

Carly Simon F/ Ben Taylor

"III Tha Hood Way"

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[ICE CUBE]

When I hear the words: murda murda, I concern a
Slug in your burden brain
Niggas heard of me
From here to eternity
Fuck hell cause I can feel the Earth burn in me
Now we can meet, we can greet, we can see, we can
eat
We can hold court in the street
Whatcha wanna do?
I just ate, it's a quarter to 8
I'm in Section 8 with MC Eiht and a 38 (yeah)
And I'm ready to ride for this shit
Muthafucka done invested his life in this shit
And we ain't losin' rather take a penitentiary chance
And ?? your house like some blue and red ends
Make you dance like Holyfield
And we'll rob you like Lennox Lewis
And you can't do nuthin' to us (nuthin')
Spent my life with the West Rollies
A few of 'em still gangbangin in they 40's, what
Violatin parolies

[ICE CUBE, MACK 10 & EIHT]

Ye-ye-ye-e
Gangstas make the world go round
And stayin' down in the Y-2-K
That's what they say
It's Hoo-Bang muthafucka and we don't play
Eiht, Cube and Mack: III tha hood way, geah
I said...

[MACK 10]

Mack 10 is the lick, West Side is the click (yeah)
I can't get enough of this gangsta shit
So I drag my 5-7 down the shores and the skate
???? play some vibrate for humpin' Section 8
I stay G'd up and down, it's the bumper when it's late
With my hair bitch-braid sportin' murder one shades
It's the heat bringer, king Inglewood swinger
And fuck every nigga that ain't a Hoo-Banger (Hoo-

Banger!)

No color lines make dimes, it's color blind
And I ain't trippin' cause your rag ain't bright as mine
Let's rock T-Birds up, sew up the place
Get on the paper chase and let us smoke our free base
I'm a straight go-getter, grinded till I'm rich
I stay down and dirty and screamin' fuck a bitch (fuck
you bitch!)

Me, Eiht and Don Mega off the hook together
It's Ill tha hood way and Hoo-Bang forever, what

Chorus...

[EIHT]

Three niggas, three time felons with three strikes
(yeah)

Three times equal 9's, khakis and knives
Roll on swings as I bumps the flashlight
Nice off I flip to the hard, my shit's tight
Small nigga in the backseat with Loc's
Tryin' to come up on cash cause we downer at last
Gun smoke, my tramp 8's start to spittin'
Put the hood I scream loud, give a fuck who I'm hittin'
WEST SIDE Compton, Hoo-Bang' fo' sho'
Put they work for my G's, six feet below
The murda show, muthafuckas ride with me
There's one life to live so I cops the key
Once upon a time in the projects with heat
Slangin' my shit: you don't work, you don't eat
You can take this boy out tha hood
But you can't take the hood out a nigga
Hand stays on the trigga, geah

Chorus...

[CUBE & EIHT]

Ill tha hood way ye-yey (fo' sho')
Ill tha hood way ye-yey (for the 9-9 fool)
Ill tha hood way ye-yey (you know how tha fuck we do it)
Ill tha hood way ye-yey (Hoo-Bangin' fo' life!)

Yeah (geah)
Geah

The Compton shit
MC Eiht (tha criminal shit)
For your ass
Ice Cube (dumpin' out the Trey)
Dumpin' out the Rag seven
Mack 10 (givin' yo' ass just what you need)
That thug shit
West Side Hoo-Bangin' gangstas
Compton fo' life

Geah
Babeeee...

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