

Missy Elliott F/ Ludacris, Trina

"Loc'd Out Hood"

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Chorus One/Intro:

It's time to get the loot, ready, aim, shoot
Dogg Pound Gangstas on a mission to execute

Bitches bitches... niggaz niggaz...
I'm all about the paper chase (say what?) cause the
paper makes
life so great, plus haste makes waste
And I gots the whole spot locked down I concoct styles
Catch me rollin all the fuck around with the top down
Menace with a microphone, most murder masher (I
mash)
Roll for disaster, create a thirty-eight, stash em
in The Inner Zone where the Hellraiser roams
There's no place like home, tec-9's and chromes
I gots the heater sequence for the heat to disperse
(pow)
Just in case worse come to worse I dumps first
The thump curse, it's the curse of the pump
The one to dump last is the first to get slumped
The mental temptation, mental assassination
My heart skips a beat for the heat sensation
I'm deathdefying bitches lying sayin, 'I ain't cute'
Now she wants an autograph, bitch, I ain't Snoop
I got everything you need from the weed to the dope
coke
Crack to amphetamines to speed
I flows like a ravine, deadly as a guillotine
to leave a murderous scene, when the snub pumps a
slug in your spleen

Chorus Two:

These motherfuckin bitches, they ain't shit to me
Every bitch that I know she wanna get with me
Don't you know I got a homicidal tendency
So drift with me, hit a spliff with me

(repeat)

Terrordome where it's on, from sellin dope coke to crack
Young Gotti entered the party from the back
Instant pay, I gots to do it my way deserve to swerve
on the highways cause the spot's on from Monday to Friday
Nigga try me, I light the indica and thai weed
Defy me, young Gotti, when I be high as the sky be
Verbal homicide be ready to rupture
Makin moves to touch ya, dissassembled your whole structure
I make money, cause that's all I know how to make
That's all I learned when I was young no hesitation or mistakes
I see a car, filled wit nuttin but rocks and knots (and what)
Midnight complexion glocks to shake spots
They see my people (Dogg Pound) so they already assume
I live illegal, but they assumed too soon
I got a treat for every bitch on the street, I roll with beat
I got a problem, I got a fixation for heat
It's time to dump, double-barrel pump, packed and loaded
Instantaneous death when it exploded, uhh
There's not a nigga who can hold me, contain me
or tame me (with who?) with my fuckin nigga Mo
Khomani
I'm out my mind like a Irani, a terrorist
with tactics off that Cristal twisted backwards

Chorus One: 2X

Chorus Two: 2X

These motherfuckin bitches...
These motherfuckin niggaz... fool...
Don't you know... say what, say what?
Who? Who?

Chorus One: 2X

Daz, in the house, yeah
My nigga Kurupt, is in the house, yeah
Snoop Dogg, is in the house
And Dogg Pound for life, is in the motherfuckin house
And Death Row, is in the house...

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