

## Caine

### "Hoodlum"

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#### Verse 1 - Caine:

I said I'm hoodied up and my pants low, man I'm on my  
hood shit  
Shawty from the stuy that I'm fuckin' that's my hood  
chick  
Sour kush and haze man my homies go that good shit  
Sippin on that juice and gin (engine) nah that's really  
hood shit  
Know real goons who did a bid they come home and  
still gang bang  
lock fingers they pop trigger they hit the block and they  
still slang  
See em' on the corner and they pushing white bro  
aight'  
so, know they got the flame like a pyro  
If you want beef it's a wrap like a gyro  
Never shot a gun, nor' do I need to  
Homies come though with the hawk or the eagle  
Six feet deep while your fetal leave you  
One clip gone just wait for the sequel BANG!  
Watch on my wrist cost some pesos  
Gucci round' my thighs cus' my trues I let em hang low.

#### HOOK:

I don't give a fuck hold up imma hoodlum  
ACG'S pants sag imma' hooldum  
posted on the block with my homies imma' hoodlum  
I don't give a shit mother fucka' imma hoodlum x2

#### Verse 2 20Smooove:

Momma' told me to stay smart  
This street shit you gotta' play parts  
Come through in that mini van, broad day let the K  
spark  
Fonto on my dick, but leave me alone it's just weed  
Half of these niggas' ain't seen the shit that I seen  
Niggas started me with 2 grams I threw that shit on that  
beam  
Triple beams that dream  
I could buy a jag that's green

In my pocket that thats cream

gotta protect that shit by all means  
And that means you gon lean  
Take a sniff you might feen  
Aldy gangs' my team might get robbed but just don't  
scream  
I see that chain let me get that piece run up on that  
nigga with that desert eag and it go BANG..bang bang  
bang  
Like the gang I claim nigga behave  
might meet yo grave  
So dont be brave, smooove

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Verse 3 Stumbles :

I don't give a fuck mother fucka' I'm a hoodlum  
I'm a christian but I don't fuck with pork just like a  
muslim  
Fuck the d's fuck the ds if you fuck with the boys dont  
fuck with me  
All my niggas dirty, all yo' niggas clean  
Told yo' bitch she not my lover call her billy jean  
Yeah, I call her billy jean  
They aint' about that life, they ain't about that life  
Nigas think they drug dealing cus' they bust a sale  
twice  
I was never soft, always handleed all my issues  
Yo' niggas pointing fingers, my niggas pointing pistols  
Heard they got his man now, homie tryna' blame me  
How rico say it? niggas die every day b!

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