

First Edition

"Love 4 Tha Hood"

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[EIHT]

Lil' Hawk & Bird in the house (geah)
Niggas On The Run in the house (right)
Da Foe in the house (that's right)
My nigga D.T. in the house (ain't nuthin' but clownin',
geah baby)
The Eihthype thugs in the house
Ain't nuthin but clownin, y'know I'm sayin'?
And this goin' out to all them thug niggas worldwide,
y'know I'm sayin'?
Geah
Check it out

Here goes another gang tale from that street smart cat
First lesson: don't be slippin' without your gat
Cause out here they be trippin' on all kinds of shit
From the colors to the way that you hit your switch
Don't be a soft-ass nigga
Just belong to the gang of your choice with your hand
on your trigga
Now represent like you got no fuckin' sense at all
On every corner that is clear, hit your name on the wall
(geah - hey)
Jump in the back seat, we on a hoo-ride
Reminisclin' about my muthafuckin homies that died
I lay back and close my eyes and wonder
How many muthafuckin' niggas the hood gon' take
under (geah)
But it's a fact; that these niggas be slippin'
gon' get caught up with the muthafuckin Mac
But it's all good, doing dirt, puttin' in work
I got love 4 tha hood
Come on

Uh, geah, geah, c'mon
We got love for our hood
(Throw your hands in the air)
Do you got love 4 your hood? Geah c'mon
(Throw your shit in the air like you just don't care)

Can't wait to hit the gate at 3 p.m.

A 159 killers I'm ready to kick it with them
Let my rag hang slightly out the button hole
I'm ready to stack chips higher than a totem pole
Geah, I hopes this gang shit don't ever cease
Duckin' and dodgin' from the school police
To the west, we got power, one time's scary
Hoodrats by the dozen, everybody's cousin
Caviar selling's how we handle our biz
Drive-by shooting's just the way that it is
Cavi in the bushes, straps in a stash
Liquor store run, somebody better make a dash
Living that life on the edge ain't nuthin (uh get'em)
You best not wanna be startin' something
But geah, it's all good, doin dirt, puttin' in work
I got love for the hood, come on

Geah (hey)
Who got love for their hood?
You got love for your love?
Cause we got love for our hood...

[DA FOE]
I grabs my strap and represent tha fuckin B.G. local
loc's
We doin' more dirt, puttin' in work
I walks around like Compton owes me something
Tote gats in the back of my Lac, fool, I be dumpin
16 years young and I'm the maker
Hittin' you - up like a pager you gets played like Sega
Only real G's come from the West
So ????? like a doctor I proceeds to stitch your chest
Prrrraaa... how you like 'em know, we mad deep
Like T.L.C. I creep through your hood and put you to
sleep
Let's make it clearly understood
like niggas ?can damn? O.G.'s in the pen and we
runnin' the hood
Shit, your better be raisin up
Cause Foe gon' pull inside my back
Your block will get tore up with this Mac (10)
Open your eyes and see (yeah)
Cause we got love for the muthafuckin' hood, yeah

We got love for our hood
Do you got love for your hood?
I said Da Foe's in the house, nigga
I said Da Foe's in the house
We got love for our hood
Do you got love for your hood?
Da Foe's in the house
True blue thugs from the muthafuckin streets

Compton sewed up from the muthafuckin top to the
bottom
Nigga, you want thug niggas we got 'em
You want hoe bitches we got 'em
Uh cluck-heads, uh
Punk one-time, geah
Skanless-ass niggas, geah
Mark-ass fools uh
And coward-ass bustas
Niggas like Quik ha ha ahaha, geah

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