

## Luciano

### "Hood Muzik"

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Cheah  
Know what this shit sound like right niggas?  
That old gun out music in the hood right?  
You hear it nigga, don't be scared nigga  
My niggas is wit me, we focused man, yeah  
Get Low in the building, y'know, nigga  
Let's do it, c'mon, yo

[Memphis Bleek]  
It's gettin hot so the shorts is on  
Gotta tote the snub it's too warm for the long, nigga  
You could pass me to baby's zoo  
One shot'll turn a nigga face into baby food; BLAAH!  
Get it clear, now why they lookin for Saddam  
Weapons of mass destruction is here  
I got a few in my hood  
In case a nigga ever get the feelin and he think that he  
could  
Or would, pull sket on me  
I could show you first hand what's a felony  
And a hobby and the process of gettin money is  
nothing  
I'm not Sosa, but the dogs is coming  
This is not not, no, no, motherfucking game  
Entertain you motherfuckers is not why I came  
It's R.O.C. and M.O.P.  
I wipe floors wit little niggas for fuckin wit my team

[Fame]  
My nigga think so god that ounce and mo ice and the  
nicest MC  
But yo big, tell god I said naah, cuz he throw like a bitch  
When he threw it he missed, the niceset MCs is right  
here  
Why the fuck you throw it over there  
The whole rap game turned into a 2-Pac-a-don  
Gangsta boy boppin, with his nuts and cock in your  
palm  
Playa pass the baton, got a few jack tools and bullet  
scars  
Now you got your 2-Pac costume on [THUG LIFE!!]

First of all, y'all niggas gon' need more songs  
This M.O.P. nigga we put it down [put it down!!]  
Motherfuckers trying to figure me out  
Wanna see what a nigga be bout  
But if I told ya, I predicted the death of my oldest  
brother was last  
And the death of my mother you'd probably think I'm  
crazy as fuck  
Rumor has it that I'm half past the seventh hour  
Naw nigga I'm a quarter to eight, M.O.P.!

[Billy Danze]

Now let me clear this up for you youngun, Bill still  
comin  
The Ville still gunnin [St- tuh tuh tuh tuh tuh!!!]  
Runnin I come from the Browns where niggas don't  
play fair  
It's no love lost cuz it was never none there  
Put me in a position to blast  
I'll pop you and drop you, where they be fishin for bass  
So once you ramblin, take you, drape you, and break  
you to small pieces  
And FedEx your fingers to one of your nieces  
We hold fort, we don't give a fuck about you  
Ask them bouncers we'll stomp the shit out you  
Bill's, not concerned wit a turn and it's the shine  
Cuz every step along the line I'ma take mine, nigga  
In '87, I started my career  
I'll jump back, [clap!] and get it goin this year  
I live my life, in crime time bitch  
And that's about the size of it AAAOWW!!!

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