

Mana

"In My Hood"

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[Chorus]

When you grow up in my hood
Help don't show up in my hood
Gang signs go up in my hood, just cuz you in..my..hood
Feel like I'm trapped in my hood
Young kids get clapped in my hood
That's why I'm strapped in my hood, just cuz you
in..my..hood
In..my..hood, in my hood, in my hood

[Verse 1: Fabolous]

I'm always close to..
feeling like a corner stander, stoop sitter, or hallway
post-er
No matter where I go it's always 'posed to, feel just like
I'm (in my hood)
Cops drive in it every 5 minutes, look at your faces, pat
your waists'
Try to find the stash where the gats and base is, I can't
say that they racist
But I know.. it ain't the same in they town
And as fucked up as it may sound (in my hood)
it's 2 ways to make it happen off the streets
Balling on the courts or rapping off the beats
You hear the shells tappin' off the 'crete, when they
clappin' off the heat
Then the yellow tape's trappin off the street
But that's the way we was raised
Preying to God, hoping that he keep us out the way of
them strays

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Fabolous]

They drink 'til the cups dry, eat 'til the plate's clean
Niggaz be in state greens 'fore they turn 18
'Round here you never let the beef slide twice
Everybody raised on 4 wings and beef fried rice
Them mothers are getting younger today
Got one by the hand, one in the stroller and one on the
way

We don't have role models
But we got them handguns that hold hollows (in my
hood)
Ain't no diplomas or degrees
but you can get high from the aroma of the trees (in my
hood)
I know it like navigation, and fuck having patience
I'ma get mine, you better get yours, cuz everyday is a
struggle
And One-Time ride through everyday just to bug you
That's how it is, cuz your rights be wrong
And everybody got a white T on, when you're
in..my..hood

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Fab]

We try to make the most of what we got
You either been hit, or been close to gettin shot (in my
hood)
Any nigger that boast be getting got
And dopeheads fiend to get a dose of what we got
and young niggaz be like they slow
But you give them a blunt..bet they roll the weed like a
pro
If you trick it's not a problem it gets you laid
But if you stick without a condom, it gets you AIDS
No Sesame Street, kids watch BET
Look up to niggaz that don't got a GED
I know a dude with the deadbeat tag
kids don't got diapers but he ridin' in the red G-Wag'
In the hood, you and your beef is sure to bump heads
and everybody grew up sleepin on bunk beds
They telling me to vote..and I would
If it made a change in my hood..mu'fucka.

[Chorus]

[Fab talks 'til the end]

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