

Lauren Pritchard**"Hood Shit"**

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Chea, 1-2 - Ayo

I used to fuck with chemistry on street
Then I switched it, now it's chemistry on the beat
I'm on a mission, anything I see I defeat
In my position, ain't nobody leanin' like me
Cause I come through strapped up, flyer than a AC
truck
Dunny wanna act up, hit him like a Mac truck
Been through mad stuff, childhood was mad rough
Always gettin' smacked up, till I got my scrap up
Passed the high school shit, got my straps up
Got a little gassed up, then I got slashed up
That's the way of the world, maybe it's bad luck
Either way, never act tough without your gat tucked

NY hood shit, Murda Mass hood shit
CT hood shit, Chi-Town hood shit
LA hood shit, PA hood shit
ATL hood shit, New Jerz hood shit
VA hood shit hood shit
DC hood shit, Littlerock hood shit
Detroit hood shit, NO hood shit
All around the world
Yo we rock to this hood shit

Yeah you know, we here, we there, we everywhere,
man
From my hood to your hood, you know we do it
This the frontline, nigga what
I hear you niggas got plots, oh y'all wanna stick us, huh
Don't think we run with them blickups, huh
Don't think too hard, you get hit up, son
I feel sorry for you niggas, you stupid broke fucks
Why you still payin' pong weed, we each roll your own
shit
Y'all niggas too stuck of the old things
We givin' out nosebleeds, and regardless of the timing
We givin' out shots of them leadpieces
Oh now you wanna get us, huh
Got you tight cause my jewelry switch izzup, huh
Got you vexed cause you see us in them T-Rex, huh

You all stressed, we out in The Keys with our feet's up

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Yo, we never on vacation, it's a video or movie
Man, we stay on location, be on your sets with our Uzis
Come through and show the hood love
Pop through real fast, back to the cash

Pop dead or alive, ask my morphine
Hip-hop dead or alive, ask Nas or Jeezy
The best rapper alive, ask Hov or Weezy
I'm just trying to flip pie, take it easy
So I'm fin to retire, then it's no demeny
I'm a underground king like my man Bun-Beezy
But I'm from The Eastside where it's dumb freezin'
Guns squeezin', and the bullets flying like it's hunt
season
We was raised be them boys in the hood
Will show you a dead body like Boyz In Da Hood
Though them little bags OG's poison the hood
If you swing your flags better have boys in the hood

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Whatup, whatup, whatup
It's the M-O-B-B
Yeah, son
With the ST-Dot

You know how we do it, man
Light up or something, man
Do something with yourself, man
It's the real hood right here, man
Frontline shit, nigga we here it's the army

Nigga what, now what I mean
How you wanna do it
Uhh
P - Term - To the world

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