

NWA

"Boyz 'n Da Hood"

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Aiyo, man you remember that shit Eazy did a while back
muthafuckaz said wasn't gonna work? (that crazy shit)
Stupid shit man, aiyo Eazy
Why dont you come out from the piano
and bust this crazy shit.

Woke up quick, at about noon
jus' thought that I had to be in compton soon.
I gotta get drunk before the day begins
before my mother starts bitchin' about ma' friends
About to go and damn near went blind
young niggaz' at the path throwin' up gang signs
Ran in the house, and grabbed ma' clip
wit' the mack 10 on the side of ma' hip
bailed outside and pointed ma' weapon
just as i thought the fools kept steppin'
jumped in the fo' hit the juice on ma' ride
I got front back, and side to side
then I let the alpine play (play)
pumpin' new shit by NWA
It was gangsta' gangsta' at the top of the list
then I played my own shit and it went somethin' like
this,
Cruisin' down the street in my six-fo'
jockin' the bitches, slappin' the hoes
Went to the park to get the scoop
Knuckleheads out there cold, shootin' some hoops
a car pulls up, who can it be?
a fresh El Camino rollin kilo G
he rolled down his window and he started to say
it's all about makin' that G.T.A.

(CHORUS)

'Cause the boys in the hood are always hard
you come talkin' that trash, we'll pull ya car
knowin' nutin' in life but to be legit
don't quote me boy 'cause I ain't said shit

(Yo man, Get the fuck out, Pump that beat,
Muthafucka, say what?)

Down on B's is the place to give me the pace
he said ma' man J.D. is on freebase
the boy J.D. was a friend of mine
'til I caught him in my car tryin' to steal the Alpine
chased him down the street to call a truce
the silly muthafucka' pulls out a deuce deuce
little did he know I had a loaded 12 guage
one sucker dead, L.A. Times front page

(CHORUS)

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don't quote me boy 'cause I ain't said shit

(Yo Leroy beer drinkin' breath stinkin' sniffin' glue)

Bored as hell and I wanna get ill
so I went to a spot where ma' homeboys chill
the fellas out there makin' 'dat dollar
I pulled up in ma' 6 fo' impala
they greet mewit a 40 and I start drinkin'
and from the 8 ball, my breath starts stinkin'
left to get ma' girl to rock that body
before I left, I hit the bac-ardi
went to her house to get her out of the pad
dumb hoe said somethin' that made me mad
she said somethin' that I couldn't believe
so I grabbed the stupid bitch by her nappy-ass weave
she started talkin' shit, wouldn't you know?
reached back like a pimp, slapped the hoe
her father jumped up and he started to shout
so I threw a right cross and knocked his old-ass out

(CHORUS)

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don't quote me boy 'cause I ain't said shit

(Who do you think you are Mr. Big Stuff?
rock this muthafucka' like the hard three tha' hard way)
I'm rollin' hard, now under control
then wrapped the 6 fo' round a telephone pole
I looked at ma' car and I said "oh brother"
I'll throw it in the gutter and go buy another
walkin' home and I seen the g ride
now cat is drivin', kilo on the side
as they busted a U, they got pulled over
a undercover cop in a dark green Nova
cat got beat for resistin' arrest

he socked a pig in the head for rippin' his Guess
now G is caught, for doin' the crime
fourth offense on the boy, he'll do some time

(CHORUS)

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(L.A. playa'
Big drum beater)

I went to get them out but there was no bail
the fellas caused a riot in the county jail
two days later in municipal court
kilo g on trial cold cut a fart
obstruction of the court said the judge
on a six year sentence, ma' man didn't budge
Baliff came over to turn him in
kilo G looked up and gave a grin
he yelled out fire, then came suzie
the bitch came in with a sub-machine uzi
police shot the bitch but they didnt hurt her
both upstate for attempted murder

(CHORUS)

'Cause the boys in the hood are always hard
you come talkin' that trash, we'll pull ya car
knowin' nutin' in life but to be legit'
don't quote me boy 'cause I ain't said shit

(Yeah, I kicked a little ass
but that was a blast from the past muthafucka'
get busy ya ya ya yall)

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