

UGK

"Take Tha Hood Back"

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[Verse 1: Bun B]

Now all my hustlers, grinders and ballas
Open up your mind
A lot of niggas hustlin backwards
Need to press rewind
There's some niggas playin dirty pool
Back alley bandits
They crossin up the trill
And man ya boy just can't stand it
Mothafuckas need to be reprimanded and straight
checked
These boys is givin the wrong niggas out here respect
Break ya neck to fuck with a nigga then compromise
your hood
Ya doin shit you know ain' cool
And to the good
Got kids movin work, hustlin by the school
Using youngsters they hits stages, whole shit on the
cool
Matter fact, fuck the cool
You niggas need to hear me
Breakin bread with certified snitches
Don't come near me (don't come near me)
You niggas givin these canaries all these passes
Fuckin gettin dough with a snitch
Get in they asses
I'm teachin classes, dope slangin 101
These hoe ass niggas
Don't want none of Bun I'm takin they hood back

[Chorus: Slim Thug]

Niggas gettin' out, goin fed
In 6 months your back?
Off with his head
We takin the hood back
Damn, I coulda swore they gave yo ass 10 flat
Now you, re home, somethin wrong
We takin the hood back
Your lawyer aight, but he ain't got it like that
Hell naw, we takin the hood back
You in the club like it's good
In the hood and you a rat

Click clack mothafucka
We takin the hood back

[Verse 2:]

I'm a G hell yea, oh boy
Got ya bitch lookin mad
While them fingas so full
I drink hardl while you niggas drink bull
But the boy like? bam got pool
And I was taught to hold my own
Picture spider lock ya down
Brotha burna zone, nigga
Hell yea I'm bout dat
Shirt slacks all black
Come through sunny side
Leave yo house flat

[Verse 3:]

For the paper
Fuck small towns, go major
Fuck a cell phone go pagers
Young low frazier
Shoot good with no lasers
And every shot hit, I don't throw no graza
Some killa talk nigga
Some real talk nigga
We tha fingaz around whoever killed off nigga
And I put that on? steve
Young low bitch, I clap you and leave
Cause I'm takin the hood back

[Chorus: Slim Thug]

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[Verse 4:]

A 1008 Grams
Enough to get yo ass right
Ya smart with it, get caught with it
Enough to get yo ass life

From out here in these trenches
Ain't no fuckin love or second chances
Long time offender
Lose yo ass, get enhanced
Speak not, keep yo mouth shut
Investigate the whole place
Make em think it's cool
Follow that nigga round the whole day
The game ain't the same
It all changed for the worst
Nigga got the less time cause he came with it first
See I disperse to dope amongst convicted felons
Strictly Gs, no more glock shit, rock shit
Strictly keys
I kiss my paper
I was taught older niggas
Cold blooded killas, dope dealers
Soldier niggas, I'm alert
I'm aware, I'm focused, I'm on top and shit
I show you how to stop that bitch
Get ignit with this choppa bitch
Tomorrow ain't promised
Snitch today, die tonight
We know your spot, me and my niggas gon ride tonight

[Chorus: Slim Thug]

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[Verse 5: Pimp C]

I'm takin back the streets
Thang on the C
On parole but I'm cold with the heat
Candy coated rock balla
20 chop crawla
Bitches tryna steal my dick
I ain't bout to call her
There's a lot of niggas rappin, playin games
I don't see none of the shit
That you name

Where the car at (uh)
Where the bread at (uh)
Where the girl you say ya got tha fire head at (uh)
Where the rocks at (uh)
Where the glocks at (uh)
In yo mind and on the mic
The only place is at
That's my lifestyle I'm rappin bout
I'm havin everything you pussy niggas yappin bout
When you see some cocaine
You say you got it nigga
Bring me 10 thangs
He gotta call his connect and shit
And he ain't got it you counterfeit nigga
Nigga I'm takin my hood back

[Chorus: Slim Thug]
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