

## Rasaq

### "Hood Life"

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[Hook- Rasaq]

Ohh ohh

This is the life for me, it feels so right for me  
Theres no other kinda life for me, so slip n slide wit me  
Come ride wit me, nigga.. it's the hooood life

[Verse One- Rasaq]

Uh

Say hello to the hood life, good night to the good life  
A hoodie and a good white, shirt 'll make you look right  
Mama don't cook right, that's why niggaz don't look  
right  
They on the block wit them roc's, only wanna cook white  
Played by the book syke, niggaz kinda crook like  
Fiends almost just like, movin' kinda rush like  
Bustas mostly roll dice, gun fights on most nights  
Papa don't get his dough right, he might end up wit no  
lights  
And often in this age, we feel like dogs in a cage  
Go off in a rage, and get lost in our ways  
Some more honest will pay, but some walk astray  
To sellin' weed to pills, to often to yay  
Gotta watch what you say, gotta watch how you behave  
Cuz nigga I promise you, that you ain't promised today  
Up in the coffin to lay, wit a cross at ya grave  
With a shot in ya brain, and that's all for today

[Hook- Rasaq]

Ohh ohh

This is the life for me, it feels so right for me  
Theres no other kinda life for me, so slip n slide wit me  
Come ride wit me, nigga.. it's the hooood life

[Rasaq - talking over hook]

Rasaq on the block, ye ye

[Verse Two- Rasaq]

Mamas on welfare, kinfolks in a wheel chair  
Papas gettin' grey hairs, searchin' for some health care  
My niece playin' with food stamps, try not be a nusanse  
Tryna tie these glusands, while puttin' in my two cents

Tryna make two cents into a million, wit a new lex  
And a duplex, nigga all I need is a blueprint  
And niggaz know the rules, not the kind that the  
government choose  
The kind in church, that you hum in the pues  
No a nigga won't taddle, he rather have you rip his  
adams apple  
Than run his trap, and let his little lips baffle  
Livin' in the hoods a battle, hustlin's a hustle  
Bulidin' up ya empire, hopin' they don't come crush ya  
castle  
And thugs love to blast you  
And that's not all ya own girl, is addicted to some  
colorful capsels  
While niggaz luck less, I search for success  
This work is such stress, it hurts I love rest  
And my heart is full of stone, it get's me off in the zone  
Till my poverty is gone, and I'm on top of the throne  
And it's awful alone, when to talk to on the phone  
Or in the drop on some chrome, headed off to my  
home, nigga

[Hook- Rasaan]

Ohh ohh  
This is the life for me, it feels so right for me  
Theres no other kinda life for me, so slip n slide wit me  
Come ride wit me, nigga.. it's the hooood life

Rasaan on the block baby, whew  
Gyeah

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