

Tony Yayo

"Recession"

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[Verse 1:]

I'm from, where fake niggaz turn they back quick
Hoe's tricking on a mattress
Soft spots in your heart get you caskets

Lil homies gettin rich off a mad bricks
I elway all the petty bullshit when I'm high
And family only come around when a nigga die, die
When it rain they say god cry
The snitches on the stand tellin d.a's lies
Material girls in gambling spots
In need a cash, ready to pop
Killers plot if they get the drop
You get caught slippin like it or not

[Chorus: x2]

She young and hoeing that's the hood for you
Back writing that's the hood for you
Back stabbers that's the hood for you
Niggaz dieing that's the hood for you

[Verse 2:]

Strap gotta double barrel mechanism
Hoe's naked in the crib, eatinism
My best freind turned his back on me, damn
It felt like a butcher knife stabbing on me
As I journey through the hood all I see is pain
Go to my momma house I hope them shots don't rain
I need to get a grip in everything in life now
Driving ciroced out with the 40 cal
But today was a good day like ice cube
My little homie passed away I'm getting tatoood
Dutch masters vanilla that's the hood for you
Shawty ass got fatter that's the hood for you

[Chorus x2]

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