

Evelyn Künnecke

"How Yo' Hood?"

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Rat-tat-tat

[VERSE 1: Mac Dre]

I grew up in the Bay Area, around a gang of robbin and shootin

Looked up to legends like Felix Mitchum, Huey P. Newton

And Todd Shaw a/k/a Too \$hort

Blowin big hashis with dank that'll make you choke

Young Mac Dre, causin major damage

Back in the days I tossed hoes in the back of my ham sandwich

Grown, gone, on bomb seed that's hemp

Hound for potential prostitutes who need a pimp

But now I'm bendin corners, fresh out Taradas

Chokin on roper in the back of the Nada

Drinkin that snake bite, Yukon jack

And boy, I ain't ride without my strap

Cause them cutthroat bandits will split yo wig

In the streets of Killafornia, ya dig?

It's goin down, dog, I'm in your town, dog

Got to let your peeps know how I clown, dog

In the end get it, comin with that blackhand sound

You thinkin I can't clown? Let me put my mack hand down

[CHORUS]

[Killa] How yo hood look?

[Dre] It's full of gangsters, fool

How yo hood look?

[Killa] It's full of gangsters, son

You can catch me on the Eastside, doin my thing

[Killa] Or you can me in New York, boy, it's all the same

[VERSE 2: Killa]

I'm from the Eastside, where the thugs, they shed blood for nothin

After the club you get it in your mug if you frontin

We gangbang, it's just that our slang's a little different

Aim a little different, spit game a little different

Got in with the Mexicans, pricin them things a little
different
Same kinda crooks, but we cook up bricks a little
different
Them old school Chevrolets, our Six Range a little
different
Y'all gats and guns the same, but we blow brains a little
different
Them drive-by's, we walk-by's, some die a little
different
Lie a little different, testify a little different
Y'all trees ain't got seeds, y'all beez a little different
The d's is different, my pee's a little different
Y'all sell bricks, we break it down, get cheese a little
different
Y'all hate narcs, we hate cops, we eat a little different
Y'all got strips, we got spots, our blocks a little
different
It get hot a little different, fools get knocked a little
different
When the feds came, yo Dre, they took the whole block
to prison
My man pops was snitchin, his face chopped in Clinton
If you got change and the gear hot, then switch spots,
get missin
Yo hood ain't no different, my hood ain't no different

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

[Dre]

In my neighborhood everybody thuggin
Hoodrats steady gettin dug in
Fools buggin, mean-muggin
Later on you seem em noggin

[Killa]

Dre, I play my hood all day
Seen a fool get killed in broad day
Thugs get money from the hallway
2 for 5, the tall way

[Dre]

Ghetto slang, ghetto game
We all just doin that ghetto thang
Run around totin them metal thangs
Really, homeboy, it's all the same

[Killa]

Yo hood is like my hood, son
Anywhere you go thugs pullin guns
Gangbangers, ghetto birds
Yo hood is like my hood, ya heard?

[Dre]

Me and Killa finna leet you know
How to put a lick down and get some dough
>From yo hood to Mexico
Cause it's all about that paper, though
[Killa]
Put me up with Vallejo hoe
That puff on hay, stay on the low
Dre got work, 800 to 0
Eastside thugs make money, you know?
[Dre]
I don't care where we at
Just as long as we keep smokin fat
Get a fifth of Hen and hopin that
Everybody wanna stay chokin, black
[Killa]
I told you, Dre, our hood ain't changed
Thuggin em well, slingin em things
Fools rock Rolies and diamond rings
Respect the game, our hood's the same

[CHORUS]

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