

## 9th Prince f/ Dom Pachino, Killa Sin, Masta Killa "Hood Life"

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[Chorus: male singer] This is hood life All my thugs rolling on dubs, living the good life This is hood life Everyday we live our lives, like it's the last time This is hood life Baby girl, if you don't know, this is the hood life This is hood life [Masta Killa] Son died wit the gun on his waist Watch the barrel spin, the rude one beg no friends Arm self, we bomb for the wealth And chant, men engage in battle, set the stage I'm prepared with today's Math, my mic be my rod and staff All hail, this is Irief Jamel Chief of the Chee Saw, gun you down southpaw Still fuck my pussy raw, all praises due to Allah Who wanna spar mind, on the 64 Truth be the bulletproof, be 'em wit the moo-moof Truth within reach, born breach, I still teach Civilization, to all the human families [Dom Pachino] Who's the Spanish kid, damage your shit, and he reppin' To a nasty track, get the crowd moving, just like my weapon Disrespecting who? Playboy, I thought you knew Killarmy's a congregation of niggas that'll murder you We talking prime time, no bells ringing, never heard of you But if I died, and you fucking with fam, then I'm serving you Personally, ain't no rehearsing your speech I give you chills when I come through like a chalkboard screech I never ask for nothing twice, I usually take it You'se a tool that don't work right, and usually break it I'm a keep it real nigga, ya'll usually fake it Ya'll play around wit bitches, I strip 'em naked I that hit you wit that Smith & Wess' I found in the lake, kid Ya'll don't hear me? Then ya'll don't need to be near me I'm not insane, I think it's just a life of pain Raps, gats and drugs, just run through my veins Not to mention, all that life adore All the times I had to pull out and hit the floor Exchange shots, empty the clip and serve one more And if no one got hit, then we call it a draw It's hood life, if you been there, I don't need to tell you If you smell like swine or pussy, I don't need to smell you Play your part, my thoughts is like state of the art X-rays, don't play, slugs'll rip you apart [Chorus] [Killa Sin] First things first, just let it be known, blow 'em from the dirt Putting in work to get mine, yo fuck getting jerked See I find the true shine lie within scent Blinding these dispising

envious niggas who analyzing my men Ya'll weak cats?  
I seek and destroy like break beats I take heat, from  
the fake in the street, and tap your feet You know what I  
mean, don't touch me, rest of ya'll get amped up Like  
Guess jeans, but courtesy like dry cleaners specialty  
The recipe to me be 36 forms of energy Born and  
swarm on, any enemy, remember me? Last name's  
heard, and that's my word, you shot back but missed  
me You bird, you blazing me is crazy absurd Handle  
the cannon like I'm Julius Irv' and ball wit it Violate and  
I'mma leave that ass just out the curb [9th Prince] Aiyo  
when lightning strikes my brain, electricity travel  
through my body Twenty thugs with snubs, all up in the  
party Knight Rider Ferrari, bitches, guns and drugs Lay  
around in the dining room Staten Island Platoon  
coming soon, money, greed and the law My lyrics is hot  
in the summer June Without Loud Records, my Army  
make more noise than kaboom Magazine queen turn  
fiend for CREAM She drown in the pool of carasine Her  
big mouth is what lead to fire, to the gasoline, she blew  
up Like Clint Eastwood in Unforgiven 4th Disciple  
electronic musician Bitch ass niggas play your position  
Examine more bodies than a physician, physician...  
[Chorus]

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