

Tim Deluxe**"Hood Life"**

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[Hook- Rasaan]

Ohh ohh

This is the life for me, it feels so right for me
Theres no other kinda life for me, so slip n slide wit me
Come ride wit me, nigga.. it's the hooood life

[Verse One- Rasaan]

Uh

Say hello to the hood life, good night to the good life
A hoodie and a good white, shirt 'll make you look right
Mama don't cook right, that's why niggaz don't look
right
They on the block wit them roc's, only wanna cook white
Played by the book syke, niggaz kinda crook like
Fiends almost just like, movin' kinda rush like
Bustas mostly roll dice, gun fights on most nights
Papa don't get his dough right, he might end up wit no
lights
And often in this age, we feel like dogs in a cage
Go off in a rage, and get lost in our ways
Some more honest will pay, but some walk astray
To sellin' weed to pills, to often to yay
Gotta watch what you say, gotta watch how you behave
Cuz nigga I promise you, that you ain't promised today
Up in the coffin to lay, wit a cross at ya grave
With a shot in ya brain, and that's all for today

[Hook- Rasaan]

Ohh ohh

This is the life for me, it feels so right for me
Theres no other kinda life for me, so slip n slide wit me
Come ride wit me, nigga.. it's the hooood life

[Rasaan - talking over hook]

Rasaan on the block, ye ye

[Verse Two- Rasaan]

Mamas on welfare, kinfolks in a wheel chair
Papas gettin' grey hairs, searchin' for some health care
My niece playin' with food stamps, try not be a nusanse
Tryna tie these glusands, while puttin' in my two cents

Tryna make two cents into a million, wit a new lex
And a duplex, nigga all I need is a blueprint
And niggaz know the rules, not the kind that the
government choose
The kind in church, that you hum in the pues
No a nigga won't taddle, he rather have you rip his
adams apple
Than run his trap, and let his little lips baffle
Livin' in the hoods a battle, hustlin's a hustle
Bulidin' up ya empire, hopin' they don't come crush ya
castle
And thugs love to blast you
And that's not all ya own girl, is addicted to some
colorful capsels
While niggaz luck less, I search for success
This work is such stress, it hurts I love rest
And my heart is full of stone, it get's me off in the zone
Till my poverty is gone, and I'm on top of the throne
And it's awful alone, when to talk to on the phone
Or in the drop on some chrome, headed off to my
home, nigga

[Hook- Rasaq]

Ohh ohh

This is the life for me, it feels so right for me
Theres no other kinda life for me, so slip n slide wit me
Come ride wit me, nigga.. it's the hooood life

Rasaq on the block baby, whew
Gyeah

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