

Plies

"Pants Hang Low"

Visit "[Pants Hang Low](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - Plies Talking:]

Aye, man, muthafucka just told me to pull my pants up
homie (What?)

Pull my pants up, I went up to that muthafucka and told
him i'm from the hood and that's how shit go

[Chorus - Plies:]

I let my pants (My Pants) Hang low (Hang low)
I'm from the hood and this how shit go (I'm from the
hood)

I let my pants (My pants) hang low (Hang low)
So, you better not play with my dough
'Cuz if you do, 4, 4 (4, 4)

I'm from the hood and that's how shit go
I let my pants my pants, hang low (Hang low)
I'm from the hood and that's how shit go

[Verse 1 - Plies:]

I'm from the home of goon, city of the choppas
You ain't 'bout that life, you ain't want no problems
If you sweet and you know it, fuck it gone rob ya
Want straight yappas, fuck with no revolvers
Real street nigga, need a real good lawyer
Last two cases, fault both charges
In the hood, couple rules that you must follow
If you don't then, slugs fill your body
Want my paper, get my shawty
Hustle all day, try to ride big body
Been with three dope boys, hood call ha garbage
Will I still fuck'a, I don't know, yeah, prolly
Just a hood nigga with alot of swagg shawty
Who I hang with the most, prolly my 40
Been labeled a goon, that's what the hood call me
Stay in the hood, 'til I die homie, that's regardless

[Chorus - Plies:]

I let my pants (My Pants) Hang low (Hang low)
I'm from the hood and this how shit go (I'm from the
hood)

I let my pants (My pants) hang low (Hang low)
So, you better not play with my dough
'Cuz if you do, 4, 4 (4, 4)

I'm from the hood and that's how shit go
I let my pants my pants, hang low (Hang low)
I'm from the hood and that's how shit go

[Hook - Plies:]

Say i'm too hood, might be
Don't give a damn what you think about me
Say i'ma goon, that's me

Don't give a damn what you think about me, nigga

[Verse 2 - Plies:]

This where you find the most snitches, and most guns
Go four little parnters right now, on the run
Half of the city fellas other half got warrnts
Guns stay swole every first of the month
If you ain't got 5, you better not stunt
Hood cut throat, can't even front
Bentley alright, get more attention than the donk
No shirt, pants saggin' with big charm
If it ain't top of the line, I don't want that blunt
Geeked in this trap, come through the front
Jack boys ridin', tryna find what they want
Ball last night, 4 g's what I spunt
police fuckin' wit me, better take his lunch
'Cuz, if he get behind me, then i'm gon' punch
554's under the hood, will run
'Cuz i'm from the hood, and this is how it done

[Chorus - Plies:]

I let my pants (My Pants) Hang low (Hang low)
I'm from the hood and this how shit go (I'm from the
hood)
I let my pants (My pants) hang low (Hang low)
So, you better not play with my dough
'Cuz if you do, 4, 4 (4, 4)
I'm from the hood and that's how shit go
I let my pants my pants, hang low (Hang low)
I'm from the hood and that's how shit go

[Hook - Plies:]

Say i'm too hood, might be
Don't give a damn what you think about me
Say i'ma goon, that's me
Don't give a damn what you think about me, nigga

[Outro - Mannie Fresh talking:]

Yaaahhhh, ladies and gentlemen
You're now listenin' to the ghetto music
And, this being supplied to you by the realest in
charge,

Plies, and the dude freggy fresh, yeah
Good night ya'll

Visit [Plies](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.