

Big Tuck f/ Fat B., Tum Tum

"In Da Hood"

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(*talking*)

Yeah, get this money nigga
Roll with me, for real nigga

[Hook]

I'm in the hood, like a pound of that good
Moving through the hood, like a pound of that good
Niggaz get smoked, like a pound of that good
Put em in the trunk, like a pound of that good
Got a popper on my pistol, so it's hard to work wood
G I popped a naked lady, and it's hard she work good
I done blew the candles out, playboy I wish you would
And our money grow on trees, playboy I wish you would

[Fat B.]

The young underground kings, tell me some'ing good
Went to school at John B., cause I'm so hood
Villa said double up, it's an addition for the bucks
I got guns that's fire breeders, stash spot where they tucked
But either buster Fat Bastard, but don't get it twisted
I'm your next birthday present, cause the flow is so gifted
I smoke a lot of corn, cause I got Indian in my blood
Passing blunts around blue, like a Indian in a club
Haters wanna hate, hoes wanna cuff us
Cause the bread got cheese, like stuffed crust
These niggaz joking, they got tears in they eyes
But the same thang that make you laugh, make your ass cry

[Hook]

[Tum Tum]

Compare us enemies, I'm crack you dirt weed
We travel the same path, but going a different speed
Niggaz peep my style, they sweat my technique
5-0 know I stay in dirt, like baseball cleats
Ear rings crazy, wrist game nuts
I get a check every month, for these retarded princess cuts

If rap was b-ball, I'd be tickling twine
While you riding the pine, ahead of you like Eastern
time
At the top of the list, leave broke niggaz pissed
Could give every crackhead in Dallas a rock, off my
mo'fucking wrist
And yeah your hooks crunk, but your 16's ain't shit
I spit that fire shit, that make the fucking track quit Zilla

[Hook]

[Big Tuck]

G'eah, the Big Tuck-Kadafi
Watch how you move, or shit gon get sloppy
Straight from the hood, highest bitch in the Rockies
The eagle in my hand, my finger is cocky
You can't forget the face, just open the Source
You won't win the race, the Lambo or the Porsche
I'm cheating under the hood, straight up iron horse
I would pull out the McClarren, but it depends on the
course
Big Tuck's the name, getting bucks the game
No license on the Range, cause I bought it in Spain
And the bitch paint blue, look again it changed
I'm far from Pimp C, but I'm a hog in the game
Nigga sell a million records, and don't need no hug
Strippers come to the house, think that a larger club
Yeah, it's Tuck bitch show me some love
If the ice melt on the chest, New York'll flood

[Hook]

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