this is still my  
hood

*[DJ On Point - talking over Chorus]*

Shout to Wyks on the beat  
Can't forget NV, what up nigga?

*[Verse 2 - Joe Budden]*

You know they got them Macs out until ya time's up  
And the barbers'll fuck ya line up (this is still my hood)  
Hold up 'cause even though  
You can't meet a girl ain't fucked a nigga you know  
(gotta love my hood)  
This the same place you can't get a job  
They look at you, like you young and you black  
get the fuck out of dodge (fuck out of here)  
Get a gun, get some crack, feel like that's our only op'  
Tell ourselves we'll fall back as soon as that money  
stop (oh!)  
They feast on ya watch (and)  
And dudes stand on the corner like if life passes us by  
at least we  
wanna watch (talk to 'em)  
Clowns get extorted (whoa), gangstas get recorded  
(whoa)  
Mami don't know if she should keep it or abort it (get  
rid of it)  
Cops you'll never will catch me, I'm aware all my  
warrants  
And I'm not goin down (naw), naw that's not goin down  
(nah)  
Carjackings, shootouts is imperial here  
And I dare you find a ratchet with the serial, yeah  
Though you might have to raise ya gun, just to raise ya  
sums  
This ain't the place you want to raise ya son (never that)  
A few dudes'll argue about they favorite rapper  
Other dudes sit and think of different ways they could  
yak ya  
Don't take it personal, it's just the paper they after  
So I keep mine on me, just in case I might have to  
and still no other place that I'd rather  
Gotta love my hood

*[Chorus - w/ ad libs]*

*[Verse 3 - Joe Budden]*

If you've never been, you can't really know about it  
(naw)  
System's fucked up, the jails is overcrowded (whoa)  
Murder rates is up and as a matter of fact  
A couple of close friends of mine have added to that  
And I rate nothin above it, I know it seems odd but I  
hate it and I love it (naw)  
Naw, I hate that I love it (yeah, yep)  
The same things that seem to get me always pissed  
As soon as I leave, I always miss, it's always like this  
So small, everybody knows everybody  
It's body after body, it's robbery after robbery  
Hookers on the strip, some girls'll be a ho  
We got a few local legends, I guess the world'll never  
know  
From Jers to Little Rock, the hood'll never die down  
B-More, D.C., Compton, Chi-Town, New York to VA, ya  
town's like my town  
Let's go

*[Chorus - 2X - w/ ad libs]*

*[Outro - Joe Budden - talking]*

Whoa!  
This goes out to everybody in every hood man  
no matter where ya at, where ya from  
New Orleans, Mississippi  
Vancouver, London, T. Dot  
Wherever you at, I don't even care man *[fades out]*

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