

Young Turk F/ B.G., Hot Boys

"My Hood"

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[Intro:Ness/ P.Diddy]

Haha Ha!

Its bad boy baby

[Chorus: Ness]

Seems like I been away too long a lot of shit's been
going on

My hood, my hood motherfucker what's good what's
hood motherfucker

Down on papers way too long damn them bad boys did
me wrong

My hood, my hood motherfucker what's good what's
good motherfucker

[Verse 1: Ness]

Man I whip that thing drop it like it's hot
set up shop on your block whether you like it or not hot
damn!

The fiends scream gimme what you got
got couple in my hands got plenty in the spot
no chaser henny on the rocks
bet you never catchin slippin anybody could be
got(heh)

anybody could be shot I just pray when they spray
that my daughter could be right s5 s dot
parkin lot pimpin you a star guess not
they pay you no attention man listen your funds is
insufficient

my gun is so official my flow is influetial
and I don't care how many hammers you holdin
stick 'em up get 'em up while the cameras is rollin
ain't nuthin but a gangsta party
man I get so high after its over might bang somebody
my name ness but I don't work for them cops
I'm like kid from two block that had the jail on lock
big car pass on the rock like magic
niggaz gettn ness confused with L dot Madden
I got a real bad habit see a hater walk away
without lettin him have (heh) that's why I'm lettin 'em
have it
till homicide shove me in the back of the wagon (heh)

I know these streets like the back of my hand
fuck rap man you better have a back up plan
picture me rollin jet black benz on spreeds
pay your whole pay check off indo weed
I ain't gon be actin like I can't bleed and y'all haters
Ain't gon be actin like y'all can't be let's go

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:Ness]

Peep my swagger dig my style heat them packs up
never slack up call your peeps for back up
act up I'm a beast I keep the gat tucked
break ya down piece by piece and call Shaq up
talk to much smartin up hope a drive by spray while I'm
walkin up
Talk is cheap Da Band we the bad news bears
ya nuthin but a tax write off at the end of the year
(yeah)
I'll end your career
Don't let your homies gas you up and geetin in ya ear
(yeah)
I'll get in ya rear ya listenin clear yeah now we gettin
somewhere
Big fish eat little fish you know how it go
I'm a shark you a guppie thats the end of your show
Playboy I'm ahead of my time
You find another flow better than mine never mind

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:Ness]

The industry try to shit on Philly
until I king kong my way up in New York city
While Diddy was in the marathon running the city
I was up in Atlanta town runnin pounds for Philly
A big boy don't like to walk his plan
A 34 run up have you feeling like Walter Payton
I'm a fly bachelor snathcer Benz big body kit
Punchlines pack more kick than a karate flick

[Chorus] - 2X

[P. Diddy]

We gon take it back to 94
the heat is on now
attention attention
we gon turn it up on them
and another one and another one
E.ness and we continue on
phillys finest

bad boy baby
they call me diddy
Hp rad let's rock what's hood

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