

Felipe Julian**"H.O.O.D"**

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Yea, goin' out to the H double
That's for you, you, and you

They got broke people, poor people, my people, your
people
(Wherever I go) Listen
And they won't change, ever change, can't change,
don't change
(And everyone knows)

[Verse One]

As I travel through various towns and strange places
I see the same scowls and frowns on the same faces
The game races and cats try to catch it
Before they know it they know death on a first name
basis
Whether it's slangin' or banging, drinking or smokin'
There's bound to be one cat thinkin' of loccin'
The hood's like a sitcom
Leave ya bike outside, come back outside, I guarantee
your shit gone
Young cats be sellin' the rock
Money busting out they sock mama tellin' them stop
But desperate times call for desperate means
It all seems so simple when you're just a teen
Only take one bad apple to poison the good
This for the girls on the block, the boys in the hood
And wherever I go it's the same as home
It's the H double O D the name is known

[Chorus]

They got broke people, poor people, my people, your
people
(Wherever I go) Listen
And they won't change, ever change, can't change,
don't change
(And everyone knows) Listen
They got broke people, poor people, my people, your
people
(Wherever I go) Listen
And they won't change, ever change, can't change,

don't change
(And everyone knows)

[Verse Two]

They got wild and rough blocks where it's hard to trust
cops

Get shot on your way to school at the bus stop, damn

That kid was a fine scholar

Hear his mama whine and holler he died for nine
dollars

Young mothers trying to learn the ropes

And them one dollar lotto games turn their hopes

They keep hoping that they number coming

They dreamin' about getting rich driving in they
hummer dummin'

Old ladies keep they purse in the front

Cuz them fiends on the prowl it's the first of the month

And you still feel good when you there, yup

And you know you in the hood when you there

They got one in every spot on the planet

And if you wasn't raised there you prolly can not stand
it

Some call it the hood I'm calling it home

And there's love feel it all in my poemâ€¦what they got?

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

H dot O dot O dot D

Should I turn my back on the hood? No not me

Whether P.R., D.R., or the West Indies

Or fifty other spots that are just like these

Chicago know what I mean, Philly as well

Shit I hear nowadays sounds silly as hell

Whether in Miami or in Houston, Texas

Where some so broke they're not used to breakfast

Oakland know what I mean, L.A. too

D.C. feel me, I can tell they do

When will it change? Never I know

And I see the same things wherever I go

[Chorus]

beat stops

They got broke people, poor people, my people, your
people

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