

Traxamillion "From The Hood"

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I came up on block with fades in the cut

(Trax, nigga this slap cuz, you know we fuck wit' it)

I came up on block with fades in the cut

[Chorus:]

I'm from the hood (from the hood)

Where it's good (where it's good)

Swisher Sweer, Optimo, Backwood (Backwood)

Got purp (Got purp)

Got grillz (got grillz)

In a scraper wit the big shiny wheels (shiny wheels)

Black Ts (Black Ts)

Twenty threes (Twenty threes)

Throw my hood up in the air: Juicy

Got pills, got drink,

I'ma hug this block till I cain't

This is how it sound if pure crack had a soundtrack

Hustla, Hustla, jack tracks while the dubs slap

Listen how my, listen how my, look at how my bass slap

Hate that ASAP

Lay flat when they cain't clap

You could see your face in my bling

Twenty four inch no cut no scrape

Getting pap' till I fade

I love to hear that bass,

They want to see the mob

Funky fresh in the place

Do it crunker on them chains

Take a swig of that priv, it's goin down

Yo girlfriend at the crib, she goin down

Hop in the seven-oh and go around

In the circle sideways up the block clownin

Bitch niggaz we doubting cuz we don't give a fuck

You put your faith in sluts man you ain't seen enough

You put your face in sluts man you ain't real as us

I came up on block with fades in the cut

[Chorus]

Where you wanna go, (huh?)
What you wanna do? (huh?)
We can talk it out,
Or nigga we can shoot.
You think it's cute,
It get ugly as a sharkbite
All that slick shit, bitch you better talk right
I hug the block nigga all day and all night
My weed is all purple, my crack is all white
Some niggas poppin pills, some niggas takin tonys,
Some niggas really real, some niggas really phony,

I'm on your helmet homie,
Melt it like it's grilled cheese,
Police on the high speed
Real niggas never freeze
Cop keys goin roca for roca
Go to war back and forth,
Losing soldier for soldier
So every real nigga need protection,
A playa raw, like the grocery store meat section (meat section)
Want me to lighten up?
Or tempt these brighten chucks?
Go through Taliban style
And you getting tightened up

[Chorus]

Look nigga, I'm always here
You talk under yo breath but I always hear
Take yo air with the five zero life ain't fair
Lil cuz in the pen doin life up there
He need money on his books, I send yo wife up there
Locked down in the house, doin life out, yeah
Nigga, we ain't never scared, we ain't never cared
We eat your food with full stomachs,
We ain't never shared

[Chorus]

For my niggas in the club (ay)
Bout to ride out (ay)
We don't give a fuck,
We'll stomp yo car out
If a ripper want to stunt,
And willin'a wild out,
We don't give a fuck,
We'll stomp you car out

For my niggas in the club (ay)
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