

## **Killah Priest**

### **"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]

'cause 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 'cause 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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