

**Rick Ross****"Welcome To My Hood"**

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Welcome to my hood  
(Where the hood at)  
(Where the hood at)  
Welcome to my hood  
Everybody know everybody  
And if I got it everybody got it Welcome to my hood  
Look at all these old school  
Chevy 's 24€²s so you know we roll heavy Welcome to  
my hood  
They outside playing  
hopscotch  
And every know this is the  
hot spot Welcome to my hood  
Them boys will put you down  
on your knees  
(Woop, woop) That 's the sound of the police  
In my hood Audemar on my wrist  
Diamond, look like they  
glowing  
50 stacks, all singles, I make it  
look like its snowing  
Black unmarked cars, gotta peep how they playin '  
Treat 'em like jack boys, catch 'em slippin' then slay  
'em Lord forgive me for my sins,  
that 's my confessions if they put me in this benz  
I got possession of a federal  
offence  
I'm talking pressure in my criminal intent  
So wear ya vest 's and I'm still gon' stunt Like it aint  
Audemar, f-ck ya  
house note n-gga  
Blow that b---h on a bottle  
The Ferrari just a front, got  
the Lambo in the back  
Tell you "we the best forever " DJ Khaled handle that I  
know some n-ggas from my  
hood that would rob Noreaga  
I'm talkin ' Noreaga, n-gga, the real Noreaga  
If you aint from the hood, b---  
h, than stop impersonating us  
And tell congress when you

see 'em I'm still in cable And leave the D-Boys alone  
'cause they motivate us And why is the half of my  
whole hood on papers  
Some are on house arrest,  
some are on child support  
Some of 'em did they bit, the other half waiting to go to  
court  
Mr Landlord we gon bust your  
a-s with an eviction note  
Better have the police with  
you dog, if you came to repo I'm talking strip clubs, I 'm  
talking liquor stores  
We throw our money round  
here, but y 'all canâ€¦ b---h I'm on probation, so my  
nerves bad  
And they say time fly 's, well mine's first class I landed  
in the sky, I fell from  
the streets  
I talk a lot of sh-t and practice  
what I preach  
Back from hell, sell 23, tell the  
warden kiss my a-s Pockets on Monique  
b---h I'm from the murder capital  
Hoe, I'm far from practical s--t happens and since I 'm  
the s--t, I 'm who it happens to Young Money, Cash  
Money,  
blood b---h, I'm red hot I don't see nobody, see nobody  
like a head shot  
All that bullshit is for the  
birds, throw some bread out  
Daddy sewn up, check the  
thread count

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