

Master P "Rollin Thru My Hood"

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yo kid man, stop the music

rollin through my, rollin through my hood
this what I see when I'm rollin through my hood
2 to the 3 to the 4 the 5 the 6
and everybody in the ghetto trying to sew this bitch
cause she's a dope fiend, she need emphetamine
but I'm the only motherfucker with the candy cream
now the spots hot, here come the cops
the ??????????, it's time to close up shop
time to move on, brothas on there cellular phones
talkin to them hoochies, I mean them ding dongs
cause in the ghetto everbody got nicknames
like Master p, Lil Roy, and Big Man
eyes red, dank to the head
I'm not Snoop Dogg but I feel like Lil Half Dead
Henace with a dab of that gin and juice
Gatorade, but it gotta be 80 proof
so we can remenisce to all the niggas missed
and when I said the ghetto's trying to kill me, feel this
cause in my hood, it's rest in peace shirt
and every nigga in they momma done did dirt
or formed a gang, or even ganged banged
or slang dope, motherfucker it's the same thang
cause where I'm from you got to watch your back
cause every nigga in the town got a gat
and these hoes, you can't love em
even though a motherfucker wanta kiss and rub em
watch your back, cause gats go rat-tat
but mind your own motherfucker and it's like that

rollin through my hood, rollin through my hood
that is what i see when I'm rollin through my hood

rollin through the cuts
dippin down the alleys of killa Cali
Big Ed got that top drop cause it's not cloudy
so I roll on, tank-top with my swoll on
pullin in sun rays that be peepin through the ozone
I like to chill out, hang out
cause I'm cool, you know Big Ed is in the mix with the
fix

fool, I seen niggas shakin ivory, hoes shakin asses
but everybody head turn when the coup passes
Who ride, I ride with my 9 hoe
I creep as I crept cause I gotta keep that low pro

rollin through my hood, rollin through my hood
that is what i see when I'm rollin through my hood

this nigga, I am one
quick to use that A-K gun
on a mark motherfucker who wanta pick a bone
2 to the dome will do your ass home
huh, ain't no love in my motherfucking hood
lookin where I'm at, ain't shit turning all good
we need cash cause it's all about the fucking rent
we get the dice and start rollin on the pavement
that's how it is on the first of every month
sippin gin, and toking off of blunts
gettin higher than the sky, don't ask why
young G's from the hood trying to get by

rollin through my hood, rollin through my hood

that is what i see when I'm rollin through my hood

when I'm rollin through my hood
I see alot of factors, alot of actors
but since the money's low, I see alot of jackers
but where I stay at, it be the east to the bay
but what do I be dippin, it be a 6 to a tre
and what do I be strappin, it be a ace to a K
but I don't love them hoes, that's why I never ever play
in the 9-4, I use to sell dope and holla at the bitch
but it's 9-5 so it's all about me trying to get a grip
14 niggas in a cut tryin to get at the butt but it aint all
good
cause a nigga like set trippin up in my neighborhood
???? through the cut, I see task hoppin off of the tree
it's all about mine, so it's all about me tryin to get a fee
can't trust none of these hoes, I leave them hoes at the
bus
cause it's one motherfucking thing in this world that
you can't trust
it be a bitch, cause they a snitch, they get you caught
up
in this game, heavy locked up, tore up from the floor
up
I seen this bitches, these niggas
these niggas all the same
it's a scandel thang, and Silkk won't be caught up in
this ghetto game

rollin through my hood, rollin through my hood
that is what i see when I'm rollin through my hood

I hit the play twice, and then I'm off to a get away
where I got my shit hid away in the cut
A personal yaht, I snatch a few sacks
about to hit the track to come up on some scraps
hit the block sideways, perking, trippin
swervin, I'm servin the shit that I made cause it's tight
all night long nigga's hustle for paper
24-7 nigga's stay on the caper
gotta get them riches, and you gotta have game yo
gotta keep lie-lo with them hollow
you see it's still going down
motherfuckers gettin bucked in the town
the silent sound
never go away, every other day it's another nigga in
the game
straight passed away
and as well as we all know
it's a little bitty city where motherfuckers bound to get
shitty
now when I roll through my spot
i see niggas like broke, with them glocks, 17 shots
nigga
hot nigga, pop you nigga, and I just bought a 4-5 in the
hood
(in the hood, in the hood)

like that, check it out fool
it's a ghetto thang, ghetto thang, ghetto thang
and if you ain't from the ghetto you wouldn't
understand

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