

## Mc Eiht "Love 4 Tha Hood"

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[eiht]

Lil' hawk & bird in the house (geah)  
Niggas on the run in the house (right)  
Da foe in the house (that's right)  
My nigga d.t. in the house (ain't nuthin' but clownin',  
geah baby)  
The eihthype thugs in the house  
Ain't nuthin but clownin, y'know I'm sayin'?  
And this goin' out to all them thug niggas worldwide,  
y'know I'm sayin'?  
Geah  
Check it out

Here goes another gang tale from that street smart cat  
First lesson: don't be slippin' without your gat  
Cause out here they be trippin' on all kinds of shit  
From the colors to the way that you hit your switch  
Don't be a soft-ass nigga  
Just belong to the gang of your choice with your hand  
on your trigga  
Now represent like you got no fuckin' sense at all  
On every corner that is clear, hit your name on the wall  
(geah - hey)  
Jump in the back seat, we on a hoo-ride  
Reminiscin' about my muthafuckin homies that died  
I lay back and close my eyes and wonder  
How many muthafuckin' niggas the hood gon' take  
under (geah)  
But it's a fact; that these niggas be slippin'  
Gon' get caught up with the muthafuckin mac  
But it's all good, doing dirt, puttin' in work  
I got love 4 tha hood  
Come on

Uh, geah, geah, c'mon  
We got love for our hood  
(throw your hands in the air)  
Do you got love 4 your hood? geah c'mon  
(throw your shit in the air like you just don't care)

Can't wait to hit the gate at 3 p.m.  
A 159 killers I'm ready to kick it with them

Let my rag hang slightly out the button hole  
I'm ready to stack chips higher than a totem pole  
Geah, I hopes this gang shit don't ever cease  
Duckin' and dodgin' from the school police  
To the west, we got power, one time's scary  
Hoodrats by the dozen, everybody's cousin  
Caviar selling's how we handle our biz  
Drive-by shooting's just the way that it is  
Cavi in the bushes, straps in a stash  
Liquor store run, somebody better make a dash  
Living that life on the edge ain't nuthin (uh get'em)  
You best not wanna be startin' something  
But geah, it's all good, doin dirt, puttin' in work  
I got love for the hood, come on

Geah (hey)  
Who got love for their hood?  
You got love for your love?  
Cause we got love for our hood...

[da foe]  
I grabs my strap and represent tha fuckin b.g. local  
loc's  
We doin' more dirt, puttin' in work  
I walks around like compton owes me something  
Tote gats in the back of my lac, fool, I be dumpin  
16 years young and I'm the maker  
Hittin' you - up like a pager you gets played like sega  
Only real g's come from the west  
So ? ? ? ? ? like a doctor I proceeds to stitch your chest  
Prrrraaa... how you like 'em know, we mad deep  
Like t.l.c. I creep through your hood and put you to  
sleep  
Let's make it clearly understood  
Like niggas ? can damn? o.g.'s in the pen and we  
runnin' the hood  
Shit, your better be raisin up  
Cause foe gon' pull inside my back  
Your block will get tore up with this mac (10)  
Open your eyes and see (yeah)  
Cause we got love for the muthafuckin' hood, yeah

We got love for our hood  
Do you got love for your hood?  
I said da foe's in the house, nigga  
I said da foe's in the house  
We got love for our hood  
Do you got love for your hood?  
Da foe's in the house  
True blue thugs from the muthafuckin streets  
Compton sewed up from the muthafuckin top to the

bottom  
Nigga, you want thug niggas we got 'em  
You want hoe bitches we got 'em  
Uh cluck-heads, uh  
Punk one-time, geah  
Skanless-ass niggas, geah  
Mark-ass fools uh  
And coward-ass bustas  
Niggas like quik ha haahaha, geah

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