

Kurupt, R.O.C. , Phats Bossi, RZA, Dr. Dre, Warren G

"In My Neighborhood"

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Intro:D-Wiz and Spice 1

"Hey yo Spice, what's goin' on man
That sound like 5-0 ove there is that 5-0
Same mutha fuckas that beat my homie down last week
But I ain't trippin' I got the 187 proof by my side it's
fittin' ta be on
Is that right, but where you stayin' at man, what's goin'
on
Same mutha fuckin' neighborhood man
Just tryin' ta get this shit off the ground this rap thang,
ya know
Yeah I heard that shit, let these niggas know what time
it is
Yeah, check it"

Verse 1

I like to walk around my hood smokin' dank a lot
I see some brothers in the trees as they slangin' rocks
Runnin' through a broken down wooden fence
A nigga didn't have brains 'cause he smoked sinse
Or sess or whatever you wanna call it
He got the task on his ass better haul it
Fiends suckin' up the crack in the backyard
Dropped a pebble on the ground now he's lookin' hard
Will he keep searchin' or will he cease and just forget
the hit
Or pull a jack move, and let the nine click
I'm in a cut late night about twelve o'clock
I see some brothas bustin' caps in a parkin' lot
There go my homie rollin' up in a black Vette
Nuthin' but the money for the paycheck
Another day a brother dead in the alleyway
That's what the boys in the Bay up in Cali say
The California life, task in the palm trees
Brothers be clockin' g's, slangin' keyes
Up in my neighborhood
In my neighborhood

Verse 2

Funk, is a part of my life
It's the sounds of the gangsta Spice

One, check out the blast of a shotgun
Nine mutha fuckin' milimeter have one
Or two or three or four
Cause every brother in my hood is hardcore
Boom boom to the death of a cop
Pop pop pop, see another one drop
See a crazy ass nigga off the peppermint snappes
And now ya wonder why niggas slangin' hoppe
Never would'a thought I'd be a deala o' dope
Niggas slangin' and bangin' and breakin' necks and
throats
The spot it was poppin', but yet the fuzz kept ridin' my
jock
Tick-tock, I watch the clock, they flock
See a undercover cop raise off the block
That's how it is in the game a slangin' rocks
Cause on the t.v. they make him look real good
But Mr.Rogers ain't got shit on my niggas up in
neighborhood
In my neighborhood

Verse 3

Welcome to the ghetto, although I call it my
neighborhood
Some people get out, but some people stay for good
I see a dope fiend yellin' he's a O.G.
He scratch his head and starts starin' like he knows me
I said what up man I seen your face before
It was my homies pop, shirt dirty, pant's tore
He had a 40 in his hand left a little swallow
He said young ass nigga and then he threw the bottle
I ducked down and I had to talk real fast
I stepped two feet back and then I ganked his ass
I started kickin' and stompin' my niggas brains out
I heard a bitch yell freeze and runnin' out the house
It was his wife and his bitch started bustin' at me
I can't believe this shit this bitch is trigga happy
Pulled out my nine and bust the bitch in the left titty
That's how it is in a burnt-out dope fiend city
And now your sayin' I'm the nigga up to no good
I gives a fuck if your bullshit get jacked up in my
neighborhood

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